THE BOOK OF ADVENTURE

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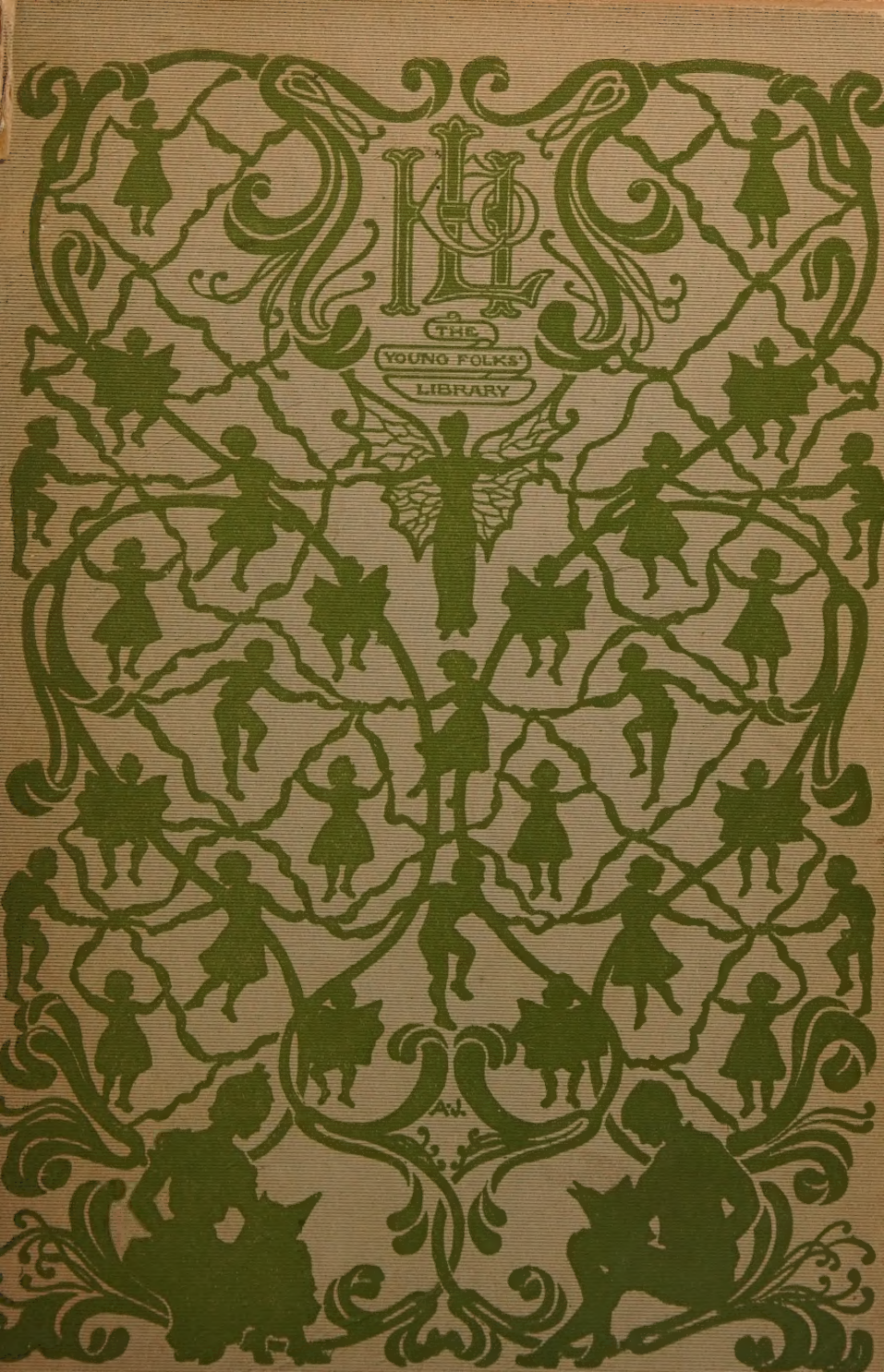
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THIRD EDITION

REVISED IN CONFERENCE BY

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
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TWENTY VOLUMES *RICHLY ILLUSTRATED*

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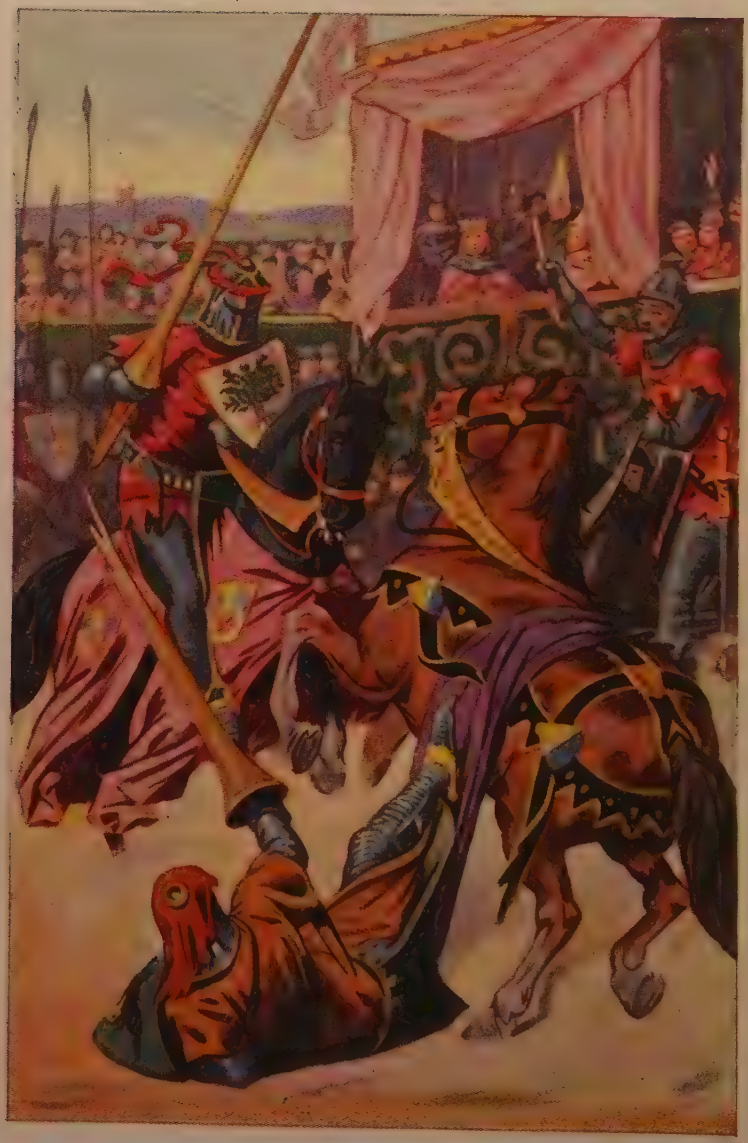

"Saddle and Man Rolled on the Ground Under a Cloud of Dust."

Young Folks' Library in Twenty Volumes
Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Editor-in-Chief

THE BOOK OF ADVENTURE

EDITED BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

VOLUME VIII.

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NOTE.

The publishers' acknowledgment is due to Messrs. Lee and Shepard for permission to use "An Old Cocked Hat" by S. A. Drake.

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TALES OF COURAGE AND ACTION

BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

HEALTHY boys crave adventure and stories of adventure, and it is certainly well to cater to this inherent taste by giving them the best literature that can satisfy it. The abundance of such literature in every department proves that it is a necessity. It is simply bewildering. If we begin with Homer we have Odysseus, or Ulysses, and his men sailing by the Island of the Sirens, landing on the wild cavernous coast of Sicily, then a far-away land, putting out the eye of the Cyclops Polyphemus, dallying with Circe and Calypso, shipwrecked on the shores of Phæacia, and at last, after long years, returning home to be recognized by his noble old dog, Argos the Swift, and showing the insolent suitors that his arm has not lost its vigor.

How full of adventure are the myths of all nations! The voyage of the ship Argo after the Golden Fleece, the twelve labors of Hercules, the splendid exploits of Perseus, will instantly occur to the memory. We cannot look at the evening sky without seeing these old

stories told in the changeless hieroglyphics of the constellations. Then there are the Sagas of the North, and the great cluster of legends that have the Rhine gold for their central theme. It is adventure piled on adventure.

Russia furnishes her share of such stories, both mythical and historical: the giant peasant of the folk-tale flinging his plough high into the sky, and following his prince through fierce conflicts and exciting perils, holds his own with Yermak, the Cossack conqueror of Siberia.

Then how many stories there are of adventures with wild beasts, beginning with Samson's weaponless fight with the lion. Can we ever forget the thrill with which we read the old story of the skater chased by the wolves? Can we not see their fierce eyes glaring askance as their prey eludes them and they go slipping by on the glare black ice, while he thus gains a half mile only to be caught up again, and again plays the same skilful dodge?

What boy has not delighted in scaring himself with the pretence that wolves or bears or Indians were after him, and thus added wings, as it were, to his heels?

The Literature of Adventure lies on every hand: it is in poetry from Homer to Scott and William Morris; it is in history from Herodotus to Prescott and Irving; it is in multitudes of autobiographic travels from Marco Polo to Livingstone and Nordenskjöld and Landor. It is in thousands of novels, in every language. One

could easily fill a score of volumes with choice extracts from all this vast mass of captivating reading.

The present volume is devoted to adventures selected only from fiction and such history as is allied to fiction. Russia, France, Spain, and Germany are represented, as well as England and America. It is a cosmopolitan selection, with no lack of vital variety. The touch of humor is found in the immortal knight-errantry of Don Quixote. The poor old gentleman is manifestly insane, but he has lost none of his nobility of character, none of his generosity, none of his gallantry. To him the windmills are actual giants, and his prowess in giving battle to them is rendered pathetic by his lofty persuasion that he is going to rid the world of insolent Paynims. In his eyes every milkmaid is a princess in disguise, and his illusion carries with it a perfect lesson in manners. An excellent contrast to the extravagancies of Don Quixote is given in Scott's picture of the Disinherited Knight. In the one, Cervantes pictures chivalry as gone to seed. He shivered with his pen the whole artificial literature which the Spain of his day imagined it was enjoying. In "Ivanhoe" Scott recreated an age which once existed, and by his magic made it vivid and real again. The boy's legitimate craving for stories of Indians is met in the scenes from Marryat's "Settlers," the remarkable and veracious narration of John Tanner's captivity, and Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans."

More distant and romantic in their environment are the glowing passages from "King Solomon's Mines," "Swiss Family Robinson," and Kingsley's "Westward, Ho!" while for thrilling simplicity of narration, there are few stories that compare with Count Tolstoï's description of the Russian officer's escape from the fierce Tartars of the Caucasus, aided by the *jigit's* cunning little daughter, Dina. This also finds its contrasts in Sir Samuel W. Baker's narration of the daring escape from a French prison and the escape which Herman Melville pictures in "Typee." William Black takes the reader to the wild coast of Northern Scotland, and R. D. Blackmore explores with him the brigand-haunted mysteries of Bagworthy water, where the memory of the redoubtable Doones still makes those hillsides eerie.

There is no need of calling over the whole bill of fare. Enough has been shown to prove that the table is both varied and attractive. It will indeed speak for itself, and tempt to further excursions into this marvellous range of wholesome literature.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE BOOK OF ADVENTURE

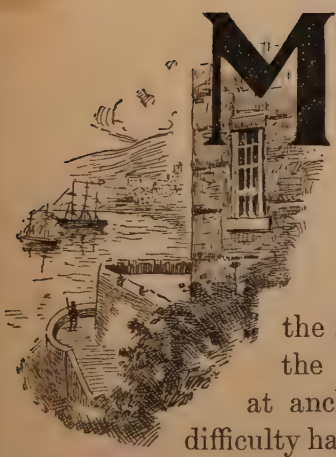
CAST UP BY THE SEA

"CAST UP BY THE SEA" is a story of Cornish fishermen, a sturdy race of wreckers and smugglers. A hundred years ago otherwise honest fishermen thought smuggling a fair trade. It was profitable but dangerous, especially at that time, England being at war with France; for not only the law, but a foreign foe was to be dreaded. A stirring chapter of the story relates to Paul Grey, a brave and skilful sailor, the owner of the Polly, the smartest little smuggling craft afloat. Paul used to face the perils of the Channel and meet his confederate, Captain Dupuis, off the French coast, where they exchanged cargoes. But this Dupuis, who owed Paul a large sum of money, was a treacherous fellow, who planned to rid himself of his debt and to win prize money by the capture of the Polly. One night when Paul crossed the Channel as usual, Dupuis sent a false pilot, who decoyed the sloop into a French harbor, where she was seized by a waiting man-of-war. Paul and his crew of fifteen were cast into a French prison, where Léontine Dioré, the jailer's daughter, became interested in him and in Dick Stone, his favorite shipmate, who shared Paul's cell. They learned that Léontine's brother Victor had been captured by the English and was imprisoned in Falmouth, near Paul's own home at Sandy Cove. Hoping that the girl might help them to escape, Dick pretended that he had seen her brother, and hinted that he had a secret plan for securing Victor's release. This increased Léontine's interest in the prisoners; and events at length aided her in carrying out Dick's plan, which here follows.

A DARING ESCAPE FROM A FRENCH PRISON

(From Cast up by the Sea.)

By SIR S. W. BAKER.



MORE than two months had passed wearily in the French prison, during which both Paul and Dick Stone had been buoyed up in inaction by the hope of carrying into execution a plan for their escape. The only view from the prison windows was the sea, and the street and beach in the foreground. The Polly still lay at anchor in the same spot, as some difficulty had arisen between Captain Dupuis and the captain of the corvette that had to be settled in the law courts.

In the meantime both Paul and Dick Stone had not only become great friends of the jailer, Jean Dioré, and his daughter, but Dick had quickly found an opportunity to disclose his secret, which succeeded in winning the heart of the enterprising Léontine. Dick had made a

declaration of love, and to prove his sincerity, he proposed that he should conduct her direct to her brother in the English prison, whose release should be effected by an exchange; and he had persuaded her that, if she should aid in the escape of Paul and the entire crew of the Polly, there would be no difficulty in obtaining her brother's release when the facts should become known to the English authorities. Paul had added his persuasions to those of Dick Stone; he had excited the sister's warmest feelings by painting the joys he would feel in rescuing her brother from a miserable existence, and he had gained her sympathy by a description of the misery and suspense that his own wife must be suffering in her ignorance of all that had befallen him. Léontine was won. She was brave as a lion, and, her determination once formed, she was prepared to act without flinching.

Many times Dick Stone had lighted his pipe, and puffed and considered as he took counsel with Paul on the plan that the latter had proposed. All was agreed upon.

Paul had thus arranged the attempt at escape. All was to be in readiness for the first gale that should blow from either west or south. Léontine had provided him with a couple of large files and a small crowbar about two feet long, which she had purchased in the village with money supplied by Paul; these she had introduced to his room by secreting them beneath her clothes.

At various times she had purchased large supplies of strong twine in skeins, which to avoid suspicion she had described as required for making nets; these she had

also introduced daily, until sufficient had been collected for the manufacture of ropes, at which both Paul and Dick Stone worked incessantly during the night, and concealed them in the daytime within their mattresses, by cutting a hole beneath. Whenever the time should arrive it had been arranged that Léontine was to procure the keys of the cells in which the crew of the Polly were confined, and she was to convey the prisoners at night into the apartment occupied by Paul and Dick, whence they were to descend from the window by a rope into the fosse that surrounded the prison; fortunately, this ditch was dry, and Léontine was to fix a stake into the ground about the fosse, from which she was to suspend a knotted rope after dark, to enable the prisoners to ascend upon the opposite side.

The great difficulty would be in avoiding the sentry, who was always on guard within fifty paces of the spot where they would be forced to descend, and whence they must afterward ascend from the ditch. The affair was to be left entirely in the hands of Léontine, who assured Paul and Dick that she would manage the sentry if they would be ready at the right moment to assist her. When freed from the prison, they were to make a rush to the beach, seize the first boat, of which many were always at hand, and board and capture the Polly; once on board the trusty lugger, in a westerly or southerly gale, Paul knew there was nothing could overtake her.

Such was the plan agreed upon, and everything had been carefully prepared and in readiness for some days, but the favorable weather had not yet arrived. Daily and hourly Paul looked from the grated windows upon

his beloved Polly, which lay still at anchor idle in the bay, about fifty yards from the French corvette.

At length, as early one morning he as usual looked out from his prison, he saw a boat pulling from the shore, followed quickly by several others conveying cargo, and steering for the Polly; the bustle upon the deck, and the refitting of ropes and rigging, plainly discernible from the prison window, left no doubt upon Paul's mind that the Polly was about to leave the harbor, and perhaps be lost to him forever.

At this painful sight Dick lighted his pipe, and smoked with violence until the tobacco was half consumed, when suddenly, in a fit of excitement that was quite unusual, he hastily put his adviser in his pocket, and seizing a file from beneath his mattress he immediately commenced work upon the bottom of an iron bar that protected the narrow window.

"That's right, Dick," said Paul; "now or never! The clouds are hurrying up from the sou'-west, and I think it's coming on to blow; as old Mother Lee says, 'Luck comes from the sou'-west;' so bear a hand, and give me the file when you get tired."

As Paul had observed, the scud was flying rapidly across the sky from the right quarter, and both men worked hard alternately, and in an hour they had divided the thick iron bar close to the base.

"Now for the top," said Dick. "We'll soon cut it through, although it's harder work, as we can't put our weight to the file."

"Never mind the file," said Paul, who now grasped the severed bar in his iron hands; "with such a purchase I could wrench the bar asunder. Something

shall give way," he said, as with the force of Samson he exerted every muscle, and wrenched the bar from its loosened base. The stone in which it was fixed first crumbled at the joint, and then suddenly cracking, Paul fell sprawling on his back with the bar in his hands, while a heavy fragment of stone fell upon the floor.

"Take care, captain," said Dick; "gently with the stones. We shall alarm the jailer if we make so much noise. Why, you've settled the job in one pull!"

"Here, Dick," continued Paul, as he sprung from the floor, "take the bar while I move a stone from the side with the crow. We won't take it right out lest the jailer should notice it if he comes with the breakfast; but we'll loosen it so that we can remove it quickly when necessary, as the window is too narrow for our shoulders."

Paul then inserted the thin edge of the crowbar, and by gently working it backward and forward he removed the stones and enlarged the aperture sufficiently to admit the passage of a man; he then replaced the stones, together with the bar, and so arranged the window that no one would have observed any disturbance unless by a close inspection. Hardly had they completed their work when footsteps were heard without, succeeded by the turning of the key in the creaking lock of their door. In an instant Dick, who had lighted his pipe, leaned upon the windowsill and looked steadily out of the window, at the same time he puffed such dense clouds of smoke as would have effectually screened any damage that had been done by the work of the crowbar.

The door opened, and fortunately Léontine appeared instead of her father. She brought the breakfast.

"Quick!" she exclaimed, "there is no time to lose. The wind has changed, and people say we shall have a gale from the sou'-west. The Polly is to sail to-morrow. Captain Dupuis has loaded her, and he will himself depart in the morning should the wind be fair. You must all get ready for the work," continued the determined girl, as her large eyes flashed with energy.

"We have not been idle, my pretty Léontine," said Paul, as he exhibited their morning's work, "but we now depend upon you. It will be quite dark at eight o'clock. You must have the rope ready secured to this small crowbar, driven into the earth on the other side of the fosse; the bar is sharp and heavy; it will make no noise if you can manage to strike it into the ground in exactly the same spot three or four times, and simply hang this loop upon it, pressed close down to the base." At the same time he gave her the bar, and a rope coiled, about twenty feet in length. Paul continued, "You must also be punctual in bringing the other prisoners here at half-past eight, and tell them to take their shoes off and to tie them round their waists. But how about the sentry?" asked Paul.

"Don't be afraid," said Léontine; "I have already arranged everything this morning. Fortune has favored us; François is to be on guard to-night; the guard is relieved at eight o'clock, at which time he will come on duty, therefore we have nothing to fear for some hours. I will manage François; leave him to me. He is an old lover of mine, and I have appointed to meet him to-night."

At this confession, thus boldly made, Dick Stone puffed violently at his pipe, and was almost concealed by his own smoke, when Léontine continued:

"He is a sad fellow, and has given me much trouble, but I shall pay him out to-night. Look here, Dick," she continued, "if you are worth having you'll help me quickly to-night, for I shall depend upon you. I have agreed to meet François this evening at half-past eight, as I have pretended to accept his love. To avoid detection (as he will be on guard), I am to be disguised as a soldier, and he will send me the clothes and arms to-day. I shall keep my appointment, and engage him in conversation so closely that he will not hear you; but at the last moment you must be ready to rush upon him and secure him, while I endeavor to prevent him from giving an alarm. At the same time," continued Léontine, "you must promise not to hurt him, for François is a good fellow, and is very fond of me."

"Only let me get hold of him," cried Dick Stone.

"Will you?" replied Léontine; "then the enterprise ceases at the very beginning. You shall not escape unless you swear that no harm shall befall François."

"Do not be afraid," said Paul; but he continued: "It may be a difficult affair if he is a powerful man — what size is he?"

"Oh," replied Léontine, laughing, "a little fellow, about as big as I am. You could soon manage poor François; he would be a mere child in the grasp of such a man as yourself."

"All right," said Paul, "then there's no fear of

murder; depend upon me, Léontine, no harm shall touch him."

"Mind you seize the right man," said the gay Léontine, "when I give the signal, as I shall be in a soldier's uniform, and you may mistake me for François. The signal will be, 'A friend;' the instant that I give the word, seize and disarm him before he can fire his musket. You will then have two muskets, mine and that of François, with which you must take your chance in boarding the Polly."

"That will do," said Paul; "let me only set foot on the Polly's deck, and I'll soon settle accounts with Monsieur Dupuis. But now," added Paul, "we are agreed upon all points, and we depend upon you, Léontine; do not forget to visit the beach, and see that the oars and a boat-hook, with a sharp axe to cut the cable, are placed in readiness within a large boat, to which you must guide us when we leave the prison."

"Never fear," said Léontine; "I shall not fail in my part, and I shall give the signal as the clock chimes half-past eight; you must be ready on the instant. Here is a letter," continued the girl, as the tears started to her eyes, "that I have written for my father; you must leave it on the table when you escape, and it will explain all; he will then, perhaps, forgive me when he knows that I risk my life for Victor." Saying which, she left the room and locked the door behind her.

Léontine now hurried her preparations, while the day passed wearily away to those who were awaiting the hour of their deliverance.

Paul and Dick Stone counted the hours as the neighboring church clock struck heavily on the bell.

"We shall run to the cove in twelve hours," said Paul, "if this breeze lasts; it's blowing a gale out at sea, and the Polly 'll fly like a witch on a broom-stick."

"We've got to take her first," replied the wary Dick. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!"

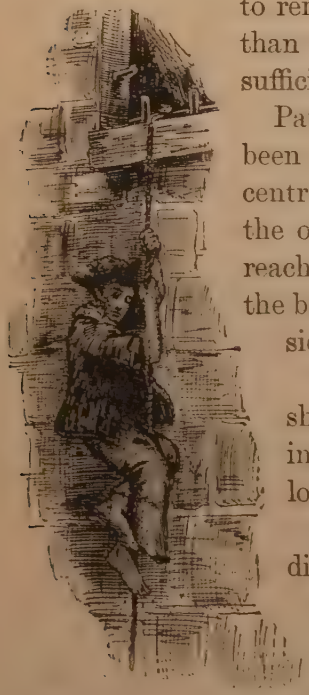
"We are short of weapons, no doubt," said Paul; "but we must take off the sword-bayonets from the muskets, and give them to two of the men. I will be first on board, and knock down Dupuis. Let the men rush to the main-mast and secure the arms from the rack the moment that they reach the deck, while you, Dick, seize the helm. I will tell off four men to loose the sails and to cut the cable directly that we get on board. This will leave us ten men to do the fighting. If all goes well we shall find the better part of the French crew down below, and, once in possession of the deck, they will be at our mercy. This gale of wind will start the Polly like a wild duck the instant that the cable is cut, and we shall be round the corner of the island before the corvette can bring her guns to bear upon us. Then, with a dark night and a heavy gale, the Polly can take care of herself."

The day at length passed away, and the sun set. The wind roared through the narrow streets of the town, and whistled loudly around the pointed towers of the old prison. "There could not be a better night," said Paul; "the wind roars like a lion, and nothing will be heard by the sentry."

As he was speaking the clock struck eight. As the last tone of the bell died away the lock of the door creaked as the key turned from the outside; and presently without a sound of footsteps, thirteen strapping

fellows, who had been liberated by Léontine, softly entered the room, carrying their shoes strapped to their belts, as had been directed by Paul.

No time was lost in useless greeting; but the severed bar of the window was at once made use of as a lever to remove the heavy stones, and in less than ten minutes an aperture was made sufficiently large for an exit.



Paul now fastened the rope that had been concealed in his mattress to the centre of the iron bar; then, lowering the other end from the window until it reached the fosse, he fixed the bar across the base, so that it was secured on either side by the masonry.

All was now ready, and, lest they should be disturbed, Dick Stone, having received the key from Léontine, locked the door on the inside.

Paul went first. It was with some difficulty that he squeezed his broad shoulders through the narrow opening; but once without the wall he nimbly lowered himself to the bottom, a depth of about sixty feet.

In a much shorter time than might be supposed the active sailors had succeeded in reaching the bottom of the fosse, without having made the slightest noise. The wind blew louder than before; there was no moon, and merely a faint light was given at intervals by the stars that every now and then peeped from between the driving clouds.

Carefully leading the way, Paul crossed the broad fosse, and felt with his hand the opposite wall, against which he expected to find the rope that was to have been arranged by Léontine. He was followed noiselessly by the crew for about twenty yards, when he suddenly halted as he caught the dangling rope.

With extreme care Paul now climbed, hand over hand, to the top, having previously whispered to Dick Stone to hold the end of the rope, and to ascend when he should give a jerk as a signal of safety.

Arrived at the top, on the soft green turf at the edge of the moat, Paul lay flat upon the ground, and listened. He could see nothing, therefore he knew that he could not be seen; but he fancied that he could hear a suppressed voice in the direction of the sentry. He gave a slight jerk to the rope, and presently Dick Stone arrived, and crept to Paul's side, quickly followed by all the others. They all remained flat upon the grass, which, being about a foot in height, effectually concealed them in the darkness of the night. Paul now crept forward upon his hands and knees, followed in the same manner by Dick Stone; the other men had received orders to jump up and join them immediately upon hearing the signal, "A friend."

In a few minutes Paul was within a dozen yards of the sentry; and as he and Dick then lay flat upon the earth they could faintly distinguish two figures standing close together, and in intervals between the gusts they could hear voices.

We will return to Léontine.

She had not failed in any of her arrangements. The unsuspecting François had fallen into her snare, and,

delighted with the assignation, he had run great risk in the hope of securing the love of the charming Léontine. He had borrowed for her a comrade's uniform and arms; and thus accoutred as a soldier she met him at the appointed hour. They were now standing together by the edge of the moat, and Léontine had listened to his warm declarations of affection. François was enraptured; for more than a year he had vainly sought to win her love. As the belle of the village, Léontine had many admirers; a certain lieutenant was reported to be a favored suitor; thus what chance was there for a private such as François? True or false, the jealous heart of François had believed these reports, and he had yielded to despair. Judge of his transport when, within the last few hours, he had been led to hope; and now, when he had nearly given her up as lost, he almost held her in his arms. Alas! for military discipline when beauty leads the attack! François thought of nothing but his love. There was a railing by the edge of the moat, against which Léontine had rested her musket; the unwary sentry did the same; and the two weapons leaned peacefully side by side, as the soldier, intoxicated by his love, suddenly caught her round the waist with both arms and pressed his lips to her cheek. At this moment the dull clang of the prison clock struck the half hour; struggling in his embrace, Léontine exclaimed:

"Oh, if I could call 'a friend!'"

At the same instant with both her hands she slipped into his mouth a wooden instrument called a gag, that was used to silence uproarious prisoners.

The signal, "A friend," had been given in a loud

voice, as though in reply to the usual challenge, and before the unlucky François could relieve himself from the gag he was caught from behind in the tremendous grasp of Paul's arms, while Dick Stone by mistake rushed upon Léontine: a vigorous smack on the face from her delicate hand immediately undeceived him.

"Take that musket," whispered Léontine, quickly, "and come along."

At the same time she seized the remaining musket, while Paul pinioned the arms of their prisoner with his handkerchief, and threatened him with instant death should he resist.

No time was lost. Paul threw the sentry over his shoulder as though he had been a lamb, and the whole party hurried after Léontine, who had led the way to the beach.

This affair had been managed so dexterously and quietly that no sound had been heard except the reply, "A friend," that was the preconcerted signal of attack; but upon arrival at the beach the rattling of the shingle as the large party hurried toward the boat threatened to attract a dangerous attention.

A large number of boats were drawn up upon the beach, but Léontine, without a moment's hesitation, led Paul and his party to one that had the oars already arranged; and the powerful crew, seizing it by the bow and the stern, ran it along the steep incline and launched it through the waves.

Not a word had been spoken, but there was a sound of many feet as the crew jumped into the boat that could not be mistaken. Paul laid his struggling burden

upon the beach, and Léontine, before she leaped into the boat, whispered in the captive's ear:

"François, if you give the alarm I'll never love you again." With this coquettish adieu she followed Paul and Dick Stone, who were the last of the party.

"Steer straight for the Polly, and give way, my lads! for there's no time to lose," said Paul, who had taken his position in the bow of the boat with Dick Stone, both of whom were armed with muskets, while two men with sword-bayonets were ready to follow them.

"Make a rush on board," said Paul, "and knock down everybody without asking questions; then seize the arms from the rack and chest."

The water was deep in the rocky bay, thus the Polly was moored to a buoy little more than two hundred yards from the shore; a light was visible on board, and the lanterns of the corvette were also burning about fifty paces distant, where she lay moored by stem and stern.

They now pulled swiftly but silently toward the lugger. Paul's heart bounded with hope, while Dick Stone, as cool as ice, but determined upon the event, waited for the command. They neared the vessel. "What boat's that?" was the sudden challenge from the lugger's deck, as their boat came within a couple of oars' length. "A friend!" shouted Léontine in French, and almost in the same instant a man in the bow of the boat caught hold of the mizzen shrouds of the lugger with his boat-hook, and held on.

Paul seized a rope, and in one bound he was upon the lugger's deck, while Dick Stone followed like his

shadow. To knock down the first man with a double-handed thrust with the barrel of his musket was the work of a moment, at the same instant Dick struck and felled a Frenchman who had rushed to the arm-chest. A shot was now fired by one of the French crew, and several men made a dash at the arm-rack, but Paul was there before them, and with the butt end of his musket he struck down the leader of the party. At this moment a loud shrill cry of alarm was heard from the shore.

"*Ha, le sacré François!*" exclaimed Léontine, who had in the meantime attached the deserted boat to the lugger's stern. "*Ha, le misérable!*" she cried; "this is a return for my love!"

Two or three shots were now fired by the French crew, but without other results than to alarm the ship-of-war; the drum beat to quarters, lights were seen at her ports; a tremendous flash was accompanied by the report of a cannon as she fired an alarm-gun; this was quickly answered by a shot from a battery above the town.

The bells of the church and the prison rang wildly as shot after shot was fired from the battery, and the alarm spread like wild-fire throughout the port.

In the meantime, while the fight had been hot upon the Polly's decks, Captain Dupuis, who had been asleep when the vessel was first boarded, now rushed up from the cabin, and meeting Paul he fired a pistol within a few feet of his chest; fortunately, at that moment Paul was in the act of raising his musket, and the ball lodged in the tough walnut stock; the next instant the weapon fell with a crash upon Dupuis's

skull, who reeled backward, and stumbling against the low bulwarks he fell overboard and sank.

Dick Stone, with his musket in one hand that he had not yet discharged, was now standing at the helm. The English crew had gained the arms from the rack, and several shots were fired as they drove the French toward the bows of the lugger, following them up with the bayonet. Many of the French jumped overboard, calling loudly to the man-of-war for assistance, and those who were down below were already helpless, as the companion ladder was guarded by two armed men. The surprise was complete; Léontine had hauled her boat alongside, and had climbed on board; the cable was cut, and the sails were let loose; but the danger had increased. The French crew who had jumped overboard called to the corvette to fire and sink the lugger. This they had hitherto been afraid to do, as their own countrymen were on board. A blue light was now burned upon the decks of the corvette, and distinctly illumined the scene just as the sails of the Polly filled, as her head turned from the severed cable, and she met the full force of the gale from the shore. In an instant she leaned over, and as the water rippled from her bows and the boom was slacked off she started like a wild duck frightened from its nest.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" rang three hearty British cheers as the clipper lugger glided rapidly through the dark water and passed the terrible broadside of the corvette within fifty or sixty yards. But hardly had the Polly cleared the deadly row of guns, when, a flash! and the shock seemed to sweep her deck as the dense smoke rolled across her in the midst of the roar

of a twenty-pounder fired from the last gun of the tier. A terrible crash almost immediately followed the shock, and the painter or rope that attaches the boat to the stern of the lugger suddenly dangled loosely in the water, as the shot had dashed the boat to atoms; fortunately the Polly had just passed the fatal line of fire. Another wild "hurrah!" replied to the unsuccessful gun, as the lugger, released from the boat's weight, seemed to fly still quicker through the water.

"Take the helm for a moment," said Dick to a sailor by his side, and running amidships he called upon Paul, "Give a hand, captain, and we'll get the Long Tom round."

In an instant Paul put his powerful shoulder to the long six-pounder that worked on a pivot, and together, with joint exertions, they trained the gun upon the stern windows of the corvette. Dick Stone had just beforehand lighted his pipe when standing at the helm, and as the long gun bore upon its object he suddenly pushed Paul upon one side, and emptied his fiery bowl upon the touch-hole. Bang! went the gun, as the six-pound shot crashed through the cabin windows of the corvette, and through the various bulkheads, raking her from stem to stern.

"Hurrah!" again shouted the crew, who like true British sailors were ready for any fight without reckoning the odds when the cannon once began to speak, while Paul and several men sponged and reloaded the long gun, as the corvette had lowered several boats to give chase.

"Hurrah for the saucy Polly!" shouted Paul, as he and Dick now trained the gun upon the leading

boat; but at that moment they turned the sharp headland of the rocky island, and both the corvette and her boats were obscured from their view.

It was blowing hard, but the water in the bay was perfectly smooth, as the wind was directly off the shore, and the Polly flew like a race-horse toward the open sea. In a few minutes she passed the last headland, and rushed at foaming speed over the long swell of the Atlantic. With the gale fairly on her quarter, there was nothing that could touch the Polly. There was no fear of a chase, although the heavy booming of the alarm-guns could still be heard in the distance.

Three Frenchmen had been killed in the fight, and their bodies, which now lay on deck, were thrown overboard; two were prisoners down below; the remainder of the crew had escaped by jumping overboard, with the exception of the treacherous Captain Dupuis, who had sunk when knocked down by Paul.

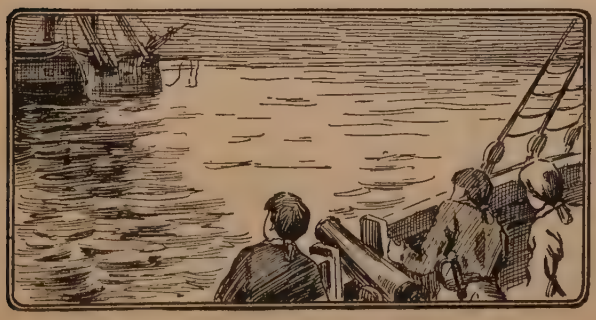
Dick Stone was now at the helm; his pipe was well alight; and could his features have been distinguished in the dark they would be seen to wear an unusually cheerful expression as he said to Paul, "It wouldn't have been purlite of us to leave the Mounseers without a salute, and without my pipe we couldn't have fired the gun. It's a wonderful thing is a pipe! Ain't it, captain?"

"Nor'-nor'-east is the course, Dick," replied Paul, who was at that moment thinking of his wife, and the happiness it would be to meet her on the following day; at the same time he was anxious lest any misfortune should have occurred during his long absence.

"Nor'-nor'-east it is, captain," replied Dick, with a

sailor's promptitude; "but I can't help larfing when I think of Captain Doopwee, who has put a cargo on board the Polly all for nothing, and has got knocked on the head into the bargain. Well, sarve him right, sarve him right," continued Dick, musingly; "he was a very purlite varmint, too purlite to be honest, by a long chalk." After this curt biographical memoir of the late Captain Dupuis, Dick Stone applied himself to his pipe, and kept the Polly's course N.N.E.

While Paul and Dick Stone were upon deck Léontine was lying upon a cot within the cabin. The excitement of the day had nearly worn her out, and despite the uneasy movement of the vessel, which tried her more severely than any danger, she fell asleep in the uniform of a private in the French chasseurs, and she dreamed happily that her brother Victor was released.



LORNA DOONE

LORNA DOONE is a tale of Exmoor in the south-western corner of England — a wild and interesting region even to-day. But two hundred years ago it was even wilder and more interesting. The quiet farmers who lived in the little villages near the coast had strange neighbors hidden in the loneliness of the vast moor; and sometimes strange things happened far from the sight of the great world. Down one of the dark valleys which cut the moor, rushed a swift and dangerous stream known as the Bagworthy water.

The valley whence the stream arose was the home of the Doones — a fierce band of murderers and robbers — the terror of the country; and no one dared venture near their haunts. These terrible outlaws drove away cattle from the neighboring farms, kidnapped children, and killed anyone who presumed to interfere. Two years before this story opens, the Doones had basely murdered a prosperous farmer on the moor; and his son, John Ridd, who was the biggest and bravest fellow in the county, grew up with a stern resolve to avenge the crime. He practised continually with the carbine until he became a champion marksman, and increased his strength by all kinds of hardy exercise. He was ever thinking of the bloody Doones and of their well-hidden home, longing for the day when he could meet them face to face. But he had not ventured into the valley until one day when he was fourteen. In his own words, John tells how he explored the Bagworthy water, and had his first sight of the outlaws and of Lorna Doone.

EXPLORING THE BAGWORTHY WATER

(From Lorna Doone.)

By R. D. BLACKMORE.

WHEN I was turned fourteen years old, and put into good small-clothes, buckled at the knee, and strong blue worsted hosen, knitted by my mother, it happened to me without choice, I may say, to explore the Bagworthy water. And it came about in this wise: —

My mother had long been ailing, and not well able to eat much; and there is nothing that frightens us so much as for people to have no love of their victuals. Now I chanced to remember that once at the time of the holidays I had brought dear mother from Tiverton a jar of pickled loaches, caught by myself in the Lowman River, and baked in the kitchen oven, with vinegar, a few leaves of bay, and about a dozen peppercorns. And mother had said that in all her life she had never tasted anything fit to be compared with them. Whether she said so good a thing out of compliment to my skill in catching the fish and cooking them, or whether she really meant it, is more than I can tell, though I quite believe the latter, and so would

most people who tasted them; at any rate, I now resolved to get some loaches for her, and do them in the selfsame manner, just to make her eat a bit. . . .

Being resolved to catch some loaches, whatever trouble it cost me, I set forth without a word to any one, in the forenoon of St. Valentine's day, 1675–6, I think it must have been. Annie should not come with me, because the water was so cold; for the winter had been long, and snow lay here and there in patches in the hollow of the banks, like a lady's gloves forgotten. . . .

I never could forget that day, and how bitter cold the water was. For I doffed my shoes and hose, and put them into a bag about my neck, and left my little coat at home, and tied my shirt sleeves back to my shoulders. Then I took a three-pronged fork firmly bound to a rod with cord, and a piece of canvas kerchief with a lump of bread inside it; and so went into the pebbly water, trying to think how warm it was.

For more than a mile all down the Lynn stream, scarcely a stone I left unturned, being thoroughly skilled in the tricks of the loach, and knowing how he hides himself. For, being gray-spotted, and clear to see through, and something like a cuttle-fish, only more substantial, he will stay quite still where a streak of weed is in the rapid water, hoping to be overlooked, not caring even to wag his tail. Then, being disturbed, he flips away, like whalebone from the finger, and hies to a shelf of stone, and lies with his sharp head poked in under it; or sometimes he bellies him into the mud, and only shows his back-ridge. And that is the time to spear him nicely, holding the fork very gingerly. . . .

Or, if your loach should not be abroad when first you

come to look for him, but keeping snug in his little home, then you may see him come forth amazed at the quivering of the shingles, and oar himself and look at you, and then dart up stream, like a little gray streak; and then you must try to mark him in, and follow very daintily. So after that, in a sandy place, you steal up behind his tail to him, so that he cannot set eyes on you, for his head is up stream always, and there you see him abiding still, clear, and mild and affable. Then, as he looks so innocent, you make full sure to prog him well, in spite of the wry of the water, and the sun making elbows to everything, and the trembling of your fingers. But when you gird at him lovingly, and have as good as gotten him, lo! in the go-by of the river he is gone as a shadow goes, and only a little cloud of mud curls away from the points of the fork.

A long way down that limpid water, chill and bright as an iceberg, went my little self that day on man's choice errand — destruction. All the young fish seemed to know that I was one who had taken out God's certificate, and meant to have the value of it; every one of them was aware that we desolate more than replenish the earth. For a cow might come and look into the water, and put her yellow lips down; a kingfisher, like a blue arrow, might shoot through the dark alleys over the channel, or sit on a dipping withy-bough, with his beak sunk into his breast feathers; even an otter might float down stream, likening himself to a log of wood, with his flat head flush with the water-top, and his oily eyes peering quietly; and yet no panic would seize other life, as it does when a sample of man comes.

Now let not any one suppose that I thought of these

things when I was young, for I knew not the way to do it. And proud enough in truth I was at the universal fear I spread in all those lonely places, where I myself must have been afraid, if anything had come up to me. It is all very pretty to see the trees big with their hopes of another year, though dumb as yet on the subject, and the waters murmuring gayety, and the banks spread out with comfort; but a boy takes none of this to heart, unless he be meant for a poet (which God can never charge upon me), and he would liefer have a good apple, or even a bad one if he stole it.

When I had travelled two miles or so, conquered now and then with cold, and coming out to rub my legs into a lively friction, and only fishing here and there because of the tumbling water; suddenly, in an open space, where meadows spread about it, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook. And it brought, so far as I could guess by the sweep of it under my knee-caps, a larger power of clear water than the Lynn itself had; only it came more quietly down, not being troubled with stairs and steps, as the fortune of the Lynn is, but gliding smoothly and forcibly, as if upon some set purpose.

Hereupon I drew up and thought, and reason was much inside me: because the water was bitter cold, and my little toes were aching. So on the bank I rubbed them well with a sprout of young sting-nettle, and having skipped about a while, was kindly inclined to eat a bit.

Now all the turn of my life hung upon that moment. But as I sat there munching a crust of Betty Muxworthy's sweet brown-bread, and a bit of cold bacon

along with it, and kicking my little red heels against the dry loam to keep them warm, I knew no more than a fish under the fork what was going on over me. It seemed a sad business to go back now and tell Annie there were no loaches; and yet it was a frightful thing, knowing what I did of it, to venture, where no grown man durst, up the Bagworthy water. And please to recollect that I was only a boy in those days, fond enough of anything new, but not like a man to meet it.

However, as I ate more and more, my spirit arose within me, and I thought of what my father had been, and how he had told me a hundred times never to be a coward. And then I grew warm, and my little heart was ashamed of its pitapating, and I said to myself, "Now, if father looks, he shall see that I obey him." So I put the bag round my neck again, and buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hang so dark on the Bagworthy river.

I found it strongly overwoven, turned, and torn with thicket-wood, but not so rocky as the Lynn, and more inclined to go evenly. There were bars of chafed stakes stretched from the sides half-way across the current, and light out-riders of pithy weed, and blades of last year's water-grass trembling in the quiet places, like a spider's threads, on the transparent stillness, with a tint of olive moving it. And here and there the sun came in, as if his light was sifted, making dance upon the waves, and shadowing the pebbles.

Here, although afrighted often by the deep, dark places, and feeling that every step I took might never be taken backward, on the whole I had very comely

sport of loaches, trout, and minnows, forking some, and tickling some, and driving others to shallow nooks, whence I could bail them ashore. Now, if you have ever been fishing, you will not wonder that I was led on, forgetting all about danger, and taking no heed of the time, but shouting in a childish way whenever I caught a "whacker" (as we called a big fish at Tiverton); and in sooth there were very fine loaches here, having more lie and harborage than in the rough Lynn stream, though not quite so large as in the Lowman, where I have even taken them to the weight of half a pound.

But in answer to all my shouts there never was any sound at all, except of a rocky echo, or a scared bird hustling away, or the sudden dive of a water-vole; and the place grew thicker and thicker, and the covert grew darker above me, until I thought that the fishes might have good chance of eating me, instead of my eating the fishes.

For now the day was falling fast behind the brown of the hill-tops; and the trees, being void of leaf and hard, seemed giants ready to beat me. And every moment as the sky was clearing up for a white frost, the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow (as I thought) at the sides, till I saw it was only foam-froth.

Now, though I could swim with great ease and comfort, and feared no depth of water, when I could fairly come to it, yet I had no desire to go over head and ears into this great pool, being so cramped and weary, and

cold enough in all conscience, though wet only up to the middle, not counting my arms and shoulders. And the look of this black pit was enough to stop one from diving into it, even on a hot summer's day, with sunshine on the water; I mean, if the sun ever shone there. As it was, I shuddered and drew back; not alone at the pool itself and the black air there was about it, but also at the whirling manner, and wisping of white threads upon it in stripy circles round and round; and the centre still as jet.

But soon I saw the reason of the stir and depth of that great pit, as well as of the roaring sound which long had made me wonder. For skirting round one side, with very little comfort, because the rocks were high and steep, and the ledge at the foot so narrow, I came to a sudden sight and marvel, such as I never dreamed of. For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long pale slide of water, coming smoothly to me, without any break or hindrance, for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer, and straight, and shining. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black staircase. However, there was no side-rail, nor any place to walk upon, only the channel a fathom wide, and the perpendicular walls of crag shutting out the evening.

The look of this place had a sad effect, scaring me very greatly, and making me feel that I would give something only to be at home again, with Annie cooking my supper, and our dog, Watch, sniffing upward. But nothing would come of wishing; that I had long

found out; and it only made one the less inclined to work without white feather. So I laid the case before me in a little council; not for loss of time, but only that I wanted rest, and to see things truly.

Then says I to myself, "John Ridd, these trees, and pools, and lonesome rocks, and setting of the sunlight, are making a gruesome coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

Nevertheless, I am free to own that it was not any fine sense of shame which settled my decision; for indeed there was nearly as much of danger in going back as in going on, and perhaps even more of labor, the journey being so roundabout. But that which saved me from turning back, was a strange, inquisitive desire, very unbecoming in a boy of little years; in a word, I would risk a great deal to know what made the water come down like that, and what there was at the top of it.

Therefore, seeing hard strife before me, I girt up my breeches anew, with each buckle one hole tighter, for the sodden straps were stretching and giving, and mayhap my legs were grown smaller from the coldness of it. Then I bestowed my fish around my neck more tightly, and not stopping to look much, for fear of fear, crawled along over the fork of rocks, where the water had scooped the stone out, and shunning thus the ledge from whence it rose like the mane of a white horse into the broad black pool, softly I let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

And here I had reckoned without my host, although (as I thought) so clever; and it was much but that I

went down into the great black pool, and had never been heard of more; and this must have been the end of me, except for my trusty loach-fork. For the green wave came down like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone off in a moment, and I had not time to cry out with wonder, only to think of my mother and Annie, and knock my head very sadly, which made it go round so that brains were no good, even if I had any. But all in a moment, before I knew aught, except that I must die out of the way, with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the rock, and I was borne up upon it. I felt nothing except that here was another matter to begin upon; and it might be worth while, or again it might not, to have another fight for it. But presently the dash of the water upon my face revived me, and my mind grew used to the roar of it; and meseemed I had been worse off than this when first flung into the Lowman.

Therefore I gathered my legs back slowly, as if they were fish to be landed, stopping whenever the water flew too strongly off my shin-bones, and coming along without sticking out to let the waves get hold of me. And in this manner I won a footing, leaning well forward like a draught-horse, and balancing on my strength, as it were, with the ashen stake set behind me. Then I said to myself, "John Ridd, the sooner you get yourself out by the way you came, the better it will be for you." But to my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me, except that I must climb somehow up that hill of water, or else be washed down into the pool and whirl around it till it drowned me. For there was no chance of fetching

back by the way I had gone down into it, and further up was a hedge of rock on either side of the water-way, rising a hundred yards in height, and for all I could tell five hundred, and no place to set a foot in.

Having said the Lord's Prayer (which was all I knew), and made a very bad job of it, I grasped the good loach-stick under a knot, and steadied me with my left hand, and so with a sigh of despair began my course up the fearful torrent-way. To me it seemed half a mile, at least, of sliding water above me, but in truth it was little more than a furlong, as I came to know afterward. It would have been a hard ascent even without the slippery slime and the force of the river over it, and I had scanty hope indeed of ever winning the summit. Nevertheless my terror left me, now I was face to face with it, and had to meet the worst; and I set myself to do my best with a vigor and hardiness which did not then surprise me, but have done so ever since.

The water was only six inches deep, or from that to nine at the utmost, and all the way up I could see my feet looking white in the gloom of the hollow, and here and there I found resting-place, to hold on by the cliff and pant a while. And gradually as I went on, a warmth of courage breathed in me, to think that perhaps no other had dared to try that pass before me, and to wonder what mother would say to it. And then came thought of my father also, and the pain of my feet abated.

How I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly, or even like now

to think of, because it makes me dream of it. Only I must acknowledge that the greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of black ooze-weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I fell very piteously, and was like to have broken my knee-cap, and the torrent got hold of my other leg while I was indulging the bruised one. And then a vile knotting of cramp disabled me, and for a while I could only roar, till my mouth was full of water, and all of my body was sliding. But the fright of that brought me to again, and my elbow caught in a rock-hole; and so I managed to start again, with the help of more humility.

Now, being in the most dreadful fright, because I was so near the top, and hope was beating within me, I labored hard with both legs and arms going like a mill, and grunting. At last the rush of forked water where first it came over the lips of the fall, drove me into the middle, and I stuck a while with my toe-balls on the slippery links of the pop-weed, and the world was green and gliddery, and I durst not look behind me. Then I made up my mind to die at last; for so my legs would ache no more, and my breath not pain my heart so; only it did seem such a pity, after fighting so long, to give in, and the light was coming upon me, and again I fought toward it; then suddenly I felt fresh air and fell into it headlong.

When I came to myself again, my hands were full of young grass and mould, and a little girl kneeling at my side was rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock-leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. And then, my nature being slow, and perhaps, for that matter, heavy, I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed; and where it fell on the turf, among it (like an early star) was the first primrose of the season. And since that day, I think of her, through all the rough storms of my life, when I see an early primrose. Perhaps she liked my countenance, and indeed I know she did, because she said so afterward; although at the time she was too young to know what made her take to me. Not that I had any beauty, or ever pretended to have any, only a solid, healthy face, which many girls have laughed at.

Thereupon I sat upright, with my little trident still in one hand, and was much afraid to speak to her, being conscious of my country-brogue, lest she should cease to like me. But she clapped her hands, and made a trifling dance around my back, and came to me on the other side, as if I were a great plaything.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are these wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said; "they are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some, if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! Oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet: and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied. "I shall put some goose-grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up and touched her hand, and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away the more. Young and harmless as she was, her name

alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless, I could not help looking at her tenderly, and the more when her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

She flung her little soft arms up in the passion of her tears, and looked at me so piteously, that what did I do but kiss her. It seemed to be a very odd thing, when I came to think of it, because I hated kissing so, as all honest boys must do. But she touched my heart with a sudden delight, like a cowslip blossom (although there were none to be seen yet) and the sweetest flowers of spring.

She gave me no encouragement, as my mother in her place would have done; nay, she even wiped her lips (which methought was rather rude of her), and drew away, and smoothed her dress as if I had used a freedom. Then I felt my cheeks grow burning red, then I gazed at my legs and was sorry. For although she was not at all a proud child (at any rate in her countenance), yet I knew that she was by birth a thousand years in front of me. They might have taken and trained me, or (which would be more to the purpose) my sisters, until it was time for us to die, and then have trained our children after us, for many generations; yet never could we have gotten that look upon our faces which Lorna Doone had naturally, as if she had been born to it.

Here was I, a yeoman's boy, a yeoman every inch of

me, even where I was naked; and there was she, a lady born, and thoroughly aware of it, and dressed by people of rank and taste, who took pride in her beauty and set it to advantage. For though her hair was fallen down by reason of her wildness, and some of her frock was touched with wet where she had tended me so, behold her dress was pretty enough for the queen of all the angels! The colors were bright and rich indeed, and the substance very sumptuous, yet simple and free from tinsel stuff, and matching most harmoniously. All from her waist to her neck was white, plaited in close like a curtain, and the dark soft weeping of her hair, and the shadowy light of her eyes (like a wood rayed through with sunset), made it seem yet whiter, as if it were done on purpose. As for the rest, she knew what it was a great deal better than I did; for I never could look far away from her eyes when they were opened upon me.

Now, seeing how I heeded her, and feeling that I had kissed her, although she was such a little girl, eight years old or thereabout, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner, and began to watch the water, and rubbed one leg against the other.

I, for my part, being vexed at her behavior to me, took up all my things to go, and made a fuss about it, to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back at all, as I had made sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, and it looked as dark as pitch; and so at the mouth I turned round again, and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered;

"why did you ever come here? Do you know what they would do to us, if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I dare say, very hard, or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright, and bury us here by the water; and the water often tells me that I must come to that."

"But what should they kill me for?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go; oh, please to go. They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much" — for I was teasing her to say it — "very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like; only please to go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I like you very much indeed, nearly as much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. And I never saw any one like you; and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you, to see me; and I will bring you such lots of things — there are apples still, and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken, and our dog has just had puppies and" —

"Oh, dear! they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say they are such noisy things" —

"Only put your hand in mine — what little things they are, Lorna — and I will bring you the loveliest dog, I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush!" A shout came down the valley; and all my heart was trembling, like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror.

She shrank to me, and looked up at me, with such a power of weakness, that I at once made up my mind to save her or to die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me, and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the waterfall. I can carry you easily; and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up. "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

She pointed to a little niche in the rock which verged the meadow, about fifty yards away from us. In the fading of the twilight I could just descry it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look, look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she looked at the water and then at me, and she cried, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" And then she began to sob aloud, being so young and unready. But I drew her behind the withy-bushes, and close down to the water, where it was quiet and shelving deep, ere it came to the lip of the chasm. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us, even when they came quite near, if the trees had been clad in their summer clothes. Luckily, I had picked up my fish and taken my three-pronged fork away.

Crouching in that hollow nest, as children get to-

gether in ever so little compass, I saw a dozen fierce men come down, on the other side of the water, not bearing any firearm, but looking lax and jovial, as if they were come from riding and a dinner taken hungrily. "Queen, queen!" they were shouting, here and there, and now and then; "where the pest is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'queen,' and I am to be queen by and by," Lorna whispered to me, and her soft cheek on my rough one, and her little heart beating against me; "oh, they are crossing by the timber there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow there. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

She saw in a moment the way to do it, sooner than I could tell her; and there was no time to lose.

"Now mind you never come again," she whispered over her shoulder, as she crept away with a childish twist, hiding her white front from me "only I shall sometimes — oh, here they are, Madonna!"

Daring scarce to peep, I crept into the water, and lay down bodily in it, with my head between two blocks of stone, and some flood-drift combing over me. The dusk was deepening between the hills, and a white mist lay on the river; but I, being in the channel of it, could see every ripple, and twig, and rush, and glazing of twilight above it, as bright as in a picture, so that to my ignorance there seemed no chance at all but what the men must find me. For all this time they were shouting, and swearing, and keeping such a hullabaloo, that the

rocks all round the valley rang, and my heart quaked, so (what with this and the cold) that the water began to gurgle around me, and to lap upon the pebbles.

Neither, in truth, did I try to stop it, being now so desperate, between the fear and the wretchedness, till I caught a glimpse of the little maid, whose beauty and whose kindliness had made me yearn to be with her. And then I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, thirty or forty yards from me, feigning to be fast asleep, with her dress spread beautifully, and her hair drawn over her.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her; and there he stopped and gazed a while at her fairness and her innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her so that I heard him; and if I had only brought my gun, I would have tried to shoot him.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen; here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep, by God, and hearty! Now I have first claim to her; and no one else shall touch the child. Back to the bottle, all of you!"

He set her dainty little form upon his great square shoulder, and her narrow feet in one broad hand; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her. This way of her going vexed me so, that I leaped upright in the water, and must have been spied by some of them, but for their haste to the wine-bottle. Of their little queen they took small notice,

being in this urgency — although they had thought to find her drowned — but trooped away one after another with kindly challenge to gambling, so far as I could make them out; and I kept sharp watch, I assure you.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna, riding still the largest and most fierce of them, turned and put up a hand to me, and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear (though tall of her age and healthy); and when I got over my thriftless fright, I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me was so different from all I had ever heard before, as might be a sweet silver bell intoned to the small chords of a harp. But I had no time to think about this, if I hoped to have any supper.

I crept into a bush for warmth, and rubbed my shivering legs on bark, and longed for mother's fagot. Then, as daylight sank below the forget-me-not of stars, with a sorrow to be quit, I knew that now must be my time to get away, if there were any.

Therefore, wringing my sodden breeches, I managed to crawl from the bank to the niche in the cliff which Lorna had shown me.

Through the dusk I had trouble to see the mouth, at even five land-yards of distance; nevertheless I entered well, and held on by some dead fern-stems, and did hope that no one would shoot me.

But while I was hugging myself like this, with a boyish manner of reasoning, my joy was like to have ended in sad grief both to myself and my mother, and haply to all honest folk who shall love to read this history. For, hearing a noise in front of me, and like

a coward not knowing where, but afraid to turn round or think of it, I felt myself going down some deep passage into a pit of darkness. It was no good to catch the sides, the whole thing seemed to go with me. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over the night of water.

This water was of black radiance, as are certain diamonds, spanned across with vaults of rock, and carrying no image, neither showing marge nor end, but centred (as it might be) with a bottomless indrawal.

With that chill and dread upon me, and the sheer rock all around, and the faint light heaving wavily on the silence of this gulf, I must have lost my wits and gone to the bottom, if there were any.

But suddenly a robin sang (as they will do after dark, toward spring) in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice (for she could call any robin), and gathering quick warm comfort, sprang up the steep way toward the starlight. Climbing back, as the stones glided down, I heard the greedy wave go lapping, like a blind black dog, into the distance of arches and hollow depths of darkness.

IN THULE

THULE was William Black's favorite name for the islands northwest of Scotland. An "Adventure in Thule" tells about Colin M'Calmont, whose father's sheep were pastured on Farriskeir, an uninhabited island off Lewis, the largest of the Hebrides. The flocks were unprotected, and the French fishermen on their way to Iceland found this a fine opportunity to steal a supply of fresh mutton. Colin resolved to take his friend Archie, the schoolmaster's son, and guard the sheep, and at the same time teach a lesson to the next party of marauding Frenchmen. He loaded with provisions a little sailboat belonging to his father, and sailed away. They soon spied a vessel making for the same harbor. The boys hurried to land, and hid behind the rocks where they could watch the strangers. Two men started to row ashore. At the right moment Colin popped Archie's big horse-pistol at the enemy, who seemed surprised, but continued rowing. The boys hid in a cave, and after waiting a long time, anxiously came out, only to discover that the rowboat and the vessel had disappeared, and that their own craft had been sunk by the enemy. The boys had to stay on the island without food until their relatives missed them and came to their assistance. They dined upon dulse and the Scotch clams called *eachans*, and when night fell they made beds of fern or bracken in the cave. But Colin's rest was uneasy, broken by the younger boy's complaints of strange noises and cries, which the author thus explains:

AN ADVENTURE IN THULE

By WILLIAM BLACK.

COLIN M'CALMONT turned himself over on his bed of bracken. . . .

But suddenly he found himself wakened again; and he became dimly aware that Archie Livingston had a tight grip of his arm and was kneeling beside him. . . .

"I — I have seen one of them," the younger boy gasped, and still he clung to his companion's arm as if for safety. "Oh, Colin, it is a terrible sight! Quite plain — down by the rocks — it did not move ——"

Colin sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"What is this now?" said he, with a trifle of impatience.

"It is no foolishness this time," the younger lad said, almost entreatingly. "You will see for yourself, Colin, if you have the courage to go. It is like a woman. It is one of the princesses. But she did not see me; or she would have changed into a swan and flown away. But it was a terrible, terrible sight; I will never forget it till the day I die ——"

"I tell you, Archie," said the other, angrily, "that if you let such nonsense come into your head, it is mad you will be in time. Come and let me see your prin-

cesses and your wild swans now! And if it is a wild swan, perhaps I will tickle him before he flies away."

He got up and sought out the horse-pistol, which he had put in a dry place. . . .

"Oh, no, I cannot! I cannot, Colin!" said the younger lad, who was still trembling.

"Do you know this now, Archie, that I never heard of the ghost yet that would stand to have a charge of buck-shot put into it. It will be very fine now to have a shot at a ghost. Come away, Archie; and if we meet any ghost or princess or anybody of that kind, it is I who will go forward and speak to them and say, 'Good morning.' For that is good manners to a stranger; and my father has the farming of Farriskeir; and if a stranger comes to Farriskeir, it is not I that would be so unfriendly as not to say 'Good morning.'"

It was with the greatest reluctance that Archie Livingston consented to go out from the cave again with his companion; and when at last he undertook to show M'Calmont where he had seen this strange thing he advanced with stealthy step and bated breath. . . .

At a certain eminence on one of the little plateaus, Archie Livingston gripped his arm, and he stopped to ask what this meant; but at the same moment he caught sight of something down by the shore there that — despite all his determination — made his face turn perfectly white. He would not budge. He stood still; but he found himself incapable of speaking.

There, sure enough, down near the water's edge and seated on a rock, was a figure.

It could not be an optical illusion; for they were

both regarding the same spot. And it was the figure of a woman, too — bent forward, her face resting on her hands and covered. And this woman was not dressed as any person in the Highlands dressed.

He stood and stared; trying to get the better of this thumping of his heart, and summoning to his aid all his declared disbelief in ghosts.

Then the woman down there lifted her head — wearily, as it seemed to him; then she caught sight of the lads, and sprang to her feet with a slight cry, and advanced to them — her hands stretched out before her, and she was saying something. Now when she made this sudden and quick advance, Colin M'Calmont, despite himself, retreated a couple of steps; but he kept his face towards her; and then he stood.

"Archie," said Colin, in a low voice, "it is a woman. It is not any ghost. I cannot make out what she says except '*peety, peety!*'"

The young woman came nearer to them — now timidly and slowly — her hands still outstretched, and tears running down her face, while she spoke rapidly and imploringly.

This appeal, which was a mute appeal so far as he was concerned, drove any remnant of fear out of his mind; he forgot even his timid companion behind; he went forward to her, wondering how he could convey to this poor young lady that they wished to be very friendly to her.

He shook his head, to let her know he did not understand her; and then she, with a great deal more of gladness in her face — for she could not but see that the lads wished to be friendly — began to try to ex-

plain her situation by signs. And again and again she pointed to the north, though there was no boat visible.

"Colin," said the younger lad, "she has been going to Iceland in one of the smacks; and the smack has got wrecked, and she has been saved."

"How could that be? Her clothes have not been in the water."

"Colin, say *France* to her, and you will see if she is French."

Colin repeated this word to her, which, to tell the truth, was all of the French language that either he or his companion knew; and instantly the young lady nodded eagerly, and said something which, of course, they did not understand.

And now that they had begun to communicate with each other by signs it soon became clear that the younger lad was much sharper at that than his companion. In fact, Archie Livingston became the interpreter.

"When she means 'yes,'" said he, to his companion, "sometimes she says *see* and sometimes *wee;* but a nod of the head is still surer. And she says she will go with us to the mainland; but how am I to tell her that we have no boat, and that she must wait till the evening before we can light the bonfire?"

"Well, you must get on as well as you can, Archie," said the other; "and there is the whole day for you to talk to her with your head and your hands; and in the meanwhile I am going away to dig for *eachans*, for who knows when the lady may have had anything to eat?"

"Do you think she will eat *eachans?*" said Archie, doubtfully.

"It is better to eat *eachans* than to starve," said the other. "You do not need the old man of Ross to tell you that. And if she is from France, people who eat frogs need not turn up their noses at *eachans*."

In not much more than a quarter of an hour Colin M'Calmont returned, carrying in both hands a sort of basket made of the fronds of the bracken, and in this green nest lay a quantity of *eachans*, like so many eggs, all washed white and clean. He put them down in front of her, and took out his pocket-knife and opened a few, as one might open oysters; and these he offered to her. What she did was singular. She took his hand and pressed it, and then smiled and shook her head.

"Perhaps she is not hungry," Colin said, after a second.

"Perhaps she does not like shell-fish raw," said the other. "Could you not roast some, Colin, as the mussels are roasted? Could we not make a small fire now, and roast some *eachans* in the ashes?"

"I see no difficulty about that whatever."

Nor was there. He collected some tufts of withered heather, and broke up one or two pieces of wood, and put underneath the pile a piece of a copy of the *Oban Times* that he had brought with him for wadding; and at the edge of the paper placed a small *pioye*. The flint from the horse-pistol and the back of his knife did the rest, and soon they had a small fire burning — the precursor of the greater bonfire of the evening.

When the *eachans* were roasted Colin carefully picked out some of them from the ashes with a bit of stick; and Archie, when they were sufficiently cool to be

touched, brought them along and offered them to the lady. Tears came into her eyes as he did so. He thought it very strange that any one should cry for no apparent reason; but he was glad to see that she took one or two of the roasted shell-fish.

"I am thinking," said the elder of the lads, "that she is only taking them to please us. If she was hungry, she would be quicker. I wonder now if it is not a drink of water she would rather have than anything else? These French people are very unfortunate that they speak such a language."

But Archie Livingston, taking the hint, went away along the shore, kicking the sea-weed about until he found a large scallop shell, which he washed free of sand in the nearest pool. Then he went away over the grassy hillocks till he came to the spring, where he filled the shell. To carry anything like the full quantity back was clearly impossible; but at least there was enough to let her understand that there was fresh water on the island.

And how grateful the young lady seemed! She patted the boy on the head — on the shoulder — on the hand. And she spoke to him, though she knew he could not comprehend what she said.

"But did you hear that, Colin?" he said, turning to his companion. "She said a great deal about mercy. She said the water was a mercy. Now, that is what they say also in English; when you have your food put before you — the meat and the drink — and when you do not ask the blessing in Gaelic, then you have to call these things on the table 'mercies.' She must be very well brought up, and not a heathen at all."

"But this is what I am thinking of, Archie," said the other; "that the little water you can get in a scallop shell is not of much use to anyone. And if I could understand the lady as well as you can, I would ask her to go with me to the spring, and there she can have as much water as she likes."

When this proposal was conveyed to her, she followed her guide gladly, and when they reached the spring she drank of the water freely by means of this shell. And then they went back to the fire, where Colin M'Calmont was having his breakfast; and the young lady made signs to the younger lad that he, too, was to join in that feast of roasted *eachans*, and that she was quite content.

"Well, this is a strange thing," said the younger one; "but when we get back to the mainland we will know all about it, for my father knows French as well as Latin and a great many other things."

"But what is the use of knowing French?" said the elder lad, who was a practical youth, and better acquainted with the price of sheep.

"The use of it? The use of it is to make you a learned person, and then the people pay you for teaching others."

"But your father does not teach any one French, Archie."

"Well, then, the use of it is to make you not so ignorant as the other common people. When Sir Evan Roy comes to Glen Estera he will be speaking quite freely with my father; but the other ones they have to think about their English."

"I think Gaelic is as good a language as any; and also that it is more easily spoken than any other."

"But of what use to you is Gaelic if you go away from the Lewis? For my part, I would like to know six or seven languages."

"That would be a fine thing!" said the other, with a laugh of scorn. "To spend all your life in learning the languages of other people; and then, when you had got them, it would be time to die. I think one language is quite enough for any one; and Gaelic is the easiest."

When they had finished their breakfast, they also went and had a drink of fresh water; and then they set to work to carry up to the highest plateau a pile of the wood that plentifully bestrewed the western shores of the island — some of it, indeed, having been hauled up above high-water mark for transportation to the mainland. The steamer had been comparatively a new one, and much of this wreckage consisted of internal fittings — cabin doors and tables, bottle ranges, benches, lockers, and what not — that had been wofully smashed.

"It is very hard to burn all this good wood," said Colin M'Calmont; "and much of it mahogany, too; but we must have a big blaze, and then we are saving the lady's life."

"Yes, and our own lives, too," said the younger lad, sitting down for a rest, for it was stiff work carrying these planks. "They will not be mourning over the wood when they find us alive. And by this time now, Colin, by this time, do you not think some one of the girls must have been sent down from the shieling for bread?"

"By this time, surely."

"Then they will know we were not at the shiel-

ing last night, and they will be looking everywhere for us; and they will be sure to go and look if the boat is in the creek. And when they see that the boat is not in the creek, they will know how we went away; and you may be sure there will be many a sharp eye on the lookout all the day and all the evening."

"Very well, now, Archie, I tell you what you will do. You will leave the rest of the building of the bonfire to me, for I am not easily tired; and you will go back and talk to the lady with your hands and your head as you were doing. Perhaps I will not use any more of the wood; that is the thing that is grieving me. I will build up three or four feet of the withered heather, and then I will put the wood on that. If it was only the autumn now, and we could get the withered bracken, there would be no need to use all that fine wood."

"Have you a lead pencil, Colin?"

"I have a small bit."

Archie was at this moment rummaging among the splinters and boards they had brought up; and at last he lit upon a piece of wood, painted white, that had been part of the door of a locker.

"Give me your pencil, Colin, and I will go and tell the lady what we are waiting for."

"And if you cannot speak French, are you going to be writing French?" said the other, with a laugh.

"I am not going to write at all, Colin, except in the way that the ancient people wrote, on the Pyramids and such places as that. And you will see whether the lady will understand or whether she will not understand."

"Very well, then, Archie; go back to the lady, and I will go on with the bonfire; and this is what I am thinking, that I will build a bonfire that will be easily made out from the land. For you know what they say: '*There cannot be anything in the sky or on the earth, but the Islay men's eyes can behold; nor can anything in a corner or lockfast place escape the eye of a Mullman.*' But what I say is that the Lewis men have sharper eyes than either."

"I think everyone knows that," said Archie, "from Fraserburgh all the way round to Greenock."

Well, when M'Calmont had finished piling up this great heap of heather and driftwood, he went and rejoined his companion; and found, to his great astonishment, that the young lady — whose black eyes seemed to be full of gladness and kindness and gratitude — appeared to understand the whole situation of affairs. For young Livingston had drawn various things, in a rude sort of way, on a bit of white wood; and she seemed a clever, imaginative sort of person, for she guessed eagerly what he meant to convey.

"I never saw a boat like that, Archie," said the elder lad, laughing, "for you have got the mast in the middle of her."

"That is no matter at all," said the other, without confusion, "if the lady understands that the boat will come for her after the bonfire is lit."

"Then you might be doing a worse thing than asking her to come and look at the bonfire, now that it is complete. I can tell you, Archie, that my arms will be sore to-morrow."

The boy showed her the rough sketch of a bonfire

that he had made on the board, and then pointed to the middle of the island, himself setting out, and inviting her to accompany him. She understood at once, and smilingly assented. They led her by the driest ways (for there was some mossy ground on these plateaus) to the spot, and she seemed greatly pleased.

"She can speak a little, Archie," said the elder one. "It is not much; but it is a little. She cannot say 'bonfire,' but she says 'bon, bon'—which is a part of it. Though she speaks through her nose, she understands well enough. The French are not so stupid as people say."

They passed the afternoon somehow. More *eachans* were roasted. As the evening fell the southerly wind freshened, and the skies got darkened over.

"I hope there is not going to be a gale," said the younger lad, apprehensively.

"That is not any gale," said the other. "And if there was a gale now? We should be two or three days more on the island, perhaps; and what is that? Maybe I would have to shoot a sheep; for the finely brought up people they cannot live on a handful of *eachans* and a bit of dulse as you or I could, Archie. But that is not any gale; and the darker it grows the sooner will we light the bonfire; and the fresher the wind the sooner will the people come across in your father's boat. So there is nothing to have a downcast face about; and you must not show a downcast face; for the lady there she watches us both, and every one knows that women are easily frightened persons."

They waited until the dusky twilight had gathered over land and sea before they lit the bonfire. At first

there was only a little crackling; then a few thin red tongues of fire; then a growing blaze of crimson and orange that made the surrounding twilight look a strange, intense, livid blue. And then the fire began to roar, for the breeze fanned it; and soon there was a blazing mass of flame that surely would carry a message to the distant shores of Lewis.

"Archie," said the elder lad, "you will keep stirring the bonfire now, and I will go for another armful or two of wood. We must have a big blaze in case there might be a shower of rain. Yes; and if there are any French smacks going by in the night, do you not think now that such a blaze as that will tell them that there is some one on Farriskeir?"

He went and came back with the first load of the driftwood.

"The sheep are wild with fright, Archie; they never saw anything like this on Farriskeir before."

He fetched another load.

"There, now," said he, "that will make a blaze that will be seen from Gallon Head to Scarfa Island. And if they are already in your father's boat, it is not I that would be surprised; and with a good breeze of wind like this they will not be long in coming over."

"Colin," said the younger lad, "this is what I am thinking of; when your father, or my father, or perhaps Dugald M'Lean from Glen Estera, comes over in the boat, and they will ask about the lady there, and who she is, and where she came from, what is it now that we will be saying?"

Colin laughed, in his superior wisdom.

"Then you do not remember what the old man of

Ross said. This is what he said, Archie: '*That which you do not know, tell that to no one.*' How are we to be answering anything about the French young lady? Let them ask for themselves. And indeed I wish they were here; for it is not a pleasant thing that you and I should be talking and talking, and the lady there not able to know what is going on, because she understands nothing but that useless language. And if your father can speak that language, it is not anything to be proud of. He might have made a better use of his time."

The younger lad thought over this for some time. Then he said, —

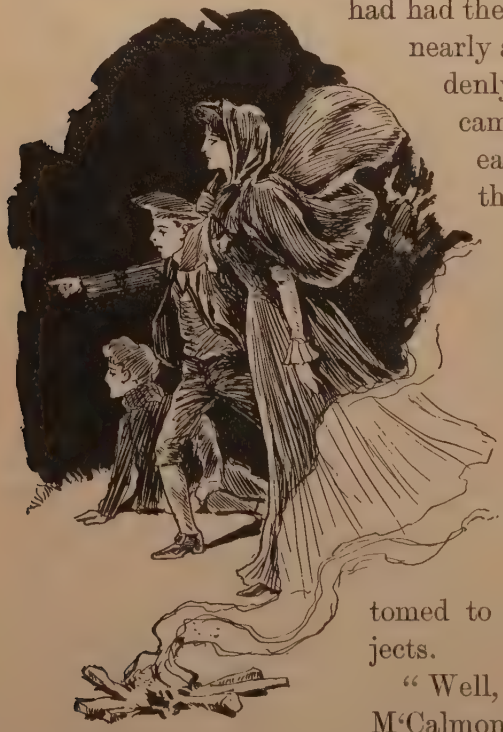
"Well, perhaps the French is not a very useful language while you are in the Lewis or any other part of that country. But if you wished to go to France? If you wished to go to France, Colin, you would have to learn it. There now."

"If I wished to go to France!" said the other, scornfully. "And who would be so foolish as that? There is another wish that I have, that has more of common-sense in it. I would like to go to Fraserburgh, and see the great fleet of fishing-boats. Now there would be some sense in that."

They formed a picturesque group there on the summit of the level plateau — the smaller lad stirring up the smouldering portions of the bonfire, the elder heaping on broken planks and sticks, the young girl standing apart and sometimes watching them and sometimes scanning the now darkened plain of the waters whence she understood that help was to come; while as the masses of roaring fire waxed or waned,

the long black shadows moved on the greensward and the rocks.

Perhaps, indeed, it was their tending of the bonfire that prevented the lads from keeping a sharp look-out; at all events it was neither of them that first discovered that people were coming to their rescue. They had had the bonfire blazing for nearly an hour, when suddenly the young lady came to them and eagerly said something, and pointed towards the sea in the direction of the mainland.



Both of the lads withdrew from the glare of the bonfire and peered into the darkness with eyes that were well accustomed to descry distant objects.

"Well, now," said Colin M'Calmont, with some mortification, "it will be a strange thing if a French lady can make out what I cannot make out; but there is not anything that I can make out between here and the land."

"Your eyes are blind with the fire, Colin, and so are mine," said his companion. "I wish I could ask her what it is."

"I see it! I see it! it is a light!" exclaimed M'Calmont, with involuntary eagerness. Then he immediately checked himself. Throughout he had spoken as if their rescue was a matter of course in order to keep up his companion's spirits. He was not going to betray any extraordinary surprise, or delight, or thankfulness now. So he continued in a tone of cool criticism, —

"Well, now, Archie, that is a strange sort of light. Your father has a lantern for the dark nights; but that is not a lantern at the masthead at all. It is very low down, and it is red."

"Maybe it is a torch at the bow," suggested Archie Livingston.

"And you will be making a very good guess that time, Archie, for now I can see the sparks; and the sparks are dropping like sparks from a squib. Oh, this is a fine breeze, to be sure; and your father's boat is as quick a sailer as any one on the west coast of the Lewis. I should not wonder if they could hear us now."

Herewith he gave a tremendous long, slow, howl, such as the shepherds use when the dogs are far up on the hill. But there was no response.

"They will be too far away yet," said his companion. "Indeed, Colin, it is not I that am sorry we have not to stay another night on the island. It was terrible — the cries ——"

"They were the cries of the French lady, that was all," said the elder lad. "To think they were the cries of ghosts! Tell me this, Archie; if you can see through a ghost, and if a ghost can go away into nothing, where is the throat for it to make a cry with?

It is your head that is full of nonsense about ghosts and things like that. This is what I will do for you now, Archie; you will catch one of your ghosts and bring him to me; and I will take the knife I have for opening the mussels for bait, and I will cut open the ghost for you, and then you will be seeing whether he has any lungs, or a throat, or a tongue that could make a noise. I tell you I have not as much fear of a ghost as I have of a skate. When you are cutting open a skate, sometimes he will snap at your finger. I will let the ghost snap at my finger if he can."

Whether this logic quite convinced Archie Livingston is not of much moment; he merely said, "It is I who am glad not to have another night on Farriskeir," and kept his eyes fixed on the sputtering red light that was now momentarily coming nearer.

What a wild torrent of Gaelic was poured forth when the farmer and the schoolmaster got ashore — Colin and Archie helping to haul the bow of the boat up on to the shingle! Indeed, amid all these questions and exclamations and remonstrances the worthy schoolmaster quite forgot that ordinarily he made it a strict rule to speak only in English. How could English — which is a slow, formal, limited language — have got from the boys a narration of all their adventures during these past two days? But that over, Mr. Livingston recollected himself.

"Archie," said he, in his best English, "you wass saying the leddy is a French lady!"

"*Seadh!*" said Archie; and then he too recollected himself. "Ay, she's French. And no word of English at ahl."

"Kott pless me!" said the schoolmaster, looking somewhat distressed. And then he turned to his friend M'Calmont, Colin's father.

"It is a terriple pusiness," said he, "to speak in another langwich when one is not speaking it for many years and years. Heh, Duncan, gif me the oat-cake and the whiskey out of the locker; and be quick about it, too. The boys are goot boys, and do not touch the whiskey; but if the young leddy has had nothing to eat ahl the day but *eachans*, she will hef a drop of whiskey and no harm whateffer. And whiskey is a goot langwich that every one can understand."

The young French lady had come down from the plateau, and was standing apart — observing everything eagerly, but not attempting to speak. She could see by their gestures and by their occasionally looking towards her, that they were telling the story, so far as they knew it. But presently Mr. Livingston, having got some whiskey in a tumbler, and carrying a piece of oat-cake in his other hand, went along to where she was standing and made her a most gracious and courteous bow.

Then he considered. He looked at her dark eyes vaguely (everything was lit up by the glare from the bonfire), as if he was wondering how to open communication with her. Then he said, slowly, —

"Mademoiselle — *ici est* — *est* oat-cake — *et aussi* whiskey — *tres bon pour vous* ——"

But at the same instant he was evidently startled by her uttering a slight cry — partly of delight, partly of entreaty; and the next moment she was pouring out

the story of her wrongs and griefs, with many piteous gestures and appeals.

The schoolmaster was quite bewildered. She spoke so rapidly, so pathetically, that he did not understand a single word; he could only vaguely gather from her piteous intonation that she had suffered injury and was begging him to be kind to her.

"Kott pless me! Kott pless me!" he murmured to himself; "it is a terriple thing to understand a stranche langwich. The poor creature! She will pay no heed to the oat-cake and the whiskey."

Then to add to his confusion the farmer came up.

"Well, now, Mr. Livingston, what iss the matter about the young leddy? It is the stranchest thing I ever heard of. How wass she come to Farriskeir?"

"You will see this, Dunvorgan,"[1] said the schoolmaster, "the French langwich is not like other langwiches; when it iss spoke slow, then effery one will understand it that knows it: but when it iss spoke quick, then no one understands it at ahl. We will get the young leddy into the poat, and we will tek her back home with us; and maype on the way I will hef the story to tell to you."

When the young lady understood that she was to go into the boat, she obeyed willingly; and when she had taken her seat in the stern, there was handed to her a rug made of the very finest sheep's wool, that Archie Livingston's mother had sent, thinking that the boys might have been shipwrecked and be found on the rocks with wet clothes. But indeed the night was not

[1] The name of the farm. These territorial designations are common in Scotland.

cold, and she merely let the rug lie across her knees. She seemed to care about nothing but having her story understood by the only one among these friendly people who knew a little of French.

And when at length they had got the boat afloat again, and the mainsail hoisted, and when, in the silence of the night, they proceeded to make their way back to the mainland of Lewis, the schoolmaster managed to hint to her that, if she would speak slowly, and say what she had said all over again, he would understand her better. This intimation she seemed to comprehend very well; for now she began very patiently to speak to him; and she instantly paused when he seemed not to follow her, so that he might have time to repeat the word or to question her.

"Pless me, Dunvorgan," said he, at length, "but this is the stranche story; and if the two lads wass not happen to be on the island, it would hef been a murder, as sure as death. Poor thing! that was to hef been marriet this ferry day. We will hef the sheriff at Styornoway to inquire into this."

"And what does she say, Mr. Livingston?" asked the farmer.

"Well, you see, Dunvorgan, it is not easy in the dark, where there is no light to write down a word, to understand such a langwich as the French langwich; but if I do not mek a great mistake, the young leddy was stolen away from her friends, and put on board the smack; and little doubt hef I that the master of the smack wass paid to mek away with her — maype in the night-time, if there was no one seeing. She iss from Morlaix, that iss on the coast of Brittany; and

any one that iss well-read, and acquented with geography and other things, knows that the people of Brittany are ferry revencheful people. But the young leddy she wass making a prayer to the master of the smack; and maybe he wass afrait; or maype he thought that leaving her on an island was ass goot ass anything to put her away — ay! ay! the poor young lass that was to hef been marriet this ferry day mirover!"

"Mr. Livingston, some one will hef to answer for this; what do you think now?"

"That is what I think. And we will get at the story better when we hef the sheriff from Styornoway; and the sheriff's lady — oh, she is wonderful goot at ahl langwiches, except the Gaelic, and she is not so goot at the Gaelic: and the sheriff will be for taking the young leddy over to Styornoway, no doubt, and putting her on board of the *Clansman*, and sending her back to her friends. And the goot heart of her! do you know what she hass been offering to me?"

"How can I know?"

"She wass wanting me to tek her gold rings and her gold watch and chain, too; and to gif them to the boys for their kindness. Do you hear that, now, Colin, and you, too, Archie? But I would not hef her go away back to France, and be speaking to the French people, and be saying that the Highland people would tek money for a kindness. I would not hef any one say that."

"That iss right, Mr. Livingston; my boy Colin would tek no money for being of help to any one. And if he would tek money, then it iss a stick I would

tek to his back, to gif him a little goot manners. But it iss a stranche thing that the master of the yacht, if he wass such a scoundrel as that, wass not for stealing the young leddy's watch and other things too."

"Dunvorgan," said the schoolmaster, thoughtfully, "I will tell you my opinion now — that the master of the smack wass afrait of what he had done, and wass glad to get her away out of the smack without thinking of anything else. And I suppose he was thinking that if he left her on Farriskeir, no one would effer see or hear of her again — that she would go mad and drown herself, maype — ay, ay — and ferry likely that would hef happened but for the two young lads — it wass a very stranche chance."

When they reached the shore on the other side it was close on midnight; but all the same there were near a dozen people waiting for them; and great was the wonderment among the folk when they heard the strange news. And they were civil enough not to stare at the young French lady; but they were very kind to her; and she was taken up to Dunvorgan farm, where they got some supper for her, and some tea, and gave her a bedroom all to herself — which is a luxury in those parts. And amid all this the lads found occasion to have a little talk between themselves — of course in Gaelic.

"There is one good thing, Archie, that every one is taken up with the young French lady; and my father has not said anything about the loss of the boat."

"And I do not think they will say anything now, Colin; for three lives are better than a boat."

"But it is hard on my father, Archie, that he should have to pay for another boat."

However, as it turned out, the new boat was paid for in quite an unexpected way. For when the sheriff of Stornoway had learned all this story, and when he had communicated with the young lady's friends in Brittany, there was, of course, a great commotion; and the two lads had to go over to Stornoway to give evidence there before some gentlemen sent all the way over from France for the purpose.

Then the young lady left with these gentlemen (though it seemed as if she would never cease expressing to the two lads, through the sheriff, her gratitude to them), and no one expected to hear any more of the thing, except the sheriff, who knew better.

One day Colin M'Calmont and Archie Livingston, with their respective fathers, were summoned to go over to Stornoway, to the sheriff's office; and they went.

"I have got the reward now, for you two boys," said he.

"What reward?" they both said at once.

"The reward that was offered in the French papers for information about that young lady when she was found to be missing."

He showed them an oblong piece of paper.

"It is five thousand francs; do you know how much that is?"

"I do not," said Colin; and the schoolmaster's son looked doubtful.

"I suppose you can divide by twenty-five, surely?" said he, good-naturedly.

"That would come to two hundred pounds," said the younger lad.

"Very well, then. That piece of paper is worth two hundred pounds; and that is one hundred pounds for each of you. If I were you, I would put it in the savings-bank; and when you grow up, it would be a fine thing for you."

"I will not do that, sir," said Colin M'Calmont.

"What then?"

"I will buy a boat for my father as good as the one that was sunk — ay, and better, too. And if there is anything over, that is what I will put into the savings-bank."

"But wait a minute, my lad. This five thousand francs is the reward offered by Mademoiselle Desclin's guardians — for she has neither father nor mother; but she wishes to add something to show that she does not forget your kindness to her. She wishes to be allowed to give you a boat, sails and all complete, similar to the one that was sunk; only it is to be your own. But that will do for your father as well as for yourself."

"Surely, surely," said Dunvorgan. "Let the lad have the whole of the hundred pounds put in the bank in his own name. It will be a good thing for him when he will take a farm for himself."

"And you, Archie Livingston; I am to buy you a silver watch. And if I were you I would sit down and write the young lady a letter in very good English. And there is another thing, Colin, my lad; she wants you to have the boat called the *Félicité* — for that is her own name; and you can have no objection to that."

"Surely no, sir; and will I write her a letter, too?"

"You could not do better. And so that is all settled. But wait a minute, my lads; I think the next time you go out to frighten the Frenchmen from stealing the sheep at Farriskeir, you'd better leave the pistol ashore; you might get into trouble. And perhaps if the Government were to send the *Jackal* round that way once or twice about this time of the year, that would give them a greater fright than any horse-pistol."

So that was the end of the adventure; and if you should happen on the west coast of Lewis to run against a smart little cutter called the *Félicité*, and should wonder at the name, they will tell you the story there about the two boys who went to frighten the French fishermen away from Farriskeir and Rua-veg.

DON QUIXOTE

DON QUIXOTE

Don Quixote of La Mancha was a poor, kind-hearted Spanish gentleman, whose mind had been turned by constantly reading the extravagant stories of war and chivalry once so popular the world over. Day and night he dreamed of nothing else but knights and tournaments, giants and dragons, and fair ladies in distress. At last he could bear it no longer. He resolved, like the heroes of his favorite tales, to become a knight-errant, and ride forth to right the wrongs of this wicked world and win everlasting fame and honor. As every knight should have a fair Lady for whose sake his great deeds were undertaken, Don Quixote chose to consider a rosy farm-girl from the village of El Toboso as the Lady of his Thoughts, — though never a thought had she given him. The mad gentleman named her Dulcinea del Toboso, fancying her to be a grand and beautiful dame. He dressed himself in a suit of rusty armor once worn by his great-grandfather, put on a ridiculous pasteboard helmet, and took a lance and a shield. His gallant charger was a lean old nag named Rozinante. For his squire Don Quixote chose Sancho Panza, a shrewd and merry farm-hand, who was ready to follow wherever he led. When Sancho was mounted on the ass, the crazy pair presented a most amazing and ridiculous appearance. Don Quixote was wholly unconscious of this, but looked upon his equipment with great complacency. Cervantes thus relates one of his most renowned adventures.

THE FIRST SALLY THAT DON QUIXOTE MADE

AND HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE WINDMILLS

(From the Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha.)

By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

AS soon as these arrangements were made, he no longer deferred the execution of his project, which he hastened from a consideration of what the world suffered by his delay: so many were the grievances he intended to redress, the wrongs to rectify, errors to amend, abuses to reform, and debts to discharge!

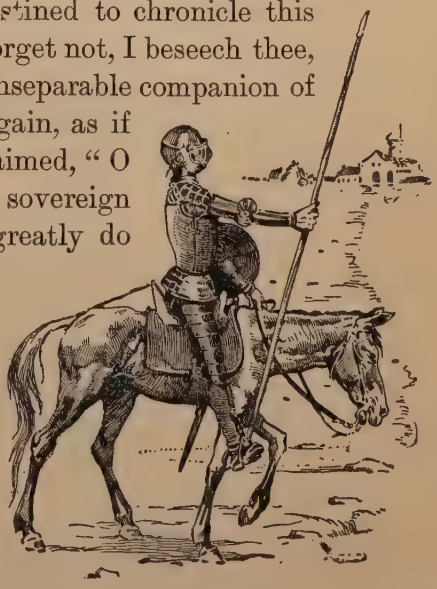
Therefore, without communicating his intentions to anybody, and wholly unobserved, one morning before day, being one of the most sultry in the month of July, he armed himself cap-à-pie, mounted Rozinante, placed the helmet on his head, braced on his target, took his lance, and, through the private gate of his back yard, issued forth into the open plain, in a transport of joy to think he had met with no obstacles to the commencement of his honorable enterprise. But scarce had he found himself

on the plain, when he was assailed by a recollection so terrible as almost to make him abandon the undertaking: for it just then occurred to him that he was not yet dubbed a knight; therefore, in conformity to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any of that order; and, if he had been actually dubbed, he should, as a new knight, have worn white armor, without any device on his shield, until he had gained one by force of arms.

These considerations made him irresolute whether to proceed; but frenzy prevailing over reason, he determined to get himself made a knight by the first one he should meet, like many others of whom he had read. As to white armor, he resolved, when he had an opportunity, to scour his own, so that it should be whiter than ermine. Having now composed his mind, he proceeded, taking whatever road his horse pleased; for therein, he believed, consisted the true spirit of adventure.

Our new adventurer, thus pursuing his way, conversed within himself, saying, "Who doubts but that in future times, when the true history of my famous achievements is brought to light, the sage who records them will in this manner describe my first sally: 'Scarcely had ruddy Phœbus extended over the face of this wide and spacious earth the golden filaments of his beautiful hair, and scarcely had the little painted birds, with their forked tongues, hailed, in soft and mellifluous harmony, the approach of the rosy harbinger of morn, who, leaving the soft couch of her jealous consort, had just disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the re-

nowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, quitting the slothful down, mounted Rozinante, his famous steed, proceeded over the ancient memorable plain of Montiel' (which was indeed the truth). O happy era, happy age!" he continued, "when my glorious deeds shall be revealed to the world! deeds worthy of being engraven on brass, sculptured in marble, and recorded by the pencil! And thou, O sage enchanter, whosoever thou mayest be, destined to chronicle this extraordinary history! forget not, I beseech thee, my good Rozinante, the inseparable companion of all my toils!" Then again, as if really enamored, he exclaimed, "O Dulcinea, my princess! sovereign of this captive heart! greatly do you wrong me by a cruel adherence to your decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of your beauty! Deign, O lady, to think on this enslaved heart, which for love of you endures so many pangs!"



In this wild strain he continued, imitating the style of his books as nearly as he could, and proceeding slowly on, while the sun arose with such intense heat that it was enough to dissolve his brains, if any had been left. He travelled almost the whole of that day without encountering anything worthy of recital, which caused him much vexation, for he was impatient for an opportunity to prove the valor of his powerful arm.

Some authors say his first adventure was that of the Pass of Lapice; others affirm it to have been that of the windmills; but, from what I have been able to ascertain of this matter, and have found written in the annals of La Mancha, the fact is that he travelled all that day, and as night approached, both he and his horse were wearied and dying with hunger; and in this state, as he looked around him, in hopes of discovering some castle, or shepherd's cot, where he might repose and find refreshment, he descried, not far from the road, an inn, which to him was a star conducting him to the portals, if not the palace, of his redemption.

He made all the haste he could, and reached it at nightfall. There chanced to stand at the door two young women on their journey to Seville, in the company of some carriers who rested there that night. Now, as everything that our adventurer saw and conceived was, by his imagination, moulded to what he had read, so in his eyes the inn appeared to be a castle, with its four turrets, and pinnacles of shining silver, together with its drawbridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. When he had advanced within a short distance of it, he checked Rozinante, expecting some dwarf would mount the battlements, to announce by sound of trumpet the arrival of a knight-errant at the castle; but finding them tardy, and Rozinante impatient for the stable, he approached the inn-door, and there saw the two girls, who to him appeared to be beautiful damsels or lovely dames, enjoying themselves before the gate of their castle.

It happened that, just at this time, a swineherd col-

letting his beasts . . . from an adjoining stubble-field, blew the horn which assembles them together, and instantly Don Quixote was satisfied, for he imagined it was a dwarf who had given the signal of his arrival. With extraordinary satisfaction, therefore, he went up to the inn; upon which the ladies, being startled at the sight of a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, were retreating into the house; but Don Quixote, perceiving their alarm, raised his pasteboard visor, thereby partly discovering his meagre, dusty visage, and, with gentle demeanor and placid voice, thus addressed them: "Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy, for it would be wholly inconsistent with the order of knighthood, which I profess, to offer insult to any person, much less to virgins of that exalted rank which your appearance indicates."

The girls stared at him, and were endeavoring to find out his face, which was almost concealed by the sorry visor; but hearing themselves addressed thus, they could not forbear laughing, and to such a degree, that Don Quixote was displeased, and said to them: "Modesty well becomes beauty, but excessive laughter, proceeding from a slight cause, is folly: but I say not this to humble or distress you, for my part is no other than to do you service."

This language, so unintelligible to the ladies, added to the uncouth figure of our knight, increased their laughter; consequently he became more indignant, and would have proceeded further, but for the timely appearance of the inn-keeper, a very corpulent, and therefore a very pacific man, who, upon seeing so ludicrous an object, armed, and with accoutrements so ill-suited

as were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corslet, felt disposed to join the damsels in demonstrations of mirth; but, in truth, apprehending some danger from a form thus strongly fortified, he resolved to behave with civility, and therefore said, "If, Sir Knight, you are seeking for a lodging, you will here find, excepting a bed (for there are none in this inn), everything in abundance."

Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress, for such to him appeared the inn-keeper, answered, "For me, Signor Castellano, anything will suffice, since arms are my ornaments, warfare my repose."

The host thought he called him Castellano because he took him for a sound Castilian, whereas he was an Andalusian, of the coast of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and not less mischievous than a collegian or a page; and he replied, "If so, your worship's beds must be hard rocks, and your sleep continual watching; and that being the case, you may dismount with a certainty of finding here sufficient cause for keeping awake the whole year, much more a single night."

So saying, he laid hold of Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pain, for he had fasted the whole of the day. He then desired the host to take especial care of his steed, for it was the finest creature that ever fed: the inn-keeper examined him, but thought him not so good by half as his master had represented him. Having led the horse to the stable, he returned to receive the orders of his guest, whom the damsels, being now reconciled to him, were disarming: they had taken off the back and breast plates, but

endeavored in vain to disengage the gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened with green ribbons in such a manner that they could not be untied, and he would upon no account allow them to be cut; therefore he remained all that night with his helmet on, the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

While these frivolous girls, whom he still conceived to be persons of quality and ladies of the castle, were disarming him, he said to them, with infinite grace, "Never before was knight so honored by ladies as Don Quixote, after his departure from his native village! Damsels attended upon him; princesses took charge of his steed! O Rozinante — for that, ladies, is the name of my horse, and Don Quixote de la Mancha my own; although it was not my intention to have discovered myself, until deeds, performed in your service, should have proclaimed me; but impelled to make so just an application of that ancient romance of Lanzarote to my present situation, I have thus prematurely disclosed my name: yet the time shall come when your ladyships may command, and I obey; when the valor of my arm shall make manifest the desire I have to serve you."

The girls, unaccustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, made no reply, but asked whether he would please to eat anything. "I shall willingly take some food," answered Don Quixote, "for I apprehend it would be of much service to me."

That day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing in the house but some fish, of that kind which in Castile is called abadexo; in Andalusia, bacallao; in some parts, curadillo; and in others, truchuela.

They asked if his worship would like some truchuela, for they had no other fish to offer him. "If there be many troutlings," replied Don Quixote, "they will supply the place of one trout; for it is the same to me whether I receive eight single reals or one piece-of-eight. Moreover, these troutlings may be preferable, as veal is better than beef, and kid superior to goat. Be that as it may, let it come immediately, for the toil and weight of arms cannot be sustained by the body unless the interior be supplied with aliments." For the benefit of the cool air, they placed the table at the door of the inn, and the landlord produced some of his ill-soaked and worse-cooked bacallao, with bread as foul and black as the knight's armor: but it was a spectacle highly risible to see him eat; for his hands being engaged in holding his helmet on and raising the beaver, he could not feed himself, therefore one of the ladies performed that office for him; but to drink would have been utterly impossible, had not the inn-keeper bored a reed, and, placing one end into his mouth, at the other poured in the wine; and all this he patiently endured rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the meantime there came to the inn a pig-doctor, who as soon as he arrived, blew his pipe of reeds four or five times, which finally convinced Don Quixote that he was now in some famous castle, where he was regaled with music; that the *poor John* was trout, the bread of the purest white, the strolling wenches ladies of distinction, and the inn-keeper governor of the castle; consequently he remained satisfied with his enterprise and first sally, though it troubled him to reflect that he was

not yet a knight, feeling persuaded that he could not lawfully engage in any adventure until he had been invested with the order of knighthood.

. . . . . .

Engaged in this discourse, they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills, which are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire, "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay, and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service, to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues."

"Look, sir," answered Sancho, "those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills, and what seems to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the mill-stone go."

"It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures. They are giants; and if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat."

So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills and not giants.

But he was so fully possessed that they were giants,

that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud, "Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs! for it is a single knight who assaults you."

The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move; upon which Don Quixote called out, "Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it."

Then recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight.

Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as the ass could carry him; and when he came up to his master he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in their fall.

"God save me," quoth Sancho, "did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head."

"Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who stole

Don Quixote's Adventure with the Wind-Mills.

away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword."

"God grant it!" answered Sancho Panza; then helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjointed.

Conversing upon the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the Pass of Lapice; because there, Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, as it was much frequented. He was, however, concerned at the loss of his lance; and, speaking of it to his squire, he said, "I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca;[1] and from that day forward he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I now speak of this because from the first oak we meet I mean to tear a limb at least as good as that, with which I purpose and resolve to perform such feats that thou shalt deem thyself most fortunate in having been thought worthy to behold them, and to be an eye-witness of things which will scarcely be credited."

"Heaven's will be done!" quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, sir. But pray set yourself more upright in your saddle, for you seem to me to ride side-

[1] From *machucar*, to bruise or break.

long, owing, perhaps, to the bruises received by your fall."

"It is certainly so," said Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, even though their entrails should issue from it."

"If so, I have nothing more to say," quoth Sancho, "but I should be glad to hear your worship complain when anything ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining extend also to the squires of knights-errant."

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever and as much as he pleased, either with or without cause, having never yet read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered that at present he had no need of food, but that he might eat whenever he thought proper. With this license, Sancho adjusted himself as well as he could upon his beast; and, taking out the contents of his wallet, he jogged on behind his master very leisurely, eating, and ever and anon raising the bottle to his mouth with so much relish, that the best-fed victualler of Malaga might have envied him.

And whilst he went on in this manner repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, however perilous they might be. In fine, they passed that night under the shelter of some trees; and from one of

them the knight tore a withered branch, to serve him in some sort as a lance, after fixing upon it the iron head of the one that had been broken.

All that night Don Quixote slept not, but ruminated on his lady Dulcinea, conformably to the practice of knights-errant, who, as their histories told him, were wont to pass many successive nights in woods and deserts, without closing their eyes, indulging the sweet remembrance of their mistress.

Not so did Sancho spend the night; for, his stomach being full, and not of succory water, he made but one sleep of it; and, had not his master roused him, neither the beams of the sun that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awakened him. At his uprising he applied again to his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before; which grieved him to the heart, for he did not think they were in the way soon to remedy that defect. Don Quixote would not yet break his fast, resolving, as we have said, still to subsist upon savory remembrances.

They now turned again into the road they had entered upon the day before, leading to the Pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon.

"Here, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, upon seeing it, "we may plunge our arms up to the elbows in what are termed adventures. But attend to this caution, that, even shouldst thou see me in the greatest peril in the world, thou must not lay hand to thy sword to defend me, unless thou perceivest that my assailants are vulgar and low people: in that case thou mayest

assist me; but should they be knights, it is in nowise agreeable to the laws of chivalry that thou shouldst interfere, until thou art thyself dubbed a knight."

"Your worship," answered Sancho, "shall be obeyed most punctually therein, and the rather as I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brawls and squabbles; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human law allows every man to defend himself against whoever would wrong him."

"That I grant," answered Don Quixote; "but with respect to giving me aid against knights, thou must refrain, and keep within bounds thy natural impetuosity."

"I say, I will do so," answered Sancho; "and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared on the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, apparently mounted upon dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, accompanied by four or five men on horseback and two muleteers on foot. Within the coach, as it afterwards appeared, was a Biscayan lady on her way to join her husband at Seville, who was there waiting to embark for India, where he was appointed to a very honorable post. The monks were not in her company, but were only travelling the same road.

Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever happened; for

those black figures that appear yonder must undoubtedly be enchanters, who are carrying off in that coach some princess whom they have stolen, which wrong I am bound to use my utmost endeavors to redress."

"This may prove a worse business than the windmills," said Sancho; "pray, sir, take notice that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Hearken to my advice, sir; have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou knowest little concerning adventures: what I say is true, as thou wilt presently see."

So saying, he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the highway by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice, "Diabolical and monstrous race! either instantly release the high-born princesses whom ye are carrying away perforce in that coach, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds."

The monks stopped their mules, and stood amazed, as much at the figure of Don Quixote as at his expressions: to which they answered, "Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but monks of the Benedictine order, travelling on our own business, and entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away in that coach by force or not."

"No fair speeches to me, for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels!" and without waiting for a reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would cer-

tainly have been thrown to the ground, and wounded too, if not killed outright. The second monk, on observing how his comrade was treated, clapped spurs to the sides of his good mule, and began to scour along the plain lighter than the wind itself.

Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and, running up to him, began to disrobe him. While he was thus employed, the two lackeys came up, and asked him why he was stripping their master.

Sancho told them that they were his lawful perquisites, being the spoils of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lackeys, who did not understand the jest, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing that Don Quixote was at a distance speaking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, and, besides leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, deprived of sense and motion. Without losing a moment, the monk now got upon his mule again, trembling, terrified, and as pale as death, and was no sooner mounted than he spurred after his companion, who stood at some distance to observe the issue of this strange encounter; but, being unable to wait, they pursued their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been at their heels.

In the meantime Don Quixote, as it hath been already mentioned, addressing the lady in the coach, "Your beauteous ladyship may now," said he, "dispose of your person as pleaseth you best, for the pride of your ravishers lies humbled in the dust, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may be at no

trouble to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and in my name present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire who accompanied the coach, a Biscayan, who, finding he would not let it proceed, but talked of their immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, after this manner: "Cavalier, begone, and the devil go with thee! I swear by the Power that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscayan."

Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness answered, "If thou wert a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave."

"I am no gentleman!" said the Biscayan; "I swear thou liest, as I am a Christian. If thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see how soon the cat will get into the water.[1] Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea, thou liest! Now what hast thou to say?"

[1] "To carry the cat to the water" is a saying applied to one who is victorious in any contest, and it is taken from a game in which two cats are tied together by the tail, then carried near a pit or well (having the water between them), and the cat which first pulls the other in is declared conqueror.

"Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; then, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, grasped his buckler, and set upon the Biscayan with a resolution to take his life. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in that manner, would fain have alighted, knowing that his mule, a wretched hack, was not to be trusted; but he had only time to draw his sword. Fortunately for him, he was so near the coach as to be able to snatch from it a cushion, that served him for a shield; whereupon they immediately fell to, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them, but it was impossible; for the Biscayan swore, in his jargon, that if they would not let him finish the combat, he would murder his mistress, or whoever attempted to prevent him.

The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, ordered the coachman to remove a little out of the way, and sat at a distance beholding the fierce conflict; in the progress of which the Biscayan gave Don Quixote so mighty a stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his armor, he had cleft him down to the girdle.

Don Quixote, feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying, "O lady of my soul! Dulcinea, flower of all beauty! succor this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this perilous extremity!"

This invocation, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and rushing with fury on the Biscayan, was the work of an instant — resolv-

ing to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscayan perceiving his intention, resolved to do the same, and therefore waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion; but he was unable to turn his mule either to the right or left, for, being already jaded, and unaccustomed to such sport, the creature would not move a step.

Don Quixote, as we before said, now advanced towards the wary Biscayan, with his uplifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder; and the Biscayan awaited him with his sword also raised; and guarded by his cushion. All the bystanders were in fearful suspense as to the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach and her attendants were making a thousand vows and promises of offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that God might deliver them and their squire from this great peril.

But the misfortune is, that the author of this history, at that very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished, pleading, in excuse, that he could find no more written of the exploits of Don Quixote, than what he has already related. It is true, indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe that so curious a history should have been consigned to oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity as

not to preserve in their archives, or cabinets, some memorials of this famous knight; and, under that persuasion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this delectable history.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

DURING the French and Indian wars there was perhaps no episode more cruel than the treacherous massacre at Fort William Henry, after the surrender of that English outpost to General Montcalm and his Indian allies. As the English were marching away from the Fort, the Indians fell upon them, slaughtering many and taking others as prisoners. Among the latter, according to Cooper's tale, were the beautiful sisters, Cora and Alice Munro, and David Gamut, a tall and raw-boned singing-teacher, who was always chanting psalms at critical moments. These three fell into the hands of Magua, a ferocious chief of the Hurons, called on account of his cunning, "Renard le Subtil." Magua and his band hurried the captives away, and for some days managed to elude pursuit. But a formidable party were upon his trail; Colonel Munro, frantic from the loss of his daughters; brave young Major Duncan Heyward, who was betrothed to the fair Alice; Hawkeye, the renowned scout whose marksmanship with his famous rifle "Kildeer" was the wonder of the Six Nations; and last, but not least, Chingachgook and his son the young Uncas, "the last of the Mohicans." Both of these braves were devoted to the English, hating the Hurons as fiercely as did the pale-faces themselves; and Uncas would have gladly given his life to rescue Cora, the dark-haired and more courageous of the two sisters. The party had been travelling for some days, following certain clues which told them they were on the right track. The story "On the Trail" begins here.

ON THE TRAIL

(From the Last of the Mohicans.)

By J. FENIMORE COOPER.

"If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death."
Merry Wives of Windsor.

THE party had landed on the border of a region that is, even to this day, less known to the inhabitants of the States, than the deserts of Arabia, or the steppes of Tartary. It was the sterile and rugged district which separates the tributaries of Champlain from those of the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the St. Lawrence. Since the period of our tale, the active spirit of the country has surrounded it with a belt of rich and thriving settlements, though none but the hunter or the savage is ever known, even now, to penetrate its wild recesses.

As Hawkeye and the Mohicans had, however, often traversed the mountains and valleys of this vast wilderness, they did not hesitate to plunge into its depths, with the freedom of men accustomed to its privations and difficulties. For many hours the travellers toiled on their laborious way, guided by a star, or following the direction of some watercourse, until the scout called

a halt, and holding a short consultation with the Indians, they lighted their fire, and made the usual preparations to pass the remainder of the night where they then were.

Imitating the example, and emulating the confidence, of their more experienced associates, Munro and Duncan slept without fear, if not without uneasiness. The dews were suffered to exhale, and the sun dispersed the mists, and was shedding a strong and clear light in the forest, when the travellers resumed their journey.

After proceeding a few miles, the progress of Hawkeye, who led the advance, became more deliberate and watchful. He often stopped to examine the trees; nor did he cross a rivulet, without attentively considering the quantity, the velocity, and the color of its waters. Distrusting his own judgment his appeals to the opinion of Chingachgook were frequent and earnest. During one of these conferences, Heyward observed that Uncas stood a patient and silent, though, as he imagined, an interested listener. He was strongly tempted to address the young chief, and demand his opinion of their progress; but the calm and dignified demeanor of the native induced him to believe that, like himself, the other was wholly dependent on the sagacity and intelligence of the seniors of the party. At last, the scout spoke in English, and at once explained the embarrassment of their situation.

"When I found that the home path of the Hurons

run north," he said, "it did not need the judgment of many long years to tell that they would follow the valleys, and keep atween the waters of the Hudson and the Horican, until they might strike the springs of the Canada streams, which would lead them into the heart of the country of the Frenchers. Yet here are we, within a short range of the Scaroon, and not a sign of a trail have we crossed! Human natur' is weak, and it is possible we may not have taken the proper scent."

"Heaven protect us from such an error!" exclaimed Duncan. "Let us retrace our steps, and examine as we go, with keener eyes. Has Uncas no counsel to offer in such a strait?"

The young Mohican cast a glance at his father, but maintaining his quiet and reserved mien, he continued silent. Chingachgook had caught the look, and motioning with his hand, he bade him speak. The moment this permission was accorded, the countenance of Uncas changed from its grave composure to a gleam of intelligence and joy. Bounding forward like a deer, he sprang up the side of a little acclivity, a few rods in advance, and stood exultingly over a spot of fresh earth that looked as though it had been recently upturned by the passage of some heavy animal. The eyes of the whole party followed the unexpected movement, and read their success in the air of triumph that the youth assumed.

"'Tis the trail!" exclaimed the scout, advancing to the spot: "the lad is quick of sight and keen of wit for his years."

"'Tis extraordinary that he should have withheld his knowledge so long," said Duncan, at his elbow.

"It would have been more wonderful had he spoken without a bidding. No, no; your young white, who gathers his learning from books and can measure what he knows by the page, may conceit that his knowledge, like his legs, outruns that of his father; but where experience is the master, the scholar is made to know the value of years, and respects them accordingly."

"See!" said Uncas, pointing north and south, at the evident marks of the broad trail on either side of him: "the dark-hair has gone towards the frost."

"Hound never ran on a more beautiful scent," responded the scout, dashing forward, at once, on the indicated route; "we are favored, greatly favored, and can follow with high noses. Ay, here are both your waddling beasts: this Huron travels like a white general. The fellow is stricken with a judgment, and is mad! Look sharp for wheels, Sagamore," he continued, looking back, and laughing in his newly awakened satisfaction; "we shall soon have the fool journeying in a coach, and that with three of the best pair of eyes on the borders, in his rear."

The spirits of the scout, and the astonishing success of the chase, in which a circuitous distance of more than forty miles had been passed, did not fail to impart a portion of hope to the whole party. Their advance was rapid; and made with as much confidence as a traveller would proceed along a wide highway. If a rock, or a rivulet, or a bit of earth harder than common, severed the links of the clue they followed, the true eye of the scout recovered them at a distance, and seldom rendered the delay of a single moment necessary. Their progress was much facilitated by the certainty

that Magua had found it necessary to journey through the valleys; a circumstance which rendered the general direction of the route sure. Nor had the Huron entirely neglected the arts uniformly practised by the natives when retiring in front of an enemy. False trails, and sudden turnings, were frequent, wherever a brook, or the formation of the ground, rendered them feasible; but his pursuers were rarely deceived, and never failed to detect their error, before they had lost either time or distance on the deceptive track.

By the middle of the afternoon they had passed the Scaroon, and were following the route of the declining sun. After descending an eminence to a low bottom, through which a stream glided, they suddenly came to a place where the party of Le Renard had made a halt. Extinguished brands were lying around a spring, the offals of a deer were scattered about the place, and the trees bore evident marks of having been browsed by the horses. At a little distance, Heyward discovered, and contemplated with tender emotion, the small bower under which he was fain to believe that Cora and Alice had reposed. But while the earth was trodden, and the footsteps of both men and beasts were so plainly visible around the place, the trail appeared to have suddenly ended.

It was easy to follow the track of the Narragansetts, but they seemed only to have wandered without guides, or any other object than the pursuit of food. At length Uncas, who, with his father, had endeavored to trace the route of the horses, came upon a sign of their presence that was quite recent. Before following the clue, he communicated his success to his companions;

and while the latter were consulting on the circumstance, the youth reappeared, leading the two fillies, with their saddles broken, and the housings soiled, as though they had been permitted to run at will for several days.

"What should this mean?" said Duncan, turning pale, and glancing his eyes around him, as if he feared the brush and leaves were about to give up some horrid secret.

"That our march is to come to a quick end, and that we are in an enemy's country," returned the scout. "Had the knaves been pressed, and the gentle ones wanted horses to keep up with the party, he might have taken their scalps; but without an enemy at his heels, and with such rugged beasts as these, he would not hurt a hair of their heads. I know your thoughts, and shame be it to our color that you have reason for them; but he who thinks that even a Mingo would ill-treat a woman, unless it be to tomahawk her, knows nothing of an Indian natur', or the laws of the woods. No, no; I have heard that the French Indians had come into these hills, to hunt the moose, and we are getting within scent of their camp. Why should they not? the morning and evening guns of Ty may be heard any day among these mountains; for the Frenchers are running a new line atween the provinces of the king and the Canadas. It is true that the horses are here, but the Hurons are gone; let us then hunt for the path by which they departed."

Hawkeye and the Mohicans now applied themselves to their task in good earnest. A circle of a few hundred feet in circumference was drawn, and each of the

party took a segment for his portion. The examination, however, resulted in no discovery. The impressions of footsteps were numerous, but they all appeared like those of men who had wandered about the spot, without any design to quit it. Again the scout and his companions made the circuit of the halting-place, each slowly following the other, until they assembled in the centre once more, no wiser than when they started.

"Such cunning is not without its deviltry," exclaimed Hawkeye, when he met the disappointed looks of his assistants.

"We must get down to it, Sagamore, beginning at the spring, and going over the ground by inches. The Huron shall never brag in his tribe that he has a foot which leaves no print."

Setting the example himself, the scout engaged in the scrutiny with renewed zeal. Not a leaf was left unturned. The sticks were removed, and the stones lifted; for Indian cunning was known frequently to adopt these objects as covers, laboring with the utmost patience and industry, to conceal each footstep, as they proceeded. Still no discovery was made. At length Uncas, whose activity had enabled him to achieve his portion of the task the soonest, raked the earth across the turbid little rill which ran from the spring, and diverted its course into another channel. So soon as its narrow bed below the dam was dry, he stooped over it with keen and curious eyes. A cry of exultation immediately announced the success of the young warrior. The whole party crowded to the spot where Uncas pointed out the impression of a moccasin in the moist alluvium.

"The lad will be an honor to his people," said Hawkeye, regarding the trail with as much admiration as a naturalist would expend on the tusk of a mammoth or the rib of a mastodon; "ay, and a thorn in the sides of the Hurons. Yet that is not the footstep of an Indian! the weight is too much on the heel, and the toes are squared, as though one of the French dancers had been in, pigeon-winging his tribe! Run back, Uncas, and bring me the size of the singer's foot. You will find a beautiful print of it just opposite yon rock, agin the hillside."

While the youth was engaged in this commission, the scout and Chingachgook were attentively considering the impressions. The measurements agreed, and the former unhesitatingly pronounced that the footstep was that of David, who had, once more, been made to exchange his shoes for moccasins.

"I can now read the whole of it, as plainly as if I had seen the arts of Le Subtil," he added; "the singer, being a man whose gifts lay chiefly in his throat and feet, was made to go first, and the others have trod in his steps, imitating their formation."

"But," cried Duncan, "I see no signs of —"

"The gentle ones," interrupted the scout; "the varlet has found a way to carry them, until he supposed he had thrown any followers off the scent. My life on it, we see their pretty little feet again, before many rods go by."

The whole party now proceeded, following the course of the rill, keeping anxious eyes on the regular impressions. The water soon flowed into its bed again, but watching the ground on either side, the foresters pur-

sued their way content with knowing that the trail lay beneath. More than half a mile was passed, before the rill rippled close around the base of an extensive and dry rock. Here they paused to make sure that the Hurons had not quitted the water.

It was fortunate they did so. For the quick and active Uncas soon found the impression of a foot on a bunch of moss, where it would seem an Indian had inadvertently trodden. Pursuing the direction given by this discovery, he entered the neighboring thicket, and struck the trail, as fresh and obvious as it had been before they reached the spring. Another shout announced the good fortune of the youth to his companions, and at once terminated the search.

"Ay, it has been planned with Indian judgment," said the scout, when the party was assembled around the place; "and would have blinded white eyes."

"Shall we proceed?" demanded Heyward.

"Softly, softly: we know our path; but it is good to examine the formation of things. This is my schooling, major; and if one neglects the book, there is little chance of learning from the open hand of Providence. All is plain but one thing, which is the manner that the knave contrived to get the gentle ones along the blind trail. Even a Huron would be too proud to let their tender feet touch the water."

"Will this assist in explaining the difficulty?" said Heyward, pointing towards the fragments of a sort of handbarrow, that had been rudely constructed of boughs, and bound together with withes, and which now seemed carelessly cast aside as useless.

"'Tis explained!" cried the delighted Hawkeye.

"If them varlets have passed a minute, they have spent hours in striving to fabricate a lying end to their trail! Well, I've known them to waste a day in the same manner, to as little purpose. Here we have three pair of moccasins, and two of little feet. It is amazing that any mortal beings can journey on limbs so small! Pass me the thong of buckskin, Uncas, and let me take the length of this foot. By the Lord, it is no longer than a child's, and yet the maidens are tall and comely. That Providence is partial in its gifts, for its own wise reasons, the best and most contented of us must allow."

"The tender limbs of my daughters are unequal to these hardships," said Munro, looking at the light footsteps of his children, with a parent's love: "we shall find their fainting forms in this desert."

"Of that there is little cause of fear," returned the scout, slowly shaking his head; "this is a firm and straight, though a light step, and not over long. See, the heel has hardly touched the ground; and there the dark-hair has made a little jump, from root to root. No, no; my knowledge for it, neither of them was nigh fainting, hereaway. Now, the singer was beginning to be foot-sore and leg-weary, as is plain by his trail. There, you see, he slipped; here he has travelled wide, and tottered; and there, again, it looks as though he journeyed on snow-shoes. Ay, ay, a man who uses his throat altogether, can hardly give his legs a proper training."

From such undeniable testimony did the practised woodsman arrive at the truth, with nearly as much certainty and precision as if he had been a witness of all those events which his ingenuity so easily elucidated.

Cheered by these assurances, and satisfied by a reasoning that was so obvious, while it was so simple, the party resumed its course, after making a short halt, to take a hurried repast.

When the meal was ended, the scout cast a glance upwards at the setting sun, and pushed forward with a rapidity which compelled Heyward and the still vigorous Munro to exert all their muscles to equal. Their route now lay along the bottom which has already been mentioned. As the Hurons had made no further efforts to conceal their footsteps, the progress of the pursuers was no longer delayed by uncertainty. Before an hour had elapsed, however, the speed of Hawkeye sensibly abated, and his head, instead of maintaining its former direct and forward look, began to turn suspiciously from side to side, as if he were conscious of approaching danger. He soon stopped again, and waited for the whole party to come up.

"I scent the Hurons," he said, speaking to the Mohicans; "yonder is open sky, through the tree-tops, and we are getting too nigh their encampment. Sagamore, you will take the hillside, to the right; Uncas will bend along the brook to the left, while I will try the trail. If anything should happen, the call will be three croaks of a crow. I saw one of the birds fanning himself in the air, just beyond the dead oak — another sign that we are touching an encampment."

The Indians departed their several ways without reply, while Hawkeye cautiously proceeded with the two gentlemen. Heyward soon pressed to the side of their guide, eager to catch an early glimpse of those enemies he had pursued with so much toil and anxiety.

His companion told him to steal to the edge of the wood, which, as usual, was fringed with a thicket, and wait his coming, for he wished to examine certain suspicious signs a little on one side. Duncan obeyed, and soon found himself in a situation to command a view which he found as extraordinary as it was novel.

The trees of many acres had been felled, and the glow of a mild summer's evening had fallen on the clearing, in beautiful contrast to the gray light of the forest. A short distance from the place where Duncan stood, the stream had seemingly expanded into a little lake, covering most of the low land, from mountain to mountain. The water fell out of this wide basin, in a cataract so regular and gentle, that it appeared rather to be the work of human hands, than fashioned by nature. A hundred earthen dwellings stood on the margin of the lake, and even in its water, as though the latter had overflowed its usual banks. Their rounded roofs, admirably moulded for defence against the weather, denoted more of industry and foresight than the natives were wont to bestow on their regular habitations, much less on those they occupied for the temporary purposes of hunting and war. In short, the whole village or town, whichever it might be termed, possessed more of method and neatness of execution, than the white men had been accustomed to believe belonged, ordinarily, to the Indian habits. It appeared, however, to be deserted. At least, so thought Duncan for many minutes; but, at length, he fancied he discovered several human forms advancing towards him on all fours, and apparently dragging in their train some heavy, and as he was quick to apprehend, some

formidable engine. Just then a few dark looking heads gleamed out of the dwellings, and the place seemed suddenly alive with beings, which, however, glided from cover to cover so swiftly, as to allow no opportunity of examining their humors or pursuits. Alarmed at these suspicious and inexplicable movements, he was about to attempt the signal of the crows, when the rustling of leaves at hand drew his eyes in another direction.

The young man started, and recoiled a few paces instinctively, when he found himself within a hundred yards of a stranger Indian. Recovering his recollection on the instant, instead of sounding an alarm, which might prove fatal to himself, he remained stationary, an attentive observer of the other's motions.

An instant of calm observation served to assure Duncan that he was undiscovered. The native, like himself, seemed occupied in considering the low dwellings of the village, and the stolen movements of its inhabitants. It was impossible to discover the expression of his features, through the grotesque mask of paint under which they were concealed; though Duncan fancied it was rather melancholy than savage. His head was shaved, as usual, with the exception of the crown, from whose tuft three or four faded feathers from a hawk's wing were loosely dangling. A ragged calico mantle half-encircled his body, while his nether

garment was composed of an ordinary shirt, the sleeves of which were made to perform the office that is usually executed by a much more commodious arrangement. His legs were bare, and sadly cut and torn by briers. The feet were, however, covered with a pair of good deer-skin moccasins. Altogether, the appearance of the individual was forlorn and miserable.

Duncan was still curiously observing the person of his neighbor, when the scout stole silently and cautiously to his side.

"You see we have reached their settlement or encampment," whispered the young man; "and here is one of the savages himself, in a very embarrassing position for our further movements."

Hawkeye started, and dropped his rifle, when directed by the finger of his companion, the stranger came under his view. Then lowering the dangerous muzzle, he stretched forward his long neck, as if to assist a scrutiny that was already intensely keen.

"The imp is not a Huron," he said, "nor of any of the Canada tribes; and yet you see, by his clothes, the knave has been plundering the white. Ay, Montcalm has raked the woods for his inroad, and a whooping, murdering set of varlets has he gathered together. Can you see where he has put his rifle or his bow?"

"He appears to have no arms; nor does he seem to be viciously inclined. Unless he communicate the alarm to his fellows, who as you see are dodging about the water, we have but little to fear from him."

The scout turned to Heyward, and regarded him a moment with unconcealed amazement. Then opening wide his mouth, he indulged in unrestrained and heart-

felt laughter, though in that silent and peculiar manner which danger had so long taught him to practise.

Repeating the words, "fellows who are dodging about the water!" he added, "so much for schooling and passing a boybood in the settlements! The knave has long legs, though, and shall not be trusted. Do you keep him under your rifle while I creep in behind, through the bush, and take him alive. Fire on no account."

Heyward had already permitted his companion to bury part of his person in the thicket, when, stretching forth an arm, he arrested him, in order to ask, —

"If I see you in danger, may I not risk a shot?"

Hawkeye regarded him a moment, like one who knew not how to take the question; then nodding his head, he answered, still laughing, though inaudibly, —

"Fire a whole platoon, major."

In the next moment he was concealed by the leaves. Duncan waited several minutes in feverish impatience, before he caught another glimpse of the scout. Then he reappeared, creeping along the earth, from which his dress was hardly distinguishable, directly in the rear of his intended captive. Having reached within a few yards of the latter, he arose to his feet, silently and slowly. At that instant, several loud blows were struck on the water, and Duncan turned his eyes just in time to perceive that a hundred dark forms were plunging, in a body, into the troubled little sheet. Grasping his rifle, his looks were again bent on the Indian near him. Instead of taking the alarm, the unconscious savage stretched forward his neck, as if he also watched the movements about the gloomy lake,

with a sort of silly curiosity. In the meantime, the uplifted hand of Hawkeye was above him. But, without any apparent reason, it was withdrawn, and its owner indulged in another long, though silent, fit of merriment. When the peculiar and hearty laughter of Hawkeye was ended, instead of grasping his victim by the throat, he tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and exclaimed aloud, —

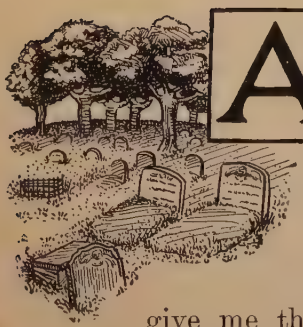
"How now, friend! have you a mind to teach the beavers to sing?"

"Even so," was the ready answer. "It would seem that the Being that gave them power to improve his gifts so well, would not deny them voices to proclaim his praise."

THE OLD COCKED HAT

(From The Watch Fires of '76)

By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE.



A BOSTON boy, I was born in an old house on Copp's Hill, near the burying-ground, which, I can promise you, I gave a wide berth after dark. I lived with my grandparents, my own father having been lost at sea. The old folks used to give me the run of the house; and many is the romp I've had, playing hide-and-seek around the huge chimney-stack in the garret, knocking my head against the big, cob-webbed rafters, from which all sorts of old cast-off clothes were hanging limp and forlorn. How they did scare me!

Being a boy, what most charmed me in this museum of antiquities was an old sword, with the blade peeping out at the end of the scabbard, just like Jim Bolles the tinker's toes out of his boots. It went beyond my small strength to draw it, so firmly was the weapon rusted in the sheath; but with it loosely belted round me, and dragging on the floor behind me, and an old

cocked hat — which to my surprise fitted me exactly — stuck on my head, I doubt if any veteran just returned from victorious fields ever felt prouder than I.

But we know it is not the sword alone that makes the soldier, any more than it is the dress that makes the man.

One day, equipped as I have described, I ventured down-stairs to where grandfather was sitting by the fireside smoking his pipe, with one eye shut, and with the other meditatively watching the smoke slowly curling upward along the low ceiling. At the clatter on the stairs, and the queer figure I cut, the old man took his pipe from his mouth, straightened himself up, and when I had made him a mock salute, said with a quiet chuckle, —

"Well, lad, ready for action, I see. Do you mean to attack our old four-post bedstead, or will you try a bout with the pump, out in the backyard?"

"But, grandpa," said I, "where in the wide world did you get this rusty old sword, and this funny old hat?"

"Come here, boy," said the old man; and taking from my head the thing which appeared so ridiculous to me, he put his finger through a hole I had not before noticed, and said very gravely, "two inches lower, and the bullet would have gone through my head."

"Where? when?" I breathlessly exclaimed, quite overcome by the thought of grandfather's narrow escape, as well as by the impressive way in which he spoke of it.

"At Concord Fight, in the year '75. You've read of that, my boy, in your history book, I'll be bound."

"To be sure I have; and about General Gage and Pitcairn, and the minute-men. It is also called the Battle of Lexington. Oh, do, grandpa, tell me all about it. You don't know how I love to hear you talk about war and battles."

"Well, 'tis an old story. But sit down, my boy, and listen. You shall hear my first experience of strife and bloodshed."

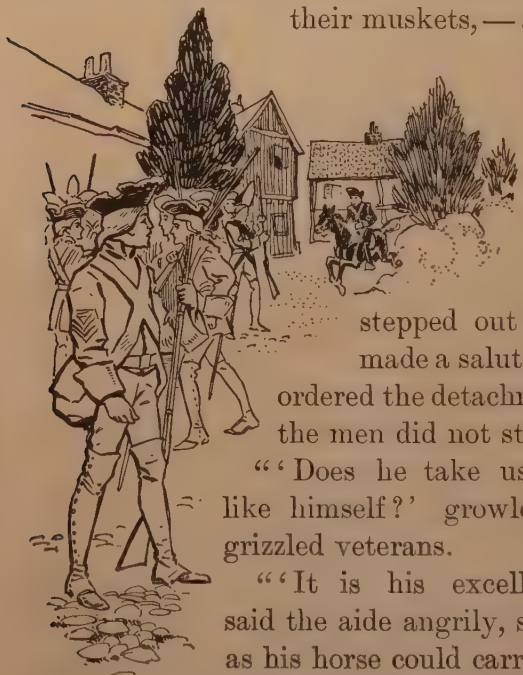
Grandfather gave the backlog a stir, refilled his pipe, settled himself comfortably back in the old rush-bottomed chair, and thus began: —

"I was just fourteen in April, '75, and lived in this same house, built by my grandfather a hundred years before. On my way to and from school, I passed every day the barracks of the king's soldiers, for at that time Boston was a garrisoned town. Some of them were always loitering about, and I grew quite accustomed to hear myself called a young rebel by the redcoat gentry. But my cheeks would burn for many a long hour after. I must not forget to mention that I had got acquainted with a boy of about my own age, called Tony Apthorp, drummer-boy of the Welsh Fusileers, who now and then invited me into the barracks, and had even taught me how to beat the drum a little.

"One fine morning I started off for school, as usual. When I got to the barracks, the redcoats were forming out in the street as if for parade; but even I, boy that I was, knew by their faces that something unusual was going on. The sergeants were serving out ammunition, while the goat of the corps, a prime favorite with us boys, was loudly bleating in the barrack-yard. Such a look as Tony gave me! not a

bit like his usual mocking expression. Even the surly old drum-major let me pass without a word. I was lost in wonder.

"While I stood looking at the men, — some of whom were buttoning their gaiters, others trying the locks of their muskets, — an aide came down the street at full gallop.



"'Halloo, there, Royals!' said he; 'where is your officer?'

"A sergeant stepped out of the ranks, and made a salute. The officer then ordered the detachment to march; but the men did not stir a step.

"'Does he take us for raw recruits, like himself?' growled some of those grizzled veterans.

"'It is his excellency's command,' said the aide angrily, starting off as fast as his horse could carry him.

"'You should have said so at first, young greenhorn,' muttered the old sergeant, fixing his bayonet. 'Come along, lads, come along; the general must not be kept waiting.'

"The soldiers shouldered their firelocks, and took their way towards the Common. I soon lost sight of them in a turn of the street.

"When I reacned the schoolhouse door, I found it shut fast. A group of wondering urchins were loiter-

Boston Boys Guying British Officers.

ing there, each asking the other the meaning of these strange proceedings. But we were true schoolboys, and, provided our holiday did not disappoint us, cared not a button where it came from. Just then an upper window was thrown open, and the schoolmaster called out to us: —

"'Boys, war has begun; school is dismissed!'

"Some one proposed that we should follow the 'rig'lars;' a proposal no sooner made than agreed to. Away we scampered, in the route the troops had just taken. By this time every one we met seemed strangely excited; and I scarcely remembered that I would not have ventured above the mill-bridge the day before, for fear of a sound drubbing from the South End boys.

"When we came near the Common, a long line of soldiers extended to the head of the mall in Long-Acre, and in their midst were two brass cannon I had so often gazed at with admiration and awe. At command of Lord Percy, the rig'lars shouldered their muskets, and moved off towards the Neck. We boys followed on in the rear, taking care to keep a good distance behind the marching column. I well remember that the fifes struck up 'Yankee Doodle,' as they often did, just to plague our people.

"By this time the whole town knew that the rig'lars had gone out the night before to destroy the stores at Concord, and that Lord Percy had been sent to re-enforce them. It was just as we came to the George Tavern that I noticed a small boy seated astride a fence, laughing so immoderately I felt sure he must be a born idiot, for I assure you I saw nothing to laugh at.

"'What are you laughing at, sirrah?' demanded his lordship sternly.

"'To think how you'll dance to another tune by and by,' replied the young scape-grace, scampering off, out of harm's way.

"Lord Percy gave his horse the spur, and galloped off to the front, as if these idle words had called up something in his mind he would rather have forgotten at that moment. If you should ever read the old ballad of 'Chevy Chase,' you will understand what I mean.

"We had got quite through Little Cambridge, now Brighton, when an express from General Gage overtook the troops. The courier rode straight up to the earl, and, lifting his hat, delivered his errand in a few hurried words. His lordship turned in his saddle, and exclaimed, —

"'On! press on! God's life, gentlemen! we shall be too late!'

"Urged on by their officers, the soldiers marched silently and with a quickened pace. The road was deserted. Every house was shut up. Not a living soul was to be seen as we passed by. Now and then our ears caught the sound of some distant alarm bell. Once in a while we even thought we could catch the report of distant gunshots. At hearing these ill-omened noises in the air, some of our comrades began to lag behind, but a few of us kept on, more because we wouldn't give ourselves the time to think, than from superior courage. Boys will be boys, you know. We soon reached the bridge leading to the colleges, and I heard the word passed to halt, prime, and load. The

cannoneers lighted their matches. These orders being executed, the troops impatiently awaited the word to march; but it did not come. The officers impatiently slashed the bushes by the roadside with their swords, and demanded of each other what was up.

"'The bridge is up,' said one.

"'Then the rebels mean to make a stand here,' said another.

"'Tis what I most wish for, next to my dinner,' ejaculated a third.

"'My throat is full of this infernal Yankee dust,' observed a fourth, carrying his well-filled canteen to his lips. 'Here's confusion to the whole rebel crew!'

"The bridge was soon made passable, and the troops crossed. Before we followed, I picked up a handful of musket-balls where they had stood. At the colleges, an officer sternly forbade our following the column farther; and as we were thoroughly tired out, after quenching our thirst at a neighboring well, we threw ourselves down upon the grass to rest.

"The rig'lars were hardly out of sight, when the roads in every direction seemed swarming with men, some in little squads of two's and three's, some with semblance of military order, but all armed with muskets or fowling-pieces, and every one looking eager and determined. They halted, by common consent, on the college green. An angry murmur of many voices, every instant growing more and more threatening, came out of the throng, as their numbers increased. They seemed undecided what to do next.

"'The bridge is where we ought to have stopped them,' I heard one strapping fellow call out.

"'So we might, if the planks hadn't been piled up on the wrong side; too bad, too bad!'

"A roar of rage and disappointment went up from two hundred lusty throats. It subsided in a moment, and I heard a voice, very calm, but clear as a bell, speaking rapidly. Every word cut like a whip-lash.

"'Friends, all: we're just too late to prevent the two detachments from forming a junction, as I hoped we might; but so long as we're between them and their quarters, shall we let them march back unscathed? Hark!' The distant booming of a cannon broke the stillness. The speaker, who had been standing quietly in the middle of the minute-men, now pushed his way out of the throng. Oh, he was a beautiful looking young man, armed with a fusee and hanger.

"'Why do we stand here idle, when our brethren are being slaughtered by the king's cut-throats? We have them between two fires. Let all who are willing to strike one good blow for liberty, follow me!'

"How brave he looked as he said this, his eye sparkling, his fine form drawn up to its full height! I thought I had never beheld such an heroic countenance.

"'Ay, avenge them! Down with the bloody-backs!' shouted the multitude.

"'Lead us on, Doctor!' cried several voices; and I then knew it was Warren who had first spoken.

"Waving his fusee toward the enemy, Warren put himself at the head of our people, who started off at a brisk pace up the road. As excited as the rest, without a moment's reflection, I joined them. We soon heard firing at no great distance. By our leader's advice, we now made a circuit across the fields, so as to reach the

road again unperceived at a point where it descends from a great pile of granite ledges into the plain. It is what military men call a defile. Here we concealed ourselves among the bushes and trees, on both sides of the road, Indian fashion. The place where we lay hid is known as the Foot of the Rocks, to this day.

"Cannon firing now grew rapid and clearer. At every peal my heart gave a great thump; but I tell you, boy, I had little idea of what was coming.

"'There they are!'

"Sure enough, there they were, coming down the narrow road in a cloud of dust, and that cloud spitting out fire right and left. Every house they came to was saluted with a volley; and we were maddened to desperation by the sight of feeble women, with babes in their arms, flying shrieking across the fields, while these miscreants fired and hooted at them, like so many demons let loose. Then up would leap the red flames from the dwellings that those poor, terrified creatures had just quitted."

The old man had kept his pipe lighted, giving now and then an angry whiff between whiles; but he had now got so worked up over his recollections, that he bit the stem of his pipe short off.

"Don't stop, grandpa! How did it end?" I exclaimed.

"Waal, boy, we just let the rig'lars clear our hiding-place, and then, with a yell of rage, our men fell on their rear. I forgot I had no earthly weapon but a stout hickory stick, and shouted, and rushed into the thickest of the *mêlée* with the rest. The first thing I knew, the soldiers faced about, and gave us a volley slap in our faces. I thought the day of judgment had come, sartin, sure. How like fiends they looked, panting with rage and heat, and with faces begrimed with powder and dirt! Well, I guess we looked as wicked to them as they did to us.

"An officer on horseback waved the rig'lars on, his sword in one hand, his hat in the other.

"'Upon them, my gallant Fusileers! Give them the cold steel! Drive the rebel pack to their kennels!'

"'Down with the murderers! Kill the assassins!' we yelled back at them. I jest tell you, bullets and curses flew thick and fast that day. Oh, we peppered them good, and they knew it!

"The soldiers were actually pushed along by our onset, some falling every instant under the deadly fire. Presently, a shot knocked the officer from his horse, at which a cheer went up from our side. Then we made another rush, and forced the enemy to a run. A poor devil of a drummer-boy was just in front of me. I sprang upon him, and brought him to the ground.

Lo and behold! it was Tony, my chum of the Royals. It was the work of an instant to take away his drum, put it on, and then to follow the throng, beating the charge like a drummer gone mad. My prisoner kept close at my heels. Our people saw my capture, and heard my drum. As for me, I hurrahed myself hoarse, and got this hole in my hat."

Here the old man paused, quite breathless.

"Plague on't!" he at length exclaimed; "here's my pipe gone out, and the fire too. What'll granny say?"

FALSE TEETH, AN EYEGLASS, AND WHITE LEGS

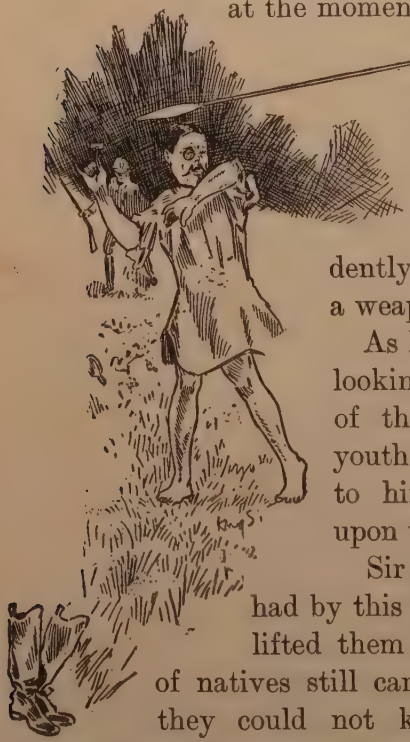
(From King Solomon's Mines.)

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE magic of the place, combined with the overwhelming sense of dangers left behind, and of the promised land reached at last, seemed to charm us into silence. Sir Henry and Umbopa sat conversing in a mixture of broken English and Kitchin Zulu in a low voice, but earnestly enough, and I lay, with my eyes half shut, upon that fragrant bed of fern and watched them. Presently I missed Good, and looked to see what had become of him. As I did so I observed him sitting by the bank of the stream, in which he had been bathing. He had nothing on but his flannel shirt, and his natural habits of extreme neatness having reasserted themselves, was actively employed in making a most elaborate toilet. He had washed his guttapercha collar, thoroughly shaken out his trousers, coat, and waistcoat, and was now folding them up neatly till he was ready to put them on, shaking his head sadly as he did so over the numerous rents and tears in them,

which had naturally resulted from our frightful journey. Then he took his boots, scrubbed them with a handful of fern, and finally rubbed them over with a piece of fat, which he had carefully saved from the inco meat, till they looked, comparatively speaking, respectable. Having inspected them judiciously through his eye-glass, he put them on and began a fresh operation. From a little bag he carried he produced a pocket comb in which was fixed a tiny looking-glass, and in this he surveyed himself. Apparently he was not satisfied, for he proceeded to do his hair with great care. Then came a pause whilst he again contemplated the effect; still it was not satisfactory. He felt his chin, on which was now the accumulated scrub of a ten days' beard. "Surely," thought I, "he is not going to try and shave." But so it was. Taking the piece of fat with which he had greased his boots he washed it carefully in the stream. Then diving again into the bag he brought out a little pocket razor with a guard to it, such as are sold to people afraid of cutting themselves, or to those about to undertake a sea voyage. Then he vigorously scrubbed his face and chin with the fat and began. But it was evidently a painful process, for he groaned very much over it, and I was convulsed with inward laughter as I watched him struggling with that stubby beard. It seemed so very odd that a man should take the trouble to shave himself with a piece of fat in such a place and under such circumstances. At last he succeeded in getting the worst of the scrub off the right side of his face and chin, when suddenly I, who was watching, became aware of a flash of light that passed just by his head.

Good sprang up with a profane exclamation (if it had not been a safety razor he would certainly have cut his throat), and so did I, without the exclamation, and this was what I saw. Standing there, not more than twenty paces from where I was, and ten from Good, were a group of men. They were very tall and copper-colored, and some of them wore great plumes of black feathers and short cloaks of leopard skins; this was all I noticed at the moment. In front of them stood a youth of about seventeen, his hand still raised and his body bent forward in the attitude of a Grecian statue of a spear thrower. Evidently the flash of light had been a weapon, and he had thrown it.



As I looked an old soldier-like looking man stepped forward out of the group, and catching the youth by the arm said something to him. Then they advanced upon us.

Sir Henry, Good, and Umbopa had by this time seized their rifles and lifted them threateningly. The party of natives still came on. It struck me that they could not know what rifles were, or they would not have treated them with such contempt.

"Put down your guns!" I halloed to the others, seeing that our only chance of safety lay in conciliation.

They obeyed, and walking to the front I addressed the elderly man who had checked the youth.

"Greeting," I said, in Zulu, not knowing what language to use. To my surprise I was understood.

"Greeting," answered the man, not, indeed, in the same tongue, but in a dialect so closely allied to it, that neither Umbopa nor myself had any difficulty in understanding it. Indeed, as we afterwards found out, the language spoken by this people was an old-fashioned form of the Zulu tongue, bearing about the same relationship to it that the English of Chaucer does to the English of the nineteenth century.

"Whence come ye?" he went on, "what are ye? and why are the faces of three of ye white, and the face of the fourth as the face of our mother's sons?" and he pointed to Umbopa. I looked at Umbopa as he said it, and it flashed across me that he was right. Umbopa was like the faces of the men before me, so was his great form. But I had not time to reflect on this coincidence.

"We are strangers, and come in peace," I answered, speaking very slow, so that he might understand me, "and this man is our servant."

"Ye lie," he answered, "no strangers can cross the mountains where all things die. But what do your lies matter, if ye are strangers then ye must die, for no strangers may live in the land of the Kukuanas. It is the king's law. Prepare then to die, O strangers!"

I was slightly staggered at this, more especially as I saw the hands of some of the party of men steal down to their sides, where hung on each what looked to me like a large and heavy knife.

"What does that beggar say?" asked Good.

"He says we are going to be scragged," I answered grimly.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Good; and, as was his way when perplexed, put his hand to his false teeth, dragging the top set down and allowing them to fly back to his jaw with a snap. It was a most fortunate move, for next second the dignified crowd of Kukuanas gave a simultaneous yell of horror, and bolted back some yards.

"What's up?" said I.

"It's his teeth," whispered Sir Henry, excitedly. "He moved them. Take them out, Good, take them out!"

He obeyed, slipping the set into the sleeve of his flannel shirt.

In another second curiosity had overcome fear, and the men advanced slowly. Apparently they had now forgotten their amiable intentions of doing for us.

"How is it, O strangers," asked the old man solemnly, "that the teeth of the man" (pointing to Good, who had nothing on but a flannel shirt, and had only half finished his shaving) "whose body is clothed, and whose legs are bare, who grows hair on one side of his sickly face and not on the other, and who has one shining and transparent eye, and teeth that move of themselves, coming away from the jaws and returning of their own will?"

"Open your mouth," I said to Good, who promptly curled up his lips and grinned at the old gentleman like an angry dog, revealing to their astonished gaze two thin red lines of gum as utterly innocent of ivories as a new-born elephant. His audience gasped.

"Where are his teeth?" they shouted; "with our eyes we saw them."

Turning his head slowly and with a gesture of ineffable contempt, Good swept his hand across his mouth. Then he grinned again, and lo! there were two rows of lovely teeth.

The young man who had flung the knife threw himself down on the grass and gave vent to a prolonged howl of terror; and as for the old gentleman his knees knocked together with fear.

"I see that ye are spirits," he said, falteringly; "did ever man born of woman have hair on one side of his face and not on the other, or a round and transparent eye, or teeth which moved and melted away and grew again? Pardon us, O my lords."

Here was luck indeed, and, needless to say, I jumped at the chance.

"It is granted," I said, with an imperial smile. "Nay, ye shall know the truth. We come from another world, though we are men such as ye; we come," I went on, "from the biggest star that shines at night."

"Oh! oh!" groaned the chorus of astonished aborigines.

"Yes," I went on, "we do, indeed;" and I again smiled benignly as I uttered that amazing lie. "We come to stay with you a little while, and bless you by our sojourn. Ye will see, O friends, that I have prepared myself by learning your language."

"It is so, it is so," said the chorus.

"Only, my lord," put in the old gentleman, "thou hast learnt it very badly."

I cast an indignant glance at him, and he quailed.

"Now, friends," I continued, "ye might think that after so long a journey we should find it in our hearts to avenge such a reception, mayhap to strike cold in death the impious hand that — that, in short — threw a knife at the head of him whose teeth come and go."

"Spare him, my lords," said the old man in supplication; "he is the king's son, and I am his uncle. If anything befalls him his blood will be required at my hands."

"Yes, that is certainly so," put in the young man with great emphasis.

"You may perhaps doubt our power to avenge," I went on, heedless of this by-play. "Stay, I will show you. Here, you dog and slave" (addressing Umbopa in a savage tone), "give me the magic tube that speaks;" and I tipped a wink towards my express rifle.

Umbopa rose to the occasion, and with something as nearly resembling a grin as I have ever seen on his dignified face, handed me the rifle.

"It is here, O lord of lords," he said, with a deep obeisance.

Now, just before I asked for the rifle I had perceived a little klipspringer antelope standing on a mass of rock about seventy yards away, and determined to risk a shot at it.

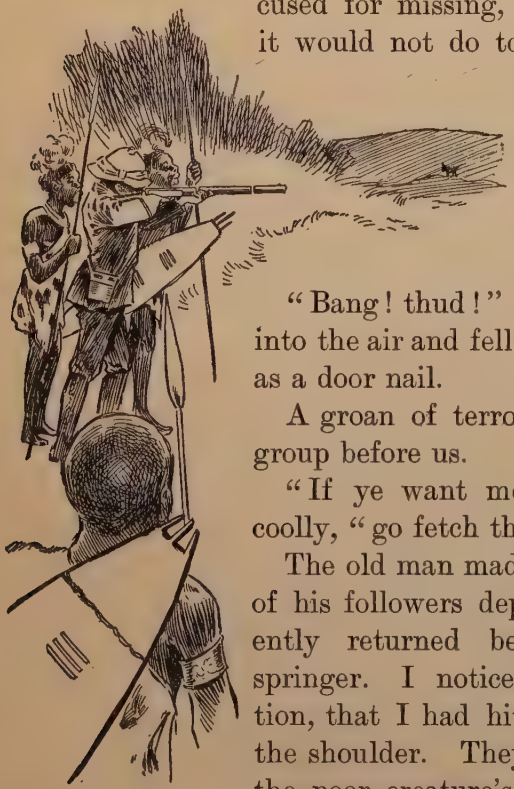
"Ye see that buck," I said, pointing the animal out to the party before me. "Tell me, is it possible for man, born of woman, to kill it from here with a noise?"

"It is not possible, my lord," answered the old man.

"Yet shall I kill it," said I, quietly.

The old man smiled. "That my lord cannot do," he said.

I raised the rifle, and covered the buck. It was a small animal, and one which one might well be excused for missing, but I knew that it would not do to miss.



I drew a deep breath, and slowly pressed on the trigger. The buck stood still as stone.

"Bang! thud!" The buck sprang into the air and fell on the rock dead as a door nail.

A groan of terror burst from the group before us.

"If ye want meat," I remarked coolly, "go fetch that buck."

The old man made a sign, and one of his followers departed, and presently returned bearing the klipspringer. I noticed, with satisfaction, that I had hit it fairly behind the shoulder. They gathered round the poor creature's body, gazing at the bullet hole in consternation.

"Ye see," I said, "I do not speak empty words."

There was no answer.

"If ye yet doubt our power," I went on, "let one of ye go stand upon that rock that I may make him as this buck."

None of them seemed at all inclined to take the hint, till at last the king's son spoke.

"It is well said. Do thou, my uncle, go stand upon the rock. It is but a buck that the magic has killed. Surely it cannot kill a man."

The old gentleman did not take the suggestion in good part. Indeed, he seemed hurt.

"No! no!" he ejaculated, hastily, "my old eyes have seen enough. These are wizards, indeed. Let us bring them to the king. Yet if any should wish a further proof, let *him* stand upon the rock, that the magic tube may speak with him."

There was a most general and hasty expression of dissent.

"Let not good magic be wasted on our poor bodies," said one, "we are satisfied. All the witchcraft of our people cannot show the like of this."

"It is so," remarked the old gentleman, in a tone of intense relief; "without any doubt it is so. Listen, children of the stars, children of the shining eye and the movable teeth, who roar out in thunder and slay from afar. I am Infadoos, son of Kafa, once King of the Kukuana people. This youth is Scragga."

"He nearly scragged me," murmured Good.

"Scragga, son of Twala, the great king — Twala, husband of a thousand wives, chief and lord paramount of the Kukuanas, keeper of the great road, terror of his enemies, student of the Black Arts, leader of an hundred thousand warriors, Twala the One-eyed, the Black, the Terrible."

"So," said I, superciliously, "lead us then to Twala. We do not talk with low people and underlings."

"It is well, my lords, we will lead you, but the way is long. We are hunting three days' journey from the place of the king. But let my lords have patience, and we will lead them."

"It is well," I said, carelessly, "all time is before us, for we do not die. We are ready, lead on. But Infadoos, and thou Scragga, beware! Play us no tricks, make for us no snares, for before your brains of mud have thought of them, we shall know them and avenge them. The light from the transparent eye of him with the bare legs and the half-haired face (Good) shall destroy you, and go through your land: his vanishing teeth shall fix themselves fast in you and eat you up, you and your wives and children; the magic tubes shall talk with you loudly, and make you as sieves. Beware!"

This magnificent address did not fail of its effect; indeed, it was hardly needed, so deeply were our friends already impressed with our powers.

The old man made a deep obeisance, and murmured the word "Koom, Koom," which I afterwards discovered was their royal salute, corresponding to the Bayéte of the Zulus, and turning, addressed his followers. These at once proceeded to lay hold of all our goods and chattels, in order to bear them from us, excepting only the guns, which they would on no account touch. They even seized Good's clothes, which were, as the reader may remember, neatly folded up beside him.

He at once made a dive for them and a loud altercation ensued.

"Let not my lord of the transparent eye and the

melting teeth touch them," said the old man. "Surely his slaves shall carry the things."

"But I want to put 'em on!" roared Good, in nervous English.

Umbopa translated.

"Nay, my lord," put in Infadoos, "would my lord cover up his beautiful white legs (although he was so dark Good had a singular white skin) from the eyes of his servants? Have we offended my lord that he should do such a thing?"

Here I nearly exploded with laughing; and meanwhile, one of the men started on with the garments.

"Dash it!" roared Good, "that black villain has got my trousers."

"Look here, Good," said Sir Henry, "you have appeared in this country in a certain character, and you must live up to it. It will never do for you to put on trousers again. Henceforth you must live in a flannel shirt, a pair of boots, and an eye-glass."

"Yes," I said, "and with whiskers on one side of your face and not on the other. If you change any of these things they will think we are impostors. I am

very sorry for you, but, seriously, you must do it. If once they begin to suspect us, our lives will not be worth a brass farthing."

"Do you really think so?" said Good, gloomily.

"I do, indeed. Your 'beautiful white legs' and your eye-glass are now *the* feature of our party, and as Sir Henry says, you must live up to them. Be thankful that you have got your boots on, and that the air is warm."

Good sighed, and said no more, but it took him a fortnight to get accustomed to his attire.

A BRAVE WOMAN'S ADVENTURE

(From Astoria.)

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

AS the party were proceeding up the Columbia, near the mouth of the Wallah-Wallah river, several Indian canoes put off from the shore to overtake them, and a voice called upon them in French, and requested them to stop. They accordingly put to shore, and were joined by those in the canoes. To their surprise, they recognized in the person who had hailed them the Indian wife of Pierre Dorion, accompanied by her two children. She had a story to tell, involving the fate of several of our unfortunate adventurers.

Mr. John Reed, the Hibernian, it will be remembered, had been detached during the summer to the Snake river. His party consisted of four Canadians, Gilles Le Clerc, François Landry, Jean Baptiste Turcot, and André La Chapelle, together with two hunters, Pierre

Dorion and Pierre Delaunay; Dorion, as usual, being accompanied by his wife and children. The objects of this expedition were twofold; to trap beaver, and to search for the three hunters, Robinson, Hoback, and Rezner.

In the course of the autumn, Reed lost one man, Landry, by death; another one, Pierre Delaunay, who was of a sullen, perverse disposition, left him in a moody fit, and was never heard of afterwards. The number of his party was not, however, reduced by these losses, as the three hunters, Robinson, Hoback, and Rezner, had joined it.

Reed now built a house on the Snake river, for their winter quarters; which being completed, the party set about trapping. Rezner, Le Clerc, and Pierre Dorion, went about five days' journey from the wintering house, to a part of the country well stocked with beaver. Here they put up a hut, and proceeded to trap with great success. While the men were out hunting, Pierre Dorion's wife remained at home to dress the skins and prepare the meals. She was thus employed one evening about the beginning of January, cooking the supper of the hunters, when she heard footsteps, and Le Clerc staggered, pale and bleeding, into the hut. He informed her that a party of savages had surprised them, while at their traps, and had killed Rezner and her husband. He had barely strength left to give this information, when he sank upon the ground.

The poor woman saw that the only chance for life was instant flight, but, in this exigency, showed that presence of mind and force of character for which she had frequently been noted. With great difficulty, she

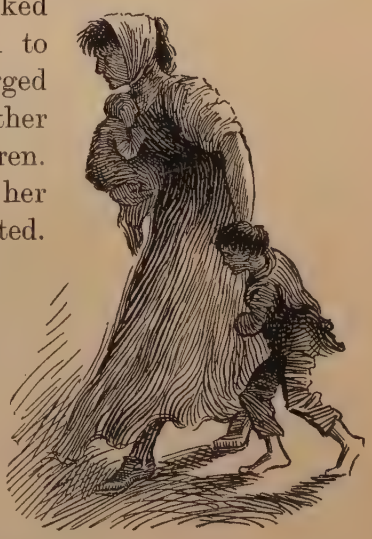
caught two of the horses belonging to the party. Then collecting her clothes, and a small quantity of beaver meat and dried salmon, she packed them upon one of the horses, and helped the wounded man to mount upon it. On the other horse she mounted with her two children, and hurried away from this dangerous neighborhood, directing her flight for Mr. Reed's establishment. On the third day, she descried a number of Indians on horseback proceeding in an easterly direction. She immediately dismounted with her children, and helped Le Clerc likewise to dismount, and all concealed them-

selves. Fortunately they escaped the sharp eyes of the savages, but had to proceed with the utmost caution. That night, they slept without fire or water; she managed to keep her children warm in her arms; but before morning, poor Le Clerc died.

With the dawn of day, the resolute woman resumed her course, and, on the fourth day, reached the house of Mr. Reed. It was deserted, and all around were marks of blood and signs of a furious massacre. Not doubting that Mr. Reed and his party had all fallen victims, she turned in fresh horror from the spot. For two days she continued hurrying forward, ready to sink for want of food, but more solicitous about her children

than herself. At length she reached a range of the Rocky mountains, near the upper part of the Wallah-Wallah river. Here she chose a wild, lonely ravine, as her place of winter refuge.

She had fortunately a buffalo robe and three deer-skins; of these, and of pine bark and cedar branches, she constructed a rude wigwam, which she pitched beside a mountain spring. Having no other food, she killed the two horses, and smoked their flesh. The skins aided to cover her hut. Here she dragged out the winter, with no other company than her two children. Towards the middle of March, her provisions were nearly exhausted. She therefore packed up the remainder, slung it on her back, and, with her helpless little ones, set out again on her wanderings. Crossing the ridge of mountains, she descended to the banks of the Wallah-Wallah, and kept along them until she arrived where that river throws itself into the Columbia. She was hospitably received and entertained by the Wallah-Wallahs, and had been nearly two weeks among them, when the two canoes passed.



On being interrogated, she could assign no reason for this murderous attack of the savages; it appeared to be perfectly wanton and unprovoked. Some of the Astorians supposed it an act of butchery by a roving

band of Blackfeet; others, however, and with greater probability of correctness, have ascribed it to the tribe of Pierced-nose Indians, in revenge for the death of their comrade hanged by order of Mr. Clarke. If so, it shows that these sudden and apparently wanton outbreakings of sanguinary violence on the part of savages, have often some previous, though perhaps remote, provocation.

AN ADVENTURE IN WAR TIME

(From Horse Shoe Robinson.)

By JOHN P. KENNEDY.

DAVID RAMSAY'S house was situated on a by-road, between five and six miles from Musgrove's mill, and at about the distance of one mile from the principal route of travel between Ninety-Six and Blackstock's. In passing from the military post that had been established at the former place, towards the latter, Ramsay's lay off to the left, with a piece of dense wood intervening. The by-way, leading through the farm, diverged from the main road, and traversed this wood until it reached the cultivated grounds immediately around Ramsay's dwelling. In the journey from Musgrove's mill to this point of divergence, the traveller was obliged to ride some two or three miles upon the great road leading from the British garrison, a road that, at the time of my story, was much frequented by military parties, scouts, and patrols, that were concerned in keeping up the communication between the several posts which were established by the British authorities along that frontier. Amongst the Whig

parties, also, there were various occasions which brought them under the necessity of frequent passage through this same district, and which, therefore, furnished opportunities for collision and skirmish with the opposite forces.

It is a matter of historical notoriety, that immediately after the fall of Charleston, and the rapid subjugation of South Carolina that followed this event, there were three bold and skilful soldiers who undertook to carry on the war of resistance to the established authorities, upon a settled and digested plan of annoyance, under the most discouraging state of destitution, as regarded all the means of offence, that, perhaps, history records. It will not detract from the fame of other patriots of similar enthusiasm and of equal bravery, to mention the names of Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, in connection with this plan of keeping up an apparently hopeless partisan warfare, which had the promise neither of men, money, nor arms, — and yet which was so nobly sustained, amidst accumulated discomfitures, as to lead eventually to the subversion of the "Tory ascendency" and the expulsion of the British power. According to the plan of operations concerted amongst these chieftains, Marion took the lower country under his supervision; Pickens the southwestern districts, bordering upon the Savannah; and to Sumter was allotted all that tract of country lying between the Broad and the Catawba rivers, from the angle of their junction, below Camden, up to the mountain districts of North Carolina. How faithfully these men made good their promise to the country, is not only written in authentic history, but it is also told in many a legend

amongst the older inhabitants of the region that was made the theatre of action. It only concerns my story to refer to the fact, that the events which have occupied my last five or six chapters, occurred in that range more peculiarly appropriated to Sumter, and that the high road from Blackstone's toward Ninety-Six was almost as necessary for communication between Sumter and Pickens, as between the several British garrisons.

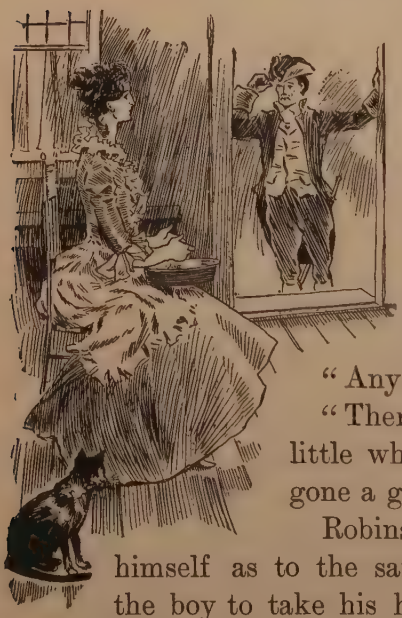
On the morning that succeeded the night in which Horse Shoe Robinson arrived at Musgrove's, the stout and honest sergeant might have been seen, about eight o'clock, leaving the main road from Ninety-Six, at the point where that leading to David Ramsay's separated from it, and cautiously urging his way into the deep forest, by the more private path into which he had entered. The knowledge that Innis was encamped along the Ennoree, within a short distance of the mill, had compelled him to make an extensive circuit to reach Ramsay's dwelling, whither he was now bent; and he had experienced considerable delay in his morning journey, by finding himself frequently in the neighborhood of small foraging parties of Tories, whose motions he was obliged to watch for fear of an encounter. He had once already been compelled to use his horse's heels in what he called "fair flight;" and once to ensconce himself, a full half hour, under cover of the thicket afforded him by a swamp. He now, therefore, according to his own phrase, "dived into the little road that scrambled down through the woods towards Ramsay's, with all his eyes about him, looking out as sharply as a fox on a foggy morning;" and with this circumspection, he was not long in arriving

within view of Ramsay's house. Like a practised soldier, whom frequent frays have taught wisdom, he resolved to reconnoitre before he advanced upon a post that might be in possession of an enemy. He therefore dismounted, fastened his horse in a fence corner, where a field of corn concealed him from notice, and then stealthily crept forward until he came immediately behind one of the outhouses.

The barking of a house-dog brought out a negro boy, to whom Robinson instantly addressed the query, —

"Is your master at home?"

"No, sir. He's got his horse, and gone off more than an hour ago."



"Where is your mistress?"

"Shelling beans, sir."

"I didn't ask you," said the sergeant, "what she is doing, but where she is."

"In course, she is in the house, sir," — replied the negro with a grin.

"Any strangers there?"

"There was plenty on 'em a little while ago, but they've been gone a good bit."

Robinson having thus satisfied himself as to the safety of his visit, directed the boy to take his horse and lead him up to the door. He then entered the dwelling.

"Mistress Ramsay," said he, walking up to the dame, who was occupied at a table, with a large trencher

before her, in which she was plying that household thrift which the negro described; "luck to you, ma'am, and all your house! I hope you haven't none of these clinking and clattering bullies about you, that are as thick over this country as the frogs in the kneading troughs, that they tell of."

"Good lack, Mr. Horse Shoe Robinson," exclaimed the matron, offering the sergeant her hand. "What has brought you here? What news? Who are with you? For patience sake, tell me!"

"I am alone," said Robinson, "and a little wettish, mistress," he added, as he took off his hat and shook the water from it; "it has just sot up a rain, and looks as if it was going to give us enough on't. You don't mind doing a little dinner-work of a Sunday, I see — shelling of beans, I s'pose, is tantamount to dragging a sheep out of a pond, as the preachers allow on the Sabbath — ha, ha! — Where's Davy?"

"He's gone over to the meeting-house on Ennoree, hoping to hear something of the army at Camden; perhaps you can tell us the news from that quarter?"

"Faith, that's a mistake, Mistress Ramsay. Though I don't doubt that they are hard upon the scratches, by this time. But, at this present speaking, I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps — and that's myself: and all the guns we have got is this piece of ordnance, that hangs in this old belt by my side" (pointing to his sword) — "and that I captured from the enemy at Blackstock's. I was hoping I mought find John Ramsay at home — I have need of him as a recruit."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, John has a heavy life of it over

there with Sumter. The boy is often without his natural rest, or a meal's victuals; and the general thinks so much of him, that he can't spare him to come home. I haven't the heart to complain, as long as John's service is of any use, but it does seem, Mr. Robinson, like needless tempting of the mercies of Providence. We thought that he might have been here to-day; yet I am glad he didn't come — for he would have been certain to get into trouble. Who should come in, this morning, just after my husband had cleverly got away on his horse, but a young cock-a-whoop ensign that belongs to Ninety-Six, and four great Scotchmen with him, all in red coats; they had been out thieving, I warrant, and were now going home again. And who but they! Here they were, swaggering all about my house — and calling for this — and calling for that as if they owned the fee simple of everything on the plantation. And it made my blood rise, Mr. Horse Shoe, to see them run out in the yard, and catch up my chickens and ducks, and kill as many as they could string about them — and I not daring to say a word: though I did give them a piece of my mind, too."

"Who is at home with you?" inquired the sergeant eagerly.

"Nobody but my youngest boy, Andrew," answered the dame. "And then, the filthy, toping rioters," she continued, exalting her voice.

"What arms have you in the house?" asked Robinson, without heeding the dame's rising anger.

"We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John. They must call for drink, too,

and turn my house, of a Sunday morning, into a tavern."

"They took the route towards Ninety-Six, you said, Mistress Ramsay?"

"Yes, — they went straight forward upon the road. But, look you, Mr. Horse Shoe, you're not thinking of going after them?"

"Isn't there an old field, about a mile from this, on that road?" inquired the sergeant, still intent upon his own thoughts.

"There is," replied the dame; "with the old school-house upon it."

"A lop-sided, rickety log-cabin in the middle of the field. Am I right, good woman?"

"Yes."

"And nobody lives in it? It has no door to it?"

"There ha'n't been anybody in it these seven years."

"I know the place very well," said the sergeant, thoughtfully; "there is woods just on this side of it."

"That's true," replied the dame; "but what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?"

"How long before this rain began was it that they quitted this house?"

"Not above fifteen minutes."

"Mistress Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol both — and the powder-horn and bullets."

"As you say, Mr. Horse Shoe," answered the dame, as she turned round to leave the room; "but I am sure I can't suspicion what you mean to do."

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons, and gave them to the sergeant.

"Where is Andy?" asked Horse Shoe.

The hostess went to the door and called her son, and, almost immediately afterwards, a sturdy boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age entered the apartment, his clothes dripping with rain. He modestly and shyly seated himself on a chair near the door, with his soaked hat flapping down over a face full of freckles, and not less rife with the expression of an open, dauntless hardihood of character.

"How would you like a scrummage, Andy, with them Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse Shoe.

"I'm agreed," replied the boy, "if you will tell me what to do."

"You are not going to take the boy out on any of your desperate projects, Mr. Horse Shoe?" said the mother, with the tears starting instantly into her eyes. "You wouldn't take such a child as that into danger?"

"Bless your soul, Mrs. Ramsay, there ar'n't no danger about it! Don't take on so. It's a thing that is either done at a blow, or not done, — and there's an end of it. I want the lad only to bring home the prisoners for me, after I have took them."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, I have one son already in these wars — God protect him! — and you men don't know how a mother's heart yearns for her children in these times. I cannot give another," she added, as she threw her arms over the shoulders of the youth and drew him to her bosom.

"Oh! it ain't nothing," said Andrew, in a sprightly tone. "It's only snapping of a pistol, mother, — pooh! If I'm not afraid, you oughtn't to be."

"I give you my honor, Mistress Ramsay," said

"And Horse Shoe Robinson Put His Horse up to a Gallop."

Robinson, "that I will bring or send your son back safe in one hour; and that he sha'n't be put in any sort of danger whatsomedever: come, that's a good woman!"

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Robinson?" asked the matron, wiping away a tear. "You wouldn't mock the sufferings of a weak woman in such a thing as this?"

"On the honesty of a sodger, ma'am," replied Horse Shoe, "the lad shall be in no danger, as I said before — whatsomedever."

"Then I will say no more," answered the mother. "But Andy, my child, be sure to let Mr. Robinson keep before you."

Horse Shoe now loaded the firearms, and having slung the pouch across his body, he put the pistol into the hands of the boy; then shouldering his rifle, he and his young ally left the room. Even on this occasion, serious as it might be deemed, the sergeant did not depart without giving some manifestation of that light-heartedness which no difficulties ever seemed to have the power to conquer. He thrust his head back into the room, after he had crossed the threshold, and said with an encouraging laugh, "Andy and me will teach them, Mistress Ramsay, Pat's point of war — we will *surround* the ragamuffins."

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horse Shoe, after he had mounted Captain Peter, "you must get up behind me. Turn the lock of your pistol down," he continued, as the boy sprang upon the horse's rump, "and cover it with the flap of your jacket, to keep the rain off. It won't do to hang fire at such a time as this."

The lad did as he was directed, and Horse Shoe, hav-

ing secured his rifle in the same way, put his horse up to a gallop, and took the road in the direction that had been pursued by the soldiers.

As soon as our adventurers had gained a wood, at the distance of about half a mile, the sergeant relaxed his speed, and advanced at a pace a little above a walk.

"Andy," he said, "we have got rather a ticklish sort of a job before us, so I must give you your lesson, which you will understand better by knowing something of my plan. As soon as your mother told me that these thieving villains had left her house about fifteen minutes before the rain came on, and that they had gone along upon this road, I remembered the old field up here, and the little log hut in the middle of it; and it was natural to suppose that they had just got about near that hut, when this rain came up; and then, it was the most supposable case in the world, that they would naturally go into it, as the driest place they could find. So now, you see, it's my calculation that the whole batch is there at this very point of time. We will go slowly along, until we get to the other end of this wood, in sight of the old field, and then, if there is no one on the lookout, we will open our first trench; you know what that means, Andy?"

"It means, I s'pose, that we'll go right smack at them," replied Andrew.

"Pretty exactly," said the sergeant. "But listen to me. Just at the edge of the woods you will have to get down, and put yourself behind a tree. I'll ride forward, as if I had a whole troop at my heels, and if I catch them, as I expect, they will have a little fire

kindled, and, as likely as not, they'll be cooking some of your mother's fowls."

"Yes, I understand," said the boy, eagerly, —

"No, you don't," replied Horse Shoe, "but you will when you hear what I am going to say. If I get at them onawares, they'll be mighty apt to think they are surrounded, and will bellow, like fine fellows, for quarter. And, thereupon, Andy, I'll cry out 'stand fast,' as if I was speaking to my own men, and when you hear that, you must come up full tilt, because it will be a signal to you that the enemy has surrendered. Then it will be your business to run into the house and bring out the muskets, as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen: and when you have done that, why, all's done. But if you should hear any popping of firearms — that is, more than one shot, which I may chance to let off — do you take that for a bad sign, and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend."

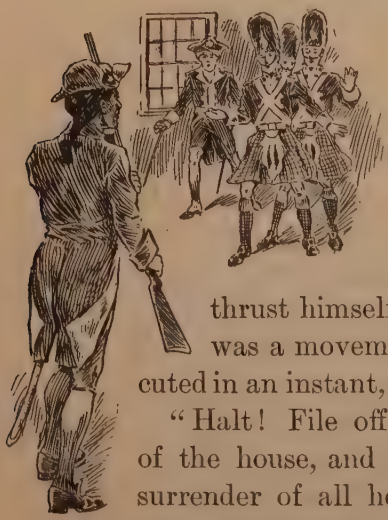
"Oh! yes," replied the lad, "and I'll do what you want, and more too, maybe, Mr. Robinson."

"*Captain* Robinson, — remember, Andy, you must call me captain, in the hearing of these Scotchmen."

"I'll not forget that neither," answered Andrew.

By the time that these instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, our adventurous forlorn hope, as it may fitly be called, had arrived at the place which Horse Shoe Robinson had designated for the commencement of active operations. They had a clear view of the old field, and it afforded them a strong assurance that the enemy was exactly where they wished him to be, when they discovered smoke arising from the chimney of the hovel. Andrew was soon

posted behind a tree, and Robinson only tarried a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed on, in order to ascertain that he had them correctly in his memory. Being satisfied from this experiment that the intelligence of his young companion might be depended upon, he galloped across the intervening space, and, in a few seconds, abruptly reined up his steed, in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the further end, and, in the corner near the door, were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle and thrust himself one pace inside of the door, was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, shouting at the same time, —



"Halt! File off right and left to both sides of the house, and wait orders. I demand the surrender of all here," he said, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. "I will shoot down the first man who budges a foot."

"Leap to your arms," cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside of the house. "Why do you stand?"

"I don't want to do you or your men any harm, young man," said Robinson, as he brought his rifle to a level, "but, by my father's son, I will not leave one of you to be put upon a muster-roll if you raise a hand at this moment."

Both parties now stood, for a brief space, eying each

other in a fearful suspense, during which there was an expression of doubt and irresolution visible on the countenances of the soldiers, as they surveyed the broad proportions, and met the stern glance of the sergeant, whilst the delay, also, began to raise an apprehension in the mind of Robinson that his stratagem would be discovered.

"Shall I let loose upon them, captain?" said Andrew Ramsay, now appearing, most unexpectedly to Robinson, at the door of the hut. "Come on, boys!" he shouted, as he turned his face towards the field.

"Keep them outside of the door — stand fast," cried the doughty sergeant, with admirable promptitude, in the new and sudden posture of his affairs caused by this opportune appearance of the boy. "Sir, you see that it's not worth while fighting five to one; and I should be sorry to be the death of any of your brave fellows; so take my advice, and surrender to the Continental Congress and this scrap of its army which I command."

During this appeal the sergeant was ably seconded by the lad outside, who was calling out first on one name, and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The device succeeded, and the officer within, believing the forbearance of Robinson to be real, at length said, —

"Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise, and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage, and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little foraging party under my command."

"I'll make the terms agreeable," replied the sergeant.

"Never doubt me, sir. Right hand file, advance, and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

"I'm here, captain," said Andrew, in a conceited tone as if it were a near occasion of merriment; and the lad quickly entered the house and secured the weapons, retreating with them some paces from the door.

"Now sir," said Horse Shoe to the ensign, "your sword, and whatever else you mought have about you of the ammunitions of war!"

The officer delivered up his sword and a pair of pocket pistols.

As Horse Shoe received these tokens of victory, he asked, with a lambent smile, and what he intended to be an elegant and condescending composure, "Your name, sir, if I mought take the freedom?"

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of his Majesty's seventy-first regiment of light infantry."

"Ensign, your servant," added Horse Shoe, still preserving this unusual exhibition of politeness. "You have defended your post like an old sodger, although you ha'n't much beard on your chin; but, seeing you have given up, you shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. You will walk out now, and form yourself in line at the door. I'll engage my men shall do you no harm; they are of a marciful breed."

When the little squad of prisoners submitted to this command, and came to the door, they were stricken with equal astonishment and mortification to find, in place of the detachment of cavalry which they expected to see, nothing but a man, a boy, and a horse. Their first emotions were expressed in curses, which were even

succeeded by laughter from one or two of the number. There seemed to be a disposition on the part of some to resist the authority that now controlled them; and sundry glances were exchanged, which indicated a purpose to turn upon their captors. The sergeant no sooner perceived this, than he halted, raised his rifle to his breast, and, at the same instant, gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces, and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips.

"By my hand," he said, "if I find any trouble in taking you all five safe away from this here house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn to it."

"You have my word, sir," said the ensign. "Lead on."

"By your leave, my pretty gentleman, you will lead, and I'll follow!" replied Horse Shoe. "It may be a new piece of drill to you; but the custom is to give the prisoners the post of honor."

"As you please, sir," answered the ensign. "Where do you take us to?"

"You will march back by the road you came," said the sergeant.

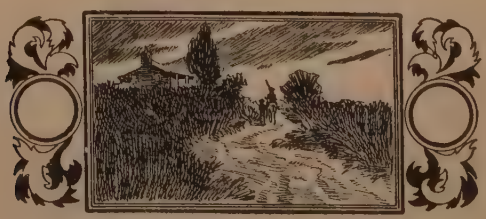
Finding the conqueror determined to execute summary martial law upon the first who should mutiny, the prisoners submitted, and marched in double file from the hut back towards Ramsay's — Horse Shoe, with Captain Peter's bridle dangling over his arm, and his gallant young auxiliary Andrew, laden with double the burden of Robinson Crusoe (having all the firearms packed upon his shoulders), bringing up the rear. In

this order victors and vanquished returned to David Ramsay's.

"Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, mistress," said the sergeant, as he halted the prisoners at the door; "and what's more, I have brought home a young sodger that's worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child! my brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing the lad in her arms, unheeding anything else in the present perturbation of her feelings. "I feared ill would come of it; but Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave handsomely Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did."

"A little more venturesome, ma'am, than I wanted him to be," replied Horse Shoe; "but he did excellent service. These are his prisoners, Mistress Ramsay; I should never have got them if it hadn't been for Andy. In these drumming and fifing times the babies suck in quarrel with their mother's milk. Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there was men to fight them with, that's all?"



WESTWARD HO!

WESTWARD HO!

In Kingsley's vigorous story Amyas Leigh was a brave young Devonshire giant who had many exciting adventures as a gallant sea rover in the days of good Queen Bess. His most famous voyage was that in which he undertook to explore the unknown regions of the New World, hoping to find the mysterious city of Manoa with its fabulous treasures of gold and gems. He sailed from Devon with a crew of a hundred trusty fellows. Will Cary was his lieutenant, and Sir John Brimblecomb the chaplain, while Salvation Yeo, a white-haired sailor who had spent his youth in mad adventures on the Spanish main, was the leader of the crew. The expedition encountered many perils on the Orinoco and the Amazon, in Peru and Venezuela. They had lost more than half their men in battles with the Spaniards, or by accident and disease.

"Fever, snakes, jaguars, alligators, cannibal-fish, electric eels, have thinned their ranks month by month, and of their march through the primeval wilderness no track remains, except these lonely graves." Yet their spirits were undaunted. An Indian lad, whom they had rescued from his Spanish masters, was their companion and interpreter. He had made them friends with Ayacanora, a beautiful Indian princess, in whose hospitable village they had tarried some days. But the restless rovers were soon away again to seek the Golden City, leaving Ayacanora to mourn. Their next adventure was an encounter with a Spanish gold-train, the story of which now follows.

HOW THEY TOOK THE GOLD-TRAIN

(From Westward Ho!)

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"God will relent, and quit thee all thy debt,
Who ever more approves, and more accepts
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due,
Which argues over-just, and self-displeased
For self-offence, more than for God offended."

Samson Agonistes.

A FORTNIGHT or more has passed in severe toil, but not more severe than they have endured many a time before. Bidding farewell once and forever to the green ocean of the eastern plains, they have crossed the Cordillera; they have taken a longing glance at the city of Santa Fé, lying in the midst of rich gardens on its lofty mountain plateau, and have seen, as was to be expected, that it was far too large a place for any attempt of theirs. But they have not altogether thrown away their time. Their Indian lad has discovered that a gold-train is going down from Santa Fé toward the Magdalena; and they are waiting for it

beside the miserable rut which serves for a road, encamped in a forest of oaks which would make them almost fancy themselves back again in Europe, were it not for the tree-ferns which form the under-growth; and were it not, too, for the deep gorges opening at their very feet; in which, while their brows are swept by the cool breezes of a temperate zone, they can see far below, dim through their everlasting vapor-bath of rank hot steam, the mighty forms and gorgeous colors of the tropic forest.

They have pitched their camp among the tree-ferns, above a spot where the path winds along a steep hillside, with a sheer cliff below of many a hundred feet. There was a road there once, perhaps, when Cundinamarca was a civilized and cultivated kingdom; but all which Spanish misrule has left of it are a few steps slipping from their places at the bottom of a narrow ditch of mud. It has gone the way of the aqueducts, and bridges, and post-houses, the gardens and the llama-flocks of that strange empire. In the mad search for gold, every art of civilization has fallen to decay, save architecture alone; and that survives only in the splendid cathedrals which have risen upon the ruins of the temples of the Sun, in honor of a milder Pantheon; if, indeed, that can be called a milder one which demands (as we have seen already) human sacrifices, unknown to the gentle nature-worship of the Incas.

And now, the rapid tropic vegetation has reclaimed its old domains, and Amyas and his crew are as utterly alone, within a few miles of an important Spanish settlement, as they would be in the solitudes of the Orinoco or the Amazon.

In the meanwhile, all their attempts to find sulphur and nitre have been unavailing; and they have been forced to depend after all (much to Yeo's disgust) upon their swords and arrows. Be it so: Drake took Nombre de Dios and the gold-train there with no better weapons; and they may do as much.

So, having blocked up the road above by felling a large tree across it, they sit there among the flowers chewing coca, in default of food and drink, and meditating among themselves the cause of a mysterious roar, which has been heard nightly in their wake ever since they left the banks of the Meta. Jaguar it is not, nor monkey: it is unlike any sound they know; and why should it follow them? However, they are in the land of wonders; and, moreover, the gold-train is far more important than any noise.

At last, up from beneath there was a sharp crack and a loud cry. The crack was neither the snapping of a branch, nor the tapping of a woodpecker; the cry was neither the scream of the parrot, nor the howl of the monkey, —

"That was a whip's crack," said Yeo, "and a woman's wail. They are close here, lads!"

"A woman's? Do they drive women in their gangs?" asked Amyas.

"Why not, the brutes? There they are, sir. Did you see their basnets glitter?"

"Men!" said Amyas in a low voice, "I trust you all not to shoot till I do. Then give them one arrow, out swords, and at them! Pass the word along."

Up they came, slowly, and all hearts beat loud at their coming.

First, about twenty soldiers, only one-half of whom were on foot; the other half being borne, incredible as it may seem, each in a chair on the back of a single Indian, while those who marched had consigned their heaviest armor and their arquebuses into the hands of attendant slaves, who were each pricked on at will by the pike of the soldier behind them.

"The men are mad to let their ordnance out of their hands."

"Oh, sir, an Indian will pray to an arquebus not to shoot him; be sure their artillery is safe enough," said Yeo.

"Look at the proud villains," whispered another, "to make dumb beasts of human creatures like that!"

. . . . . .

A line of Indians, Negroes, and Zambos, naked, emaciated, scarred with whips and fetters, and chained together by their left wrists, toiled upwards, panting and perspiring under the burden of a basket held up by a strap which passed across their foreheads. Yeo's sneer was but too just; there were not only old men and youths among them, but women; slender young girls, mothers with children running at their knee; and, at the sight, a low murmur of indignation rose from the ambushed Englishmen, worthy of the free and righteous hearts of those days, when Raleigh could appeal to man and God, on the ground of a common humanity, in behalf of the outraged heathens of the New World; when Englishmen still knew that man was man, and that the instinct of freedom was the righteous voice of God; ere the hapless seventeenth century had brutalized them also, by bestowing on

them, amid a hundred other bad legacies, the fatal gift of negro-slaves.

But the first forty, so Amyas counted, bore on their backs a burden which made all, perhaps, but him and Yeo, forget even the wretches who bore it. Each basket contained a square package of carefully corded hide; the look whereof friend Amyas knew full well.

"What's in they, captain?"

"Gold!" And at that magic word all eyes were strained greedily forward, and such a rustle followed, that Amyas, in the very face of detection, had to whisper —

"Be men, be men, or you will spoil all yet!"

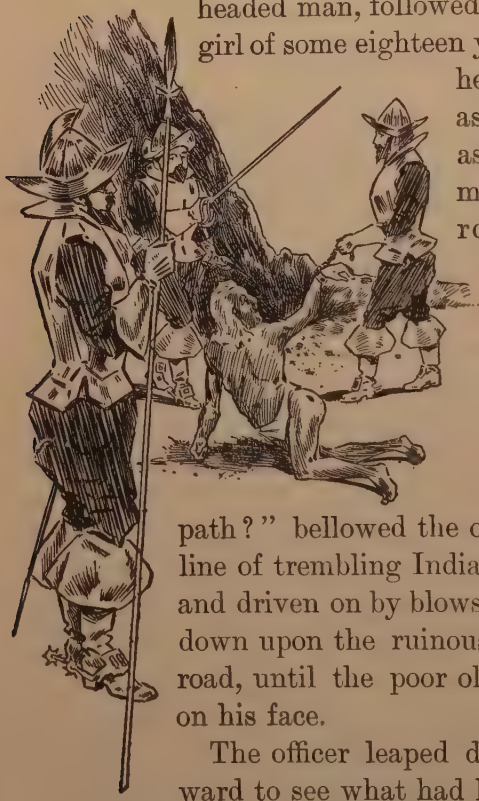
The last twenty, or so, of the Indians bore larger baskets, but more lightly freighted, seemingly with manioc, and maize-bread, and other food for the party; and after them came, with their bearers and attendants, just twenty soldiers more, followed by the officer in charge, who smiled away in his chair, and twirled two huge mustachios, thinking of nothing less than of the English arrows which were itching to be away and through his ribs. The ambush was complete; the only question how and when to begin?

Amyas had a shrinking, which all will understand, from drawing bow in cool blood on men so utterly unsuspicious and defenceless, even though in the very act of devilish cruelty — for devilish cruelty it was, as three or four drivers armed with whips, lingered up and down the slowly-staggering file of Indians, and avenged every moment's lagging, even every stumble, by a blow of the cruel manati-hide, which cracked like

a pistol-shot against the naked limbs of the silent and uncomplaining victim.

Suddenly the casus belli, as usually happens, arose of its own accord.

The last but one of the chained line was an old gray-headed man, followed by a slender graceful girl of some eighteen years old, and Amyas's heart yearned over them as they came up. Just as they passed, the foremost of the file had rounded the corner above; there was a bustle, and a voice shouted, "Halt, Señors! there is a tree across the path!"



"A tree across the path?" bellowed the officer, . . . while the line of trembling Indians, told to halt above, and driven on by blows below, surged up and down upon the ruinous steps of the Indian road, until the poor old man fell grovelling on his face.

The officer leaped down, and hurried upward to see what had happened. Of course, he came across the old man.

"Sin pecado concebida! Grandfather of Beelzebub, is this a place to lie worshipping your fiends?" and he pricked the prostrate wretch with the point of his sword.

The old man tried to rise: but the weight on his

head was too much for him; he fell again, and lay motionless.

The driver applied the manati-hide across his loins, once, twice, with fearful force; but even that specific was useless.

"Gastado, Señor Capitan," said he with a shrug. "Used up. He has been failing these three months!"

"What does the intendant mean by sending me out with worn-out cattle like these? Forward there!" shouted he, "Clear away the tree, Señors, and I'll soon clear the chain. Hold it up, Pedrillo!"

The driver held up the chain, which was fastened to the old man's wrist. The officer stepped back, and flourished round his head a Toledo blade, whose beauty made Amyas break the Tenth Commandment on the spot.

The man was a tall, handsome, broad-shouldered, high-bred man; and Amyas thought that he was going to display the strength of his arm, and the temper of his blade, in severing the chain at one stroke.

Even he was not prepared for the recondite fancies of a Spanish adventurer, worthy son or nephew of those first conquerors, who used to try the keenness of their swords upon the living bodies of Indians, and regale themselves at meals with the odor of roasting caciques.

The blade gleamed in the air, once, twice, and fell: not on the chain, but on the wrist which it fettered.

There was a shriek — a crimson flash — and the chain and its prisoner were parted indeed.

One moment more, and Amyas's arrow would have been through the throat of the murderer, who paused,

regarding his workmanship with a satisfied smile; but vengeance was not to come from him.

Quick and fierce as a tiger-cat, the girl sprang on the ruffian, and with the intense strength of passion, clasped him in her arms, and leaped with him from the narrow ledge into the abyss below.

There was a rush, a shout; all faces were bent over the precipice. The girl hung by her chained wrist: the officer was gone. There was a moment's awful silence; and then Amyas heard his body crashing through the tree-tops far below.

"Haul her up! Hew her in pieces! Burn the witch!" and the driver, seizing the chain, pulled at it with all his might, while all springing from their chairs, stooped over the brink.

Now was the time for Amyas! Heaven had delivered them into his hands. Swift and sure, at ten yards off, his arrow rushed through the body of the driver, and then, with a roar as of the leaping lion, he sprang like an avenging angel into the midst of the astonished ruffians.

His first thought was for the girl. In a moment, by sheer strength, he had jerked her safely up into the road; while the Spaniards recoiled right and left, fancying him for the moment some mountain giant or supernatural foe. His hurrah undeceived them in an instant, and a cry of "English! Lutheran dogs!" arose, but arose too late. The men of Devon had followed their captain's lead: a storm of arrows left five Spaniards dead, and a dozen more wounded, and down leapt Salvation Yeo, his white hair streaming behind him, with twenty good swords more, and the work of death began.

The Spaniards fought like lions; but they had no time to fix their arquebuses on the crutches; no room, in that narrow path, to use their pikes. The English had the wall of them; and to have the wall there, was to have the foe's life at their mercy. Five desperate minutes, and not a living Spaniard stood upon those steps; and certainly no living one lay in the green abyss below. Two only, who were behind the rest, happening to be in full armor, escaped without mortal wound, and fled down the hill again.

"After them! Michael Evans and Simon Heard; and catch them if they run a league."

The two long and lean Clovelly men, active as deer from forest training, ran two feet for the Spaniards' one; and in ten minutes returned, having done their work; while Amyas and his men hurried past the Indians, to help Cary and the party forward, where shouts and musket shots announced a sharp affray.

Their arrival settled the matter. All the Spaniards fell but three or four, who scrambled down the crannies of the cliff.

"Let not one of them escape! Slay them as Israel slew Amalek!" cried Yeo, as he bent over; and ere the wretches could reach a place of shelter, an arrow was quivering in each body, as it rolled lifeless down the rocks.

"Now then! Loose the Indians!"

They found armorer's tools on one of the dead bodies, and it was done.

"We are your friends," said Amyas. "All we ask is, that you shall help us to carry this gold down to the Magdalena, and then you are free."

Some few of the younger grovelled at his knees, and kissed his feet, hailing him as the child of the Sun: but the most part kept a stolid indifference, and when freed from their fetters, sat quietly down where they stood, staring into vacancy. The iron had entered too deeply into their souls. They seemed past hope, enjoyment, even understanding.

But the young girl, who was last of all in the line, as soon as she was loosed, sprang to her father's body, speaking no word, lifted it in her thin arms, laid it across her knees, kissed the fallen lips, stroked the furrowed cheeks, murmured inarticulate sounds like the cooing of a woodland dove, of which none knew the meaning but she, and he who heard not, for his soul had long since fled. Suddenly the truth flashed on her; silent as ever, she drew one long heaving breath, and rose erect, the body in her arms.

Another moment, and she had leaped into the abyss.

They watched her dark and slender limbs, twined closely round the old man's corpse, turn over, and over, and over, till a crash among the leaves, and a scream among the birds, told that she had reached the trees, and the green roof hid her from their view.

"Brave lass!" shouted a sailor.

"The Lord forgive her!" said Yeo. "But, your worship, we must have these rascals' ordnance."

"And their clothes too, Yeo, if we wish to get down to the Magdalena unchallenged. Now listen, my masters all! We have won, by God's good grace, gold enough to serve us the rest of our lives, and that without losing a single man; and may yet win more, if we be wise, and He thinks good. But oh, my friends, remember

Mr. Oxenham and his crew; and do not make God's gift our ruin, by faithlessness, or greediness, or any mutinous haste."

"You shall find none in us!" cried several men. "We know your worship. We can trust our general."

"Thank God!" said Amyas. "Now then, it will be no shame or sin to make the Indians carry it, saving the women, whom God forbid we should burden. But we must pass through the very heart of the Spanish settlements, and by the town of Saint Martha itself. So the clothes and weapons of these Spaniards we must have, let it cost us what labor it may. How many lie in the road?"

"Thirteen here, and about ten up above," said Cary.

"Then there are near twenty missing. Who will volunteer to go down over cliff, and bring up the spoil of them?"

"I, and I, and I;" and a dozen stepped out, as they did always when Amyas wanted anything done; for the simple reason, that they knew that he meant to help at the doing of it himself.

"Very well, then, follow me. Sir John, take the Indian lad for your interpreter, and try and comfort the souls of these poor heathens. Tell them that they shall all be free."

"Why, who is that comes up the road?"

All eyes were turned in the direction of which he spoke. And, wonder of wonders! up came none other than Ayacanora herself, blow-gun in hand, bow on back, and bedecked in all her feather garments, which last were rather the worse for a fortnight's woodland travel.

All stood mute with astonishment, as, seeing Amyas, she uttered a cry of joy, quickened her pace into a run, and at last fell panting and exhausted at his feet.

"I have found you!" she said; "you ran away from me, but you could not escape me!" And she fawned round Amyas, like a dog who has found his master, and then sat down on the bank, and burst into wild sobs.

"God help us!" said Amyas, clutching his hair, as he looked down upon the beautiful weeper. "What am I to do with her, over and above all these poor heathens?"

But there was no time to be lost, and over the cliff he scrambled; while the girl, seeing that the main body of the English remained, sat down on a point of rock to watch him.

After half-an-hour's hard work, the weapons, clothes, and armor of the fallen Spaniards were hauled up the cliff, and distributed in bundles among the men; the rest of the corpses were thrown over the precipice, and they started again upon their road toward the Magdalena, while Yeo snorted like a war-horse who smells the battle, at the delight of once more handling powder and ball.

"We can face the world now, sir! Why not go back and try Santa Fé, after all?"

But Amyas thought that enough was as good as a feast, and they held on downwards, while the slaves followed, without a sign of gratitude, but meekly obedient to their new masters, and testifying now and then by a sign or a grunt, their surprise at not being beaten, or made to carry their captors. Some, however, caught

sight of the little calabashes of coca which the English carried. That woke them from their torpor, and they began coaxing abjectly (and not in vain) for a taste of that miraculous herb, which would not only make food unnecessary, and enable their panting lungs to endure that keen mountain air; but would rid them, for awhile at least, of the fallen Indian's most unpitying foe, the malady of thought.

As the cavalcade turned the corner of the mountain, they paused for one last look at the scene of that fearful triumph. Lines of vultures were already streaming out of infinite space, as if created suddenly for the occasion. A few hours and there would be no trace of that fierce fray, but a few white bones amid untrodden beds of flowers.

And now Amyas had time to ask Ayacanora the meaning of this her strange appearance. He wished her anywhere but where she was: but now that she was here, what heart could be so hard as not to take pity on the poor wild thing? And Amyas as he spoke to her had, perhaps, a tenderness in his tone, from very fear of hurting her, which he had never used before. Passionately she told him how she had followed on their track day and night, and had every evening made sounds, as loud as she dared, in hopes of their hearing her, and either waiting for her, or coming back to see what caused the noise.

Amyas now recollected the strange roaring which had followed them.

"Noises? What did you make them with?"

Ayacanora lifted her finger with an air of most self-satisfied mystery; and then drew cautiously from

under her feather cloak an object at which Amyas had hard work to keep his countenance.

"Look!" whispered she, as if half afraid that the thing itself should hear her. "I have it — the holy trumpet!"

There it was verily, that mysterious bone of contention; a handsome earthen tube some two feet long, neatly glazed, and painted with quaint grecques and figures of animals; a relic evidently of some civilization now extinct.

Brimblecombe rubbed his little fat hands. "Brave maid! you have cheated Satan this time," quoth he; while Yeo advised that the "idolatrous relic" should be forthwith "hove over cliff."

"Let be," said Amyas. "What is the meaning of this, Ayacanora? And why have you followed us?"

She told a long story, from which Amyas picked up, as far as he could understand her, that that trumpet had been for years the torment of her life; the one thing in the tribe superior to her; the one thing which she was not allowed to see, because, forsooth, she was a woman. So she determined to show them that a woman was as good as a man; and hence her hatred of marriage, and her Amazonian exploits. But still the Piache would not show her that trumpet, or tell her where it was: and as for going to seek it, even she feared the superstitious wrath of the tribe at such a profanation. But the day after the English went, the Piache chose to express his joy at their departure; whereon, as was to be expected, a fresh explosion between master and pupil, which ended, she confessed, in her burning the old rogue's hut over his head, from

which he escaped with loss of all his conjuring-tackle, and fled raging into the woods, vowing that he would carry off the trumpet to the neighboring tribe. Whereon, by a sudden impulse, the young lady took plenty of coca, her weapons, and her feathers, started on his trail, and ran him to earth just as he was unveiling the precious mystery. At which sight (she confessed) she was horribly afraid, and half inclined to run: but, gathering courage from the thought that the white men used to laugh at the whole matter, she rushed upon the hapless conjurer, and bore off her prize in triumph; and there it was!

"I hope you have not killed him?" said Amyas.

"I did beat him a little; but I thought you would not let me kill him."

Amyas was half amused with her confession of his authority over her: but she went on, —

"And then I dare not go back to the Indians; so I was forced to come after you."

"And is that, then, your only reason for coming after us?" asked stupid Amyas.

He had touched some secret chord — though what it was he was too busy to inquire. The girl drew herself up proudly, blushing scarlet, and said —

"You never tell lies. Do you think that I would tell lies?"

On which she fell to the rear, and followed them steadfastly, speaking to no one, but evidently determined to follow them to the world's end.

They soon left the high road; and for several days held on downwards, hewing their path slowly and painfully through the thick underwood. On the even-

ing of the fourth day, they had reached the margin of a river, at a point where it seemed broad and still enough for navigation. For those three days they had not seen a trace of human beings, and the spot seemed lonely enough for them to encamp without fear of discovery, and begin the making of their canoes. They began to spread themselves along the stream, in search of the soft-wooded trees proper for their purpose; but hardly had their search begun, when, in the midst of a dense thicket, they came upon a sight which filled them with astonishment. Beneath a honeycombed cliff, which supported one enormous cotton-tree, was a spot of some thirty yards square sloping down to the stream, planted in rows with magnificent banana-plants, full twelve feet high, and bearing among their huge waxy leaves clusters of ripening fruit; while, under their mellow shade, yams and cassava plants were flourishing luxuriantly, the whole being surrounded by a hedge of orange and scarlet flowers. There it lay streaked with long shadows from the setting sun, while a cool southern air rustled in the cotton-tree, and flapped to and fro the great banana-leaves; a tiny paradise of art and care. But where was its inhabitant?

Aroused by the noise of their approach, a figure issued from a cave in the rocks, and, after gazing at them for a moment, came down the garden towards them. He was a tall and stately old man, whose snow-white beard and hair covered his chest and shoulders, while his lower limbs were wrapt in Indian-web. Slowly and solemnly he approached, a staff in one hand, a string of beads in the other, the living likeness of some old Hebrew prophet, or anchorite of ancient

legend. He bowed courteously to Amyas (who of course returned his salute), and was in act to speak, when his eye fell upon the Indians, who were laying down their burdens in a heap under the trees. His mild countenance assumed instantly an expression of the acutest sorrow and displeasure; and, striking his hands together, he spoke in Spanish —

"Alas! miserable me! Alas! unhappy Señors! Do my old eyes deceive me, and is it one of those evil visions of the past which haunt my dreams by night: or has the accursed thirst of gold, the ruin of my race, penetrated even into this my solitude? Oh, Señors, Señors, know you not that you bear with you your own poison, your own familiar fiend, the root of every evil? And is it not enough for you, Señors, to load yourselves with the wedge of Achan, and partake his doom, but you must make these hapless heathens the victims of your greed and cruelty, and forestall for them on earth those torments which may await their unbaptized souls hereafter?"

"We have preserved, and not enslaved these Indians, ancient Señor," said Amyas proudly; "and to-morrow will see them as free as the birds over our heads."

"Free? Then you cannot be countrymen of mine! But pardon an old man, my son, if he has spoken too hastily in the bitterness of his own experience. But who and whence are you? And why are you bringing into this lonely wilderness that gold — for I know too well the shape of those accursed packets, which would God that I had never seen!"

"What we are, reverend sir, matters little, as long as we behave to you as the young should to the old.

As for our gold, it will be a curse or a blessing to us, I conceive, just as we use it well or ill; and so is a man's head, or his hand, or any other thing; but that is no reason for cutting off his limbs for fear of doing harm with them; neither is it for throwing away those packages, which, by your leave, we shall deposit in one of these caves. We must be your neighbors, I fear, for a day or two; but I can promise you, that your garden shall be respected on condition that you do not inform any human soul of our being here."

"God forbid, Señor, that I should try to increase the number of my visitors, much less to bring hither strife and blood, of which I have seen too much already. As you have come in peace, in peace depart. Leave me alone with God and my penitence, and may the Lord have mercy on you!"

And he was about to withdraw, when, recollecting himself, he turned suddenly to Amyas again —

"Pardon me, Señor, if, after forty years of utter solitude, I shrink at first from the conversation of human beings, and forget, in the habitual shyness of a recluse, the duties of a hospitable gentleman of Spain. My garden, and all which it produces, is at your service. Only let me entreat that these poor Indians shall have their share; for heathens though they be, Christ died for them; and I cannot but cherish in my soul some secret hope that He did not die in vain."

"God forbid!" said Brimblecombe. "They are no worse than we, for aught I see, whatsoever their fathers may have been; and they have fared no worse than we since they have been with us, nor will, I promise you."

The good fellow did not tell that he had been starving himself for the last three days to cram the children with his own rations; and that the sailors, and even Amyas, had been going out of their way every five minutes, to get fruit for their new pets.

A camp was soon formed; and that evening the old hermit asked Amyas, Cary, and Brimblecombe to come up into his cavern.

They went; and after the accustomed compliments had passed, sat down on mats upon the ground, while the old man stood, leaning against a slab of stone surmounted by a rude wooden cross, which evidently served him as a place of prayer. He seemed restless and anxious, as if he waited for them to begin the conversation; while they, in their turn, waited for him. At last, when courtesy would not allow him to be silent any longer, he began with a faltering voice, —

"You may be equally surprised, Señors, at my presence in such a spot, and at my asking you to become my guests even for one evening, while I have no better hospitality to offer you."

"It is superfluous, Señor, to offer us food in your own habitation when you have already put all that you possess at our command."

"True, Señors; and my motive for inviting you was, perhaps, somewhat of a selfish one. I am possessed by a longing to unburthen my heart of a tale which I never yet told man, and which I fear can give you nothing but pain; and yet I will entreat you, of your courtesy, to hear of that which you cannot amend, simply in mercy to a man who feels that he must confess to some one, or die as miserable as he has lived. And I believe

my confidence will not be misplaced, when it is bestowed upon you. . . . You, cavaliers, I perceive to be noble, from your very looks; to be valiant, by your mere presence in this hostile land; and to be gentle, courteous, and prudent, by your conduct this day to me and to your captives. Will you, then, hear an old man's tale? I am, as you see, full of words; for speech, from long disuse, is difficult to me, and I fear at every sentence lest my stiffened tongue should play the traitor to my worn-out brain: but if my request seems impertinent, you have only to bid me talk as a host should, of matters which concern his guests, and not himself."

The three young men, equally surprised and interested by this exordium, could only entreat their host to "use their ears as those of his slaves," on which, after fresh apologies, he began —

"Know, then, victorious cavaliers, that I, whom you now see here as a poor hermit, was formerly one of the foremost of that terrible band who went with Pizarro to the conquest of Peru. Eighty years old am I this day, unless the calendar which I have carved upon yonder tree deceives me; and twenty years old was I when I sailed with that fierce man from Panama, to do that deed with which all earth, and heaven, and hell itself, I fear, has rung. How we endured, suffered, and triumphed; how, mad with success, and glutted with blood, we turned our swords against each other, I need not tell to you. For what gentleman of Europe knows not our glory and our shame?"

His hearers bowed assent.

"Yes; you have heard of our prowess: for glorious we were awhile, in the sight of God and man. But I

will not speak of our glory, for it is tarnished; nor of our wealth, for it was our poison; nor of the sins of my comrades, for they have expiated them; but of my own sins, Señors, which are more in number than the hairs of my head, and a burden too great to bear. Miserere Domine!"

And smiting on his breast, the old warrior went on —

"As I said, we were mad with blood; and none more mad than I. Surely it is no fable that men are possessed, even in this latter age, by devils. Why else did I rejoice in slaying? Why else was I, the son of a noble and truthful cavalier of Castile, amongst the foremost to urge upon my general the murder of the Inca? Why did I rejoice over his dying agonies? Why, when Don Ferdinando de Soto returned, and upbraided us with our villany, did I, instead of confessing the sin which that noble cavalier set before us, withstand him to his face, ay, and would have drawn the sword on him, but that he refused to fight a liar, as he said that I was?"

"Then Don de Soto was against the murder? So his own grandson told me. But I had heard of him only as a tyrant and a butcher."

"Señor, he was compact of good and evil, as are other men: he has paid dearly for his sin; let us hope that he has been paid in turn for his righteousness."

John Brimblecombe shook his head at this doctrine, but did not speak.

"So you know his grandson? I trust he is a noble cavalier?"

Amyas was silent; the old gentleman saw that he had touched some sore point, and continued —

"And why, again, Señors, did I after that day give myself up to cruelty as to a sport; yea, thought that I did God service by destroying the creatures whom He had made; I who now dare not destroy a gnat, lest I harm a being more righteous than myself? Was I mad? If I was, how then was I all that while as prudent as I am this day? But I am not here to argue, Señors, but to confess. In a word, there was no deed of blood done for the next few years in which I had not my share, if it were but within my reach. When Challcuchima was burned, I was consenting; when that fair girl, the wife of Inca Manco, was tortured to death, I smiled at the agonies at which she too smiled, and taunted on the soldiers, to try if I could wring one groan from her before she died. You know what followed, the pillage, the violence, the indignities offered to the virgins of the Sun. Señors, I will not pollute your chaste ears with what was done. But, Señors, I had a brother."

And the old man paused awhile.

"A brother — whether better or worse than me, God knows, before whom he has appeared ere now. At least he did not, as I did, end as a rebel to his king! There was a maiden in one of those convents, Señors, more beautiful than day: and (I blush to tell it) the two brothers of whom I spoke quarrelled for the possession of her. They struck each other, Señors! Who struck first I know not; but swords were drawn, and —. The cavaliers round parted them, crying shame. And one of those two brothers — the one who speaks to you now — crying, 'If I cannot have her, no man shall!' turned the sword which was aimed at his brother, against that hapless maiden — and —

hear me out, Señors, before you flee from my presence as from that of a monster! — stabbed her to the heart. And as she died — one moment more, Señors, that I may confess all! — she looked up in my face with a smile as of heaven, and thanked me for having rid her once and for all from Christians and their villany."

The old man paused.

"God forgive you, Señor!" said Jack Brimblecombe softly.

"You do not, then, turn from me? Do not curse me? Then I will try you farther still, Señors. I will know from human lips, whether man can do such deeds as I have done, and yet be pitied by his kind; that so I may have some hope, that where man has mercy, God may have mercy also. Do you think that I repented at those awful words? Nothing less, Señors all. No more than I did when De Soto (on whose soul God have mercy) called me — me, a liar! I knew myself a sinner; and for that very reason I was determined to sin. I would go on, that I might prove myself right to myself, by showing that I could go on, and not be struck dead from heaven. Out of mere pride, Señors, and self-will, I would fill up the cup of my iniquity; and I filled it.

"You know, doubtless, Señors, how, after the death of old Almagro, his son's party conspired against Pizarro. Now my brother remained faithful to his old commander; and for that very reason, if you will believe it, did I join the opposite party, and gave myself up, body and soul, to do Almagro's work. It was enough for me, that the brother who had struck me thought a man right, for me to think that man

a devil. What Almagro's work was, you know. He slew Pizarro. Murdered him, Señors, like a dog, or rather, like an old lion."

"He deserved his doom," said Amyas.

"Let God judge him, Señor, not we; and least of all of us I, who drew the first blood, and perhaps the last, that day. I, Señors, it was who treacherously stabbed Francisco de Chanes on the staircase, and so opened the door which else had foiled us all; and I — but I am speaking to men of honor, not to butchers. Suffice it that the old man died like a lion, and that we pulled him down, young as we were, like curs.

"Well, I followed Almagro's fortunes. I helped to slay Alvarado. Call that my third murder, if you will, for if he was a traitor to a traitor, I was traitor to a true man. Then to the war; you know how Vaca de Castro was sent from Spain to bring order and justice where was nought but chaos, and the dance of all devils. We met him on the hills of Chupas. Peter of Candia, the Venetian villain, pointed our guns false, and Almagro stabbed him to the heart. We charged with our lances, man against man, horse against horse. All fights I ever fought" (and the old man's eyes flashed out the ancient fire) "were child's play to that day. Our lances shivered like reeds, and we fell on with battle-axe and mace. None asked for quarter, and none gave it; friend to friend, cousin to cousin — no, nor brother, oh God! to brother. We were the better armed: but numbers were on their side. Fat Carbajal charged our cannon like an elephant, and took them; but Holguin was shot down. I was with Almagro, and we swept all before us, inch by inch, but surely, till

the night fell. Then Vaca de Castro, the licentiate, the clerk, the schoolman, the man of books, came down on us with his reserve like a whirlwind. Oh! cavaliers, did not God fight against us, when He let us, the men of iron, us, the heroes of Cuzco and Vilcaconga, be foiled by a scholar in a black gown, with a pen behind his ear? We were beaten. Some ran; some did not run, Señors; and I did not. Geronimo de Alvarado shouted to me, 'We slew Pizarro! We killed the tyrant!' and we rushed upon the conquerors' lances, to die like cavaliers. There was a gallant gentleman in front of me. His lance struck me in the crest, and bore me over my horse's croup: but mine, Señors, struck him full in the vizor. We both went to the ground together, and the battle galloped over us.

"I know not how long I lay, for I was stunned: but after a while I lifted myself. My lance was still clenched in my hand, broken, but not parted. The point of it was in my foeman's brain. I crawled to him, weary and wounded, and saw that he was a noble cavalier. He lay on his back, his arms spread wide. I knew that he was dead: but there came over me the strangest longing to see that dead man's face. Perhaps I knew him. At least I could set my foot upon it, and say, 'Vanquished as I am, there lies a foe!' I caught hold of the rivets, and tore his helmet off. The moon shone bright, Señors, as bright as she shines now — the glaring, ghastly, tell-tale moon, which shows man all the sins which he tries to hide; and by the moonlight, Señors, I beheld the dead man's face. And it was the face of my brother!

. . . . . .

"Did you ever guess, most noble cavaliers, what Cain's curse might be like? Look on me, and know!

"I tore off my armor and fled, as Cain fled— northward ever, till I should reach a land where the name of Spaniard, yea, and the name of Christian, which the Spaniard has caused to be blasphemed from east to west, should never come. I sank fainting, and waked beneath this rock, this tree, forty-four years ago, and I have never left them since, save once to obtain seeds from Indians, who knew not that I was a Spanish Conquistador. And may God have mercy on my soul!"

. . . . . .

That day Amyas assembled the Indians, and told them that they must obey the hermit as their king, and settle there as best they could: for if they broke up and wandered away, nothing was left for them but to fall one by one into the hands of the Spaniards. They heard him with their usual melancholy and stupid acquiescence, and went and came as they were bid, like animated machines; but the Negroes were of a different temper; and four or five stout fellows gave Amyas to understand that they had been warriors in their own country, and that warriors they would be still; and nothing should keep them from Spaniard-hunting. Amyas saw that the presence of these desperadoes in the new colony would both endanger the authority of the hermit, and bring the Spaniards down upon it in a few weeks; so, making a virtue of a necessity, he asked them whether they would go Spaniard-hunting with him.

This was just what the bold Coromantees wished for; they grinned and shouted their delight at serving under

so great a warrior, and then set to work most gallantly, getting through more in the day than any ten Indians, and indeed than any two Englishmen.

So went on several days, during which the trees were felled, and the process of digging them out began; while Ayacanora, silent and moody, wandered into the woods all day with her blow-gun, and brought home at evening a load of parrots, monkeys, and curassows; two or three old hands were sent out to hunt likewise; so that, what with the game and the fish of the river, which seemed inexhaustible, and the fruit of the neighboring palm-trees, there was no lack of food in the camp. But what to do with Ayacanora weighed heavily on the mind of Amyas. He opened his heart on the matter to the old hermit, and asked him whether he would take charge of her. The latter smiled, and shook his head at the notion. "If your report of her be true, I may as well take in hand to tame a jaguar."

However, he promised to try; and one evening, as they were all standing together before the mouth of the cave, Ayacanora came up smiling with the fruit of her day's sport; and Amyas, thinking this a fit opportunity, began a carefully-prepared harangue to her, which he intended to be altogether soothing, and even pathetic, — to the effect that the maiden, having no parents, was to look upon this good old man as her father; that he would instruct her in the white man's religion and teach her how to be happy and good, and so forth; and that, in fine, she was to remain there with the hermit.

She heard him quietly, her great dark eyes opening

wider and wider, her bosom swelling, her stature seeming to grow taller every moment, as she clenched her weapons firmly in both her hands. Beautiful as she always was, she had never looked so beautiful before; and as Amyas spoke of parting with her, it was like throwing away a lovely toy; but it must be done, for her sake, for his, perhaps for that of all the crew.

The last words had hardly passed his lips, when, with a shriek of mingled scorn, rage, and fear, she dashed through the astonished group.

"Stop her!" were Amyas's first words; but his next were, "Let her go!" for, springing like a deer through the little garden, and over the flower-fence she turned, menacing with her blow-gun the sailors, who had already started in her pursuit.

"Let her alone, for Heaven's sake!" shouted Amyas, who, he scarce knew why, shrank from the thought of seeing those graceful limbs struggling in the seamen's grasp.

She turned again, and in another minute her gaudy plumes had vanished among the dark forest stems, as swiftly as if she had been a passing bird.

All stood thunderstruck at this unexpected end to the conference. At last Amyas spoke —

"There's no use in standing here idle, gentlemen. Staring after her won't bring her back. After all, I'm glad she's gone."

But the tone of his voice belied his words. Now he had lost her, he wanted her back; and perhaps every one present, except he, guessed why.

But Ayacanora did not return; and ten days more

went on in continual toil at the canoes without any news of her from the hunters. Amyas, by the by, had strictly bidden these last not to follow the girl, not even to speak to her, if they came across her in their wanderings. He was shrewd enough to guess that the only way to cure her sulkiness was to outsulk her; but there was no sign of her presence in any direction; and the canoes being finished at last, the gold and such provisions as they could collect were placed on board, and one evening the party prepared for their fresh voyage. They determined to travel as much as possible by night, for fear of discovery, especially in the neighborhood of the few Spanish settlements which were then scattered along the banks of the main stream. These, however, the negroes knew, so that there was no fear of coming on them unawares; and as for falling asleep in their night journeys, "Nobody," the negroes said, "ever slept on the Magdalena; the mosquitoes took too good care of that." Which fact Amyas and his crew verified afterwards as thoroughly as wretched men could do.

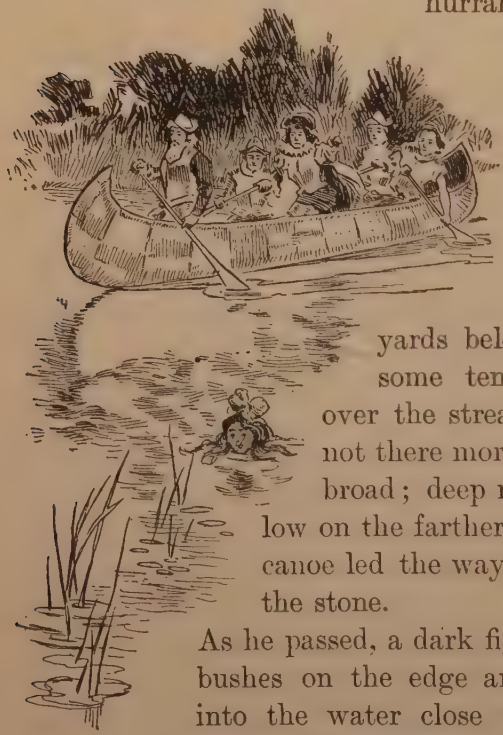
The sun had sunk; the night had all but fallen; the men were all on board; Amyas in command of one canoe, Cary of the other. The Indians were grouped on the bank, watching the party with their listless stare, and with them the young guide, who preferred remaining among the Indians, and was made supremely happy by the present of a Spanish sword and an English axe; while, in the midst, the old hermit, with tears in his eyes, prayed God's blessing on them.

"I owe to you, noble cavaliers, new peace, new labor, I may say, new life. May God be with you, and teach

you to use your gold and your swords better than I used mine."

The adventurers waved their hands to him.

"Give way, men," cried Amyas; and as he spoke the paddles dashed into the water, to a right English hurrah! which sent the birds fluttering from their roosts, and was answered by the yell of a hundred monkeys, and the distant roar of the jaguar.



About twenty yards below, a wooded rock, some ten feet high, hung over the stream. The river was not there more than fifteen yards broad; deep near the rock, shallow on the farther side; and Amyas's canoe led the way, within ten feet of the stone.

As he passed, a dark figure leapt from the bushes on the edge and plunged heavily into the water close to the boat. All started. A jaguar? No; he would not have missed so short a spring. What, then? A human being?

A head rose panting to the surface, and with a few strong strokes, the swimmer had clutched the gunwale. It was Ayacanora!

"Go back!" shouted Amyas. "Go back, girl!"

She uttered the same wild cry with which she had fled into the forest.

"I will die, then!" and she threw up her arms. Another moment, and she had sunk.

To see her perish before his eyes! who could bear that? Her hands alone were above the surface. Amyas caught convulsively at her in the darkness, and seized her wrist.

A yell rose from the negroes: a roar from the crews as from a cage of lions. There was a rush and a swirl along the surface of the stream; and "Caiman! caiman!" shouted twenty voices.

Now, or never, for the strong arm! "To larboard, men, or over we go!" cried Amyas, and with one huge heave, he lifted the slender body upon the gunwale. Her lower limbs were still in the water, when, within arm's length, rose above the stream a huge muzzle. The lower jaw lay flat, the upper reached as high as Amyas's head. He could see the long fangs gleam white in the moonshine; he could see for one moment, full down the monstrous depths of that great gape, which would have crushed a buffalo. Three inches, and no more, from that soft side, the snout surged up —

There was the gleam of an axe from above, a sharp ringing blow, and the jaws came together with a clash which rang from bank to bank. He had missed her! Swerving beneath the blow, his snout had passed beneath her body, and smashed up against the side of the canoe, as the striker, overbalanced, fell headlong overboard upon the monster's back.

"Who is it?"

"Yeo!" shouted a dozen.

Man and beast went down together, and where they sank, the moonlight shone on a great swirling eddy, while all held their breaths, and Ayacanora cowered down into the bottom of the canoe, her proud spirit utterly broken, for the first time, by the terror of that great need, and by a bitter loss. For in the struggle, the holy trumpet, companion of all her wanderings, had fallen from her bosom; and her fond hope of bringing magic prosperity to her English friends had sunk with it to the bottom of the stream.

None heeded her; not even Amyas, round whose knees she clung, fawning like a spaniel dog: for where was Yeo?

Another swirl; a shout from the canoe abreast of them, and Yeo rose, having dived clean under his own boat, and risen between the two.

"Safe as yet, lads! Heave me a line, or he'll have me after all."

But ere the brute reappeared, the old man was safe on board.

"The Lord has stood by me," panted he, as he shot the water from his ears. "We went down together: I knew the Indian trick, and being uppermost, had my thumbs in his eyes before he could turn: but he carried me down to the very mud. My breath was nigh gone, so I left go, and struck up: but my toes tingled as I rose again, I'll warrant. There the beggar is, looking for me, I declare!"

And, true enough, there was the huge brute swimming slowly round and round, in search of his lost victim. It was too dark to put an arrow into his eye; so they paddled on, while Ayacanora crouched silently at Amyas's feet.

"Yeo!" asked he, in a low voice, "what shall we do with her?"

"Why ask me, sir?" said the old man, as he had a very good right to ask.

"Because, when one don't know oneself, one had best inquire of one's elders. Because you saved her life at the risk of your own, and have a right to a voice in the matter, if any one has, old friend."

"Then, my dear young captain, if the Lord puts a precious soul under your care, don't you refuse to bear the burden He lays on you."

Amyas was silent awhile; while Ayacanora, who was evidently utterly exhausted by the night's adventure, and probably by long wanderings, watchings, and weepings, which had gone before it, sank with her head against his knee, fell fast asleep, and breathed as gently as a child.

THE SETTLERS

Ill luck had befallen the Campbells, a family of English settlers whose story is graphically told by Captain Marryat. They were living on the Canadian shore of Lake Ontario. Percival Campbell had been lost in the woods and was believed to have perished. In reality he had been captured by Angry Snake and his band of Indians. About a year later the same band carried off Mary Percival, the lad's cousin. Immediately her relatives formed a rescuing party, composed of her two cousins, Alfred and John; Captain Sinclair, her lover, with some soldiers; Malachi Bone, the old hunter, trapper and guide; and Martin Soper, a brave young hunter, with the Strawberry, his Indian wife. They followed a trail marked here and there by *blazes* of broken twigs, the work of a friendly squaw in the Indian party. At last the searchers came upon this poor creature herself, whom Angry Snake had detected at this work. She was lying where the Indians had left her, bleeding from a tomahawk wound in her head. The settlers bound up the hurt, and in return she offered to guide them to the Indian lodges, a day's march beyond. She assured them of Mary's safety, and told them also of Percival. The boy had become almost an Indian, was a great favorite of Angry Snake, who was ready to adopt him and bequeath him the chieftainship of the tribe. This information made the party all the more eager to advance; but as the Indian woman could not be moved immediately they were forced to wait.

RESCUED FROM THE INDIANS

(From The Settlers.)

By CAPTAIN F. MARRYAT.

IT was a great annoyance to Captain Sinclair to have to wait in this manner, but there was no help for it. . . . They were glad, however, to find that the Indian woman recovered rapidly, and on the fifth day she said that she was able to travel if they walked slowly. It was therefore agreed that on the sixth day they should start again, and they did so, having saved their salt provisions, that they might not be compelled to stop, or use their rifles to procure food. . . .

They continued their route till the sixth day, when as they drew up for the night, the Indian stated that they were only three or four miles from the Indians' lodges, which they sought. It was agreed that they should be guided by the Indian woman to a spot where they might be concealed, as near as possible to the lodges, and that when the party had arrived there, that the woman and Malachi should go and reconnoitre, to ascertain whether the chief and his band with Mary Percival had returned or not. . . . Long before

break of day they again started, advancing with great caution, and were led by the Indian till they were within one hundred and fifty yards of the lodges, in a thick cluster of young spruce, which completely secured them from discovery. Shortly afterwards Malachi and the Indian woman, creeping on all fours, disappeared in the surrounding brushwood, that they might, if possible, gain more intelligence from listening. . . .

They had remained there about half an hour, when they perceived an Indian lad come out of one of the lodges. . . . An eagle's feather . . . marked him as the son of a chief.

"That's my brother Percival," said John in a low tone.

"Percival!" replied Alfred, "is it possible?"

"Yes," whispered the Strawberry, "it is Percival, but don't speak so loud."

"Well, they have turned him into a regular Indian," said Alfred; "we shall have to make a pale-face of him again."

Percival, for he it was, looked round for some time, and at last perceiving a crow flying over his head, he drew his bow, and the arrow brought the bird down at his feet.

"A capital shot," said Captain Sinclair, "the boy has learnt something at all events. You could not do that, John."

"No," replied John, "but they don't trust him with a rifle."

They waited some little time longer, when an Indian woman, and then an old man, came out, and in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, three more women and an Indian about twenty years old. . . .

In about half an hour afterwards, Malachi and the Indian woman returned; they had crept in the brushwood to within fifty yards of the lodges, but were afraid to go nearer, as the woman said that perhaps the dogs might give the alarm; for two of them were left at home. . . . The Indian force was nothing — an old man, one lad of twenty, and four women. These might be easily captured and secured, but the question was whether it would be desirable so to do, as in case one should by any means escape, information of their arrival might be conveyed to the absent party, and induce them not to come home with Mary Percival. This question was debated in a low tone between Malachi, Captain Sinclair, and Alfred. At last John interrupted them by saying, "They are going out to hunt, the old and the young Indian and Percival — they have all their bows and arrows."

"The boy is right," said Malachi. "Well, I consider this to decide the question. We can now capture the men without the women knowing anything about it. They will not expect them home till the evening, and even if they do not come, they will not be surprised or alarmed; so now we had better let them go some way, and then follow them. . . .

Malachi explained their intentions to the Indian woman, who approved of them, but said, "The Old Raven (referring to the old Indian), is very cunning; you must be careful."

The party remained in their place of concealment for another quarter of an hour, till the two Indians and Percival had quitted the open space before the lodges, and had entered the woods. They then followed in a

parallel direction, Malachi and John going a-head: Martin and Alfred following so as to keep them in sight, and the remainder of the party at about the same distance behind Martin and Alfred. They continued in this manner their course through the woods for more than an hour, when a herd of deer darted past Malachi and John. They immediately stopped, and crouched, to hide themselves. Martin and Alfred perceiving this, followed their example, and the rest of the party behind, at the motion of the Strawberry, did the same. Hardly had they done so, when one of the herd, which had been pierced by an arrow, followed in the direction of the rest, and after a few bounds fell to the earth. A minute or two afterwards the hunters made their appearance, and stood by the expiring beast, where they remained for a minute or two talking, and then took out their knives to flay and cut it up. While they were thus employed, Malachi and John on one side, Alfred and Martin from another direction, and the rest of the party from a third, were creeping slowly up towards them; but to surround them completely it was necessary that the main party should divide, and send one or two more to the eastward. Captain Sinclair despatched Graves and one of the soldiers, desiring them to creep very softly till they arrived at a spot he pointed out, and then to wait for the signal to be given.

As the parties gradually approached nearer and nearer to the Indians and Percival, the Old Raven appeared to be uneasy, he looked round and round him, and once or twice laid his ear to the ground; whenever he did this, they all stopped, and almost held their breaths.

"The Indian woman says that the Old Raven is suspicious; he is sure that some one is in the woods near him, and she thinks that she had better go to him," said the Strawberry to Captain Sinclair.

"Let her go," said Captain Sinclair.

The Indian rose, and walked up in the direction of the Indians, who immediately turned to her as she approached. She spoke to them, and appeared to be telling them how it was that she returned. At all events, she occupied the attention of the Old Raven till the parties were close to them, when Malachi arose, and immediately all the others did the same, and rushed upon them. After a short and useless struggle, they were secured, but not before the younger Indian had wounded one of the soldiers, by stabbing him with his knife. The thongs were already fast round the arms and legs of the Indians, when Percival, who had not been tied, again attempted to escape, and, by the direction of Malachi, he was bound, as well as the other two.

As soon as the prisoners were secured, Martin and Graves and the soldiers employed themselves cutting up the venison and preparing it for dinner, while the Strawberry and the Indian woman were collecting wood for a fire. In the meanwhile Captain Sinclair, Alfred, Malachi, and John were seated by the prisoners, and directing their attention to Percival, whom they had been compelled to bind, that he might not make his escape; for his sojourn of nearly two years in the woods with the Indians, without seeing the face of a white man had (as has been invariably proved to be the fact in every instance where the parties were very

young) wholly obliterated, for the time, his recollections of his former life — so rapid is our falling off to the savage state. To the questions of Alfred he returned no reply, and appeared not to understand him.

"Let me try him, sir," said Malachi, "I will speak to him in the Indian tongue, he has perhaps forgotten his own. It's wonderful how soon we return to a state of nature when we are once in the woods."

Malachi then spoke to Percival in the Indian language; Percival listened for some time, and at last replied in the same tongue.

"What does he say, Malachi?" said Alfred.

"He says he will sing his own death song; that he is the son of a warrior, and he will die like a brave."

"Why, the boy is metamorphosed," said Captain Sinclair; "is it possible that so short a time could have produced this?"

"Yes, sir," replied Malachi; "in young people a very short time will change them thus, but it won't last long. If he were to meet again with his mother at the settlement, he would by degrees forget his Indian life and become reconciled; a woman has more effect than a man. Let the Strawberry speak to him. You see, sir, he is bound, and considers himself a captive, and let him loose we must not, until we have done our work; after that, there will be no fear, and when he has been with us a short time, he will come all right again."

Malachi called the Strawberry, and told her to speak to Percival about his home and his mother, and everything connected with the farm.

The Strawberry sat down by Percival, and in her

soft tones talked to him in her own tongue of his father and mother, of his cousins, and how he had been taken by the Indians when he was hunting, how his mother had wept for him, and all had lamented his loss; running on in a low musical key from one thing to another connected and associated with his former life in the settlement, and it was evident that at last he now listened with attention. The Strawberry continued to talk to him thus, for more than an hour, when Alfred again addressed him, and said, "Percival, don't you know me?"

"Yes," replied Percival in English, "I do; you are my brother Alfred."

"All's right now, sir," said Malachi; "only he must be kept fast; but the lad's coming to his senses again. The Strawberry will talk to him again by-and-by."

They then sat down to their meal; the two Indians were removed to a distance under the guard of one of the soldiers, but Percival remained with them. John sat by Percival, and cutting off a tempting bit of venison, held it to his mouth, saying to him, "Percival, when we go home again, your hands shall be untied, and you shall have a rifle of your own instead of a bow and arrows; come, eat this."

This was a long speech for John, but it produced its effect, for Percival opened his mouth for the venison, and being fed by John, made a very good dinner. As soon as their meal was over, they consulted as to what steps should next be taken. The question discussed was whether they should now capture the women who were left in the lodges, or remain quiet till the Angry Snake and his party arrived.

Malachi's opinion was as follows: —

"I think we had at all events better wait till to-morrow, sir; you see, the women will not be at all surprised at the hunting party not returning for even a day or two, as they know that they will not return without game, and may not find it immediately; their absence, therefore, will create no suspicion of our being here. I think we should return to our former place of concealment, and watch their motions. There is no saying when the party with Miss Percival may return, they may have arrived while we have been away, or they may come to-morrow. It will be better, therefore, not to encumber ourselves with more prisoners unless it is necessary."

This opinion was at last assented to, and they set off, on their return to the Indian lodges. They arrived about an hour before dusk at their hiding-place, having taken the precaution to gag the two Indians for fear of their giving a whoop as notice of their capture. Percival was very quiet, and had begun to talk a little with John.

Scarcely had they been five minutes again concealed among the spruce fir-trees, when they heard a distant whoop from the woods on the other side of the lodges.

"They are now coming on," said Martin; "that is their signal."

One of the Indian women from the lodges returned the whoop.

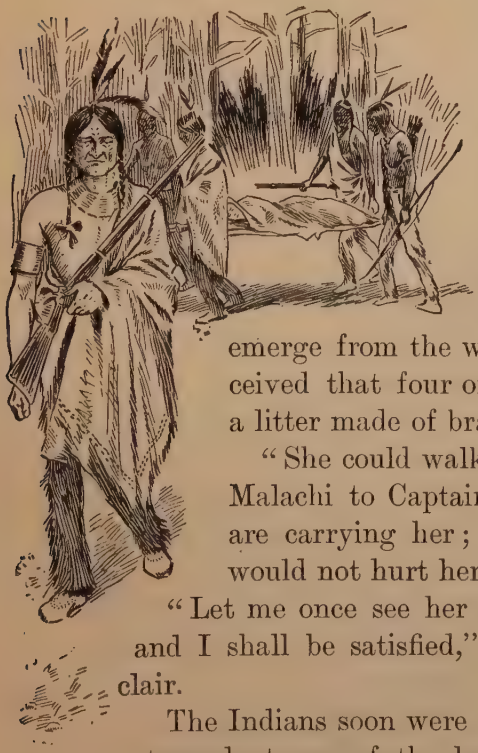
"Yes, sir, they are coming," said Malachi. "Pray, Captain Sinclair, be quiet and sit down; you will ruin all our plans."

"Down, Sinclair, I beg," said Alfred.

Captain Sinclair, who was very much excited, nevertheless did as he was requested.

"Oh, Alfred!" said he; "she's so near."

"Yes, my good fellow, but if you wish her nearer, you must be prudent."



"True, very true," replied Captain Sinclair.

In about half an hour more, the Angry Snake and his party were seen to emerge from the woods, and it was perceived that four of the Indians carried a litter made of branches between them.

"She could walk no farther, sir," said Malachi to Captain Sinclair; "so they are carrying her; I told you that they would not hurt her."

"Let me once see her get out of the litter, and I shall be satisfied," replied Captain Sinclair.

The Indians soon were over the clearing, and stopped at one of the lodges; Mary Percival was lifted out, and was seen to walk with difficulty into the wigwam, followed by two of the Indian women.

A short parley took place between the Angry Snake and the other two women, and the chief and rest of the party then went into another lodge.

"All's right so far, sir," observed Malachi; "they have left her to the charge of the two women in a lodge

by herself, and so there will be no fear for her when we make the attack, which I think we must do very shortly, for if it is quite dark, some of them may escape, and may trouble us afterwards."

"Let us do it immediately," said Captain Sinclair.

"No, not immediately, sir; we have yet an hour and a half daylight. We will wait one hour, for I think that as they have nothing to eat, and are pretty well tired from carrying Miss Percival, they will, in all probability, go to sleep, as Indians always do. An hour hence will be the best time for us to fall upon them."

"You are right, Malachi," replied Alfred. "Sinclair, you must curb your impatience."

"I must, I believe," replied Captain Sinclair; "but it will be a tedious hour for me. Let us pass it away in making our arrangements; we have but six to deal with."

"And only two rifles," replied Alfred; "so we are pretty sure of success."

"We must watch first," said Martin, "to see if they all continue in the same lodge, for if they divide, we must arrange accordingly. Who will remain with the prisoners?"

"I won't," said John, in a positive manner.

"You must, John, if it is decided that you do," said Alfred.

"Better not, sir," replied Malachi; "for as soon as the boy hears the crack of the rifles, he will leave his prisoners, and join us; that I'm sure of. No, sir, the Strawberry can be left with the prisoners. I'll give her my hunting-knife; that will be sufficient."

They remained for about half an hour more watching

the lodges, but everything appeared quiet, and not a single person came out. Having examined the priming of the rifles, every man was directed to take up a certain position, so as to surround the buildings and support each other. John was appointed to the office of looking after his cousin Mary, and preventing the women from escaping with her from the lodge in which she was confined; and John took this office willingly, as he considered it one of importance, although it had been given him more with a view that he might not be exposed to danger. Leaving the prisoners to the charge of the Strawberry, who, with her knife drawn, stood over them, ready to act upon the slightest attempt of escape on their part, the whole party now crept safely towards the lodges, by the same path as had been taken by Malachi and the Indian woman. As soon as they had all arrived, they waited for a few minutes, while Malachi reconnoitred, and when they perceived that he did so, they all rose up and hastened to their allotted stations round the lodge into which the Angry Snake and his followers had entered. The Indians appeared to be asleep, for everything remained quiet.

"Let us first lead Miss Percival away to a place of safety," whispered Captain Sinclair.

"Do you do it then," said Alfred; "there are plenty of us without you."

Captain Sinclair hastened to the lodge in which Miss Percival had been placed, and opened the door. Mary Percival, as soon as she beheld Captain Sinclair, uttered a loud scream of delight, and, rising from the skins on which she had been laid, fell upon his neck. Captain Sinclair caught her in his arms, and was bearing her

out of the lodge, when an Indian woman caught him by the coat; but John, who had entered, putting the muzzle of his rifle into their faces, they let go and retreated, and Captain Sinclair bore away Mary in his arms into the brushwood, where the Strawberry was standing over the Indian prisoners. The scream of Mary Percival had roused the Indians, who, after their exhaustion and privations, were in a sound sleep; but still no movement was to be heard in the lodge, and a debate, between Malachi and Alfred, whether they should enter the lodge or not, was put an end to by a rifle being fired from the lodge, and the fall of one of the soldiers, who was next to Alfred. Another shot followed, and Martin received a bullet in his shoulder, and then out bounded the Angry Snake, followed by his band, the chief whirling his tomahawk, and springing upon Malachi, while the others attacked Alfred and Martin, who were nearest to the door of the lodge. The rifle of Malachi met the breast of the Angry Snake as he advanced, and the contents were discharged through his body. The other Indians fought desperately, but the whole of the attacking party closing in, they were overpowered. Only two of them, however, were taken alive, and these were seriously wounded. They were tied and laid on the ground.

"He was a bad man, sir," said Malachi, who was standing over the body of the Indian chief; "but he will do no more mischief."

"Are you much hurt, Martin?" inquired Alfred.

"No, sir, not much; the ball has passed right through and touched no bone; so I am in luck. I'll go to the Strawberry, and get her to bind it up."

"And then out Bounded the Angry Snake, Followed by His Band."

"He is quite dead, sir," said Graves, who was kneeling by the side of the soldier who had been shot by the first rifle.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Alfred. "Well, I'm not sorry that they commenced the attack upon us; for I do not know whether I could have used my rifle unless they had done so."

"They never expected quarter, sir," said Malachi.

"I suppose not. Now, what are we to do with the women? They can do no harm."

"Not much, sir; but, at all events, we must put it out of their power. We must take possession of all the weapons we can find in the lodges. We have their two rifles; but we must collect all the bows and arrows, tomahawks and knives, and either destroy or keep possession of them. John, will you look to that? Take Graves with you."

"Yes," replied John, who, with Graves, immediately commenced his search of the lodges.

The two women, who had been in the lodge with Mary Percival, had remained where they were, as John's rifle had kept them from leaving the lodge; but the other two had escaped into the woods during the affray. This was of little consequence; indeed, the others were told that they might go away, if they would; and, as soon as they heard this from Malachi, they followed the example of their companions. John and Graves brought out all the arms they could find, and Malachi and Alfred then went to the bushes to which Mary Percival and Sinclair had previously retired. Alfred embraced his cousin, who was still too greatly agitated to say much, being almost overpowered by the sudden transition in

all her thoughts and feelings: — and, in the variety of her emotions, perhaps the most bewildering was that occasioned by the reappearance of Percival, — like a restoration from the dead. Alfred was in consultation with Malachi, when he perceived the flames bursting out of the lodges. Martin, as soon as his wound was dressed, had returned and set fire to them.

"It's all right, sir," said Malachi; "it will leave the proof of our victory, and be a caution to other Indians."

"But what will become of the women?"

"They will join some other band, sir, and tell the story. It is better that they should."

"And our prisoners, what shall we do with them?"

"Release them; by-and-by we shall have nothing to fear from them; but we will first take them two or three days' march into the woods, in case they have alliance with any other band whom they might call to their assistance."

"And the wounded Indians?"

"Must be left to Providence, sir. We cannot take them. We will leave them provisions and water. The women will come back and find them; if they are alive, they will look after them; if dead, bury them. But here comes John, with some bears' skins, which he has saved for Miss Mary; that was thoughtful of the boy. As soon as the flames are down, we will take up our quarters in the clearing, and set a watch for the night; and to-morrow, with the help of God, we will commence our journey back. We shall bring joy to your father and mother, and the sooner we do it the better; for they must be anything but comfortable at our long absence."

"Yes," said Mary Percival; "what a state of suspense they must be in! Truly, as the Bible saith, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'"

Not one of the party slept much on this night. There was much to do, and much to be looked after. Captain Sinclair, as it may be supposed, was fully occupied with Mary Percival, of whom more anon. As soon as they had taken up their position in the clearing, and made arrangements for the accommodation of Mary, they relieved the Strawberry from her charge of the prisoners, whom they brought to the clearing, and made to sit down close to them. Percival, who had not yet been freed from his bonds, was now untied, and suffered to walk about, one of the men keeping close to him, and watching him carefully. The first object which caught his eye was the body of the Angry Snake. Percival looked on it for some time, and then sat down by the side of it. There he remained for more than two hours without speaking, when a hole having been dug out by one of the party, the body was put in and covered up. Percival remained a few minutes by the side of the grave, and then turned to the two wounded Indians. He brought them water, and spoke to them in the Indian tongue; but while he was still with them, Mary sent for him to speak with him, for as yet she had scarcely seen him. The sight of Mary appeared to have a powerful effect upon the boy; he listened to her as she soothed and caressed him, and appearing to be overcome with a variety of sensations, he lay down, moaned, and at last fell fast asleep.

The soldier who had been shot by the Angry Snake was buried before they buried the chief. Martin's wound

had been dressed by his wife, the Strawberry, who was very skilful in Indian surgery. She had previously applied cataplasms made from the bruised leaves which she and the Indian woman had sought for, to the feet of Mary Percival, which were in a great state of inflammation, and Mary had found herself already much relieved by the application. Before the day dawned, the two Indians who had been wounded, were dead, and were immediately buried by the side of the chief.

Alfred and Malachi had resolved to set off the next morning on their return home, if they found it possible to convey Mary Percival; but their party was now reduced, as one of the soldiers had been killed, and Martin was incapable of service. The Indian woman would also be fully loaded with the extra rifles, the two which they had captured from the Indians, the one belonging to the soldier, and Martin's, who could not carry anything in his present state.

They were now only six effective men, as John could not be of much use in carrying, and, moreover, was appointed to watch Percival. Then they had the two prisoners to take charge of, so that they were somewhat embarrassed. Malachi, however, proposed that they should make a litter of boughs, welded together very tight, and suspended on a pole, so as to be carried between two men. Mary Percival was not a very great weight, and by relieving each other continually, they would be able to get some miles every day, till Mary was well enough to walk with them. Alfred assented to this, and as soon as it was daylight went into the woods with Malachi, to assist him in cutting the boughs. On their return, they found that all the rest

of the party were up, and that Mary felt little or no pain. They made their breakfast on their salt provisions, which were now nearly expended, and as soon as their meal was over, they put Mary upon the litter and set off, taking the Indian prisoners with them, as they thought it not yet advisable to give them their liberty. The first day they made but a few miles, as they were obliged to stop, that they might procure some food. The party were left under a large tree, which was a good land-mark, under the charge of Captain Sinclair, while Malachi and Alfred went in search of game. At nightfall they returned with a deer which they had killed, when the Strawberry informed them that the Indian woman had told her, that about two miles to the southward there was a river which ran into the lake, and that there were two canoes belonging to the band, hauled up in the bushes on the beach; that the river was broad and swift, and would soon take them to the lake, by the shores of which they could paddle the canoe to the settlement. This appeared worthy of consideration, as it would in the end, perhaps, save time, and at all events allow Mary Percival to recover. They decided that they would go to the river, and take the canoes, as the Indian woman said that they were large enough to hold them all.

The next morning, guided by the Indian woman, they set off in the direction of the river, and arrived at it in the afternoon. They found the canoes, which were large, and in good order, and having carried them down to the beach, they resolved to put off their embarkation till the following day, as they were again in want of provisions for their subsistence. Alfred,

Malachi, and John went out this time, for Percival had shown himself so quiet and contented, and had gradually become so fond of being near Mary Percival, that he appeared to have awakened from his Indian dream, and renewed all his former associations. They did not, therefore, think it necessary to watch him any more — indeed, he never would leave Mary's side, and began now to ask many questions, which proved that he had recalled to mind much of what had been forgotten during his long sojourn with the Indians. The hunters returned, having been very successful, and loaded with meat enough to last for four or five days. At daylight the next morning, they led the prisoners about half a mile into the woods, and pointing to the north, as to the direction they were to go, cast loose the deer thongs which confined them, and set them at liberty. Having done this, they embarked in the canoes, and were soon gliding rapidly down the stream.

The river upon which they embarked, at that time little known to the Europeans, is now called the river Thames, and the town built upon it is named London. It falls into the upper part of Lake Erie, and is a fine rapid stream. For three days they paddled their canoes, disembarking at night to sleep and cook their provisions, and on the fourth they were compelled to stop, that they might procure more food. They were successful, and on the next day they entered the lake, about two hundred miles to the west of the settlement. Mary Percival was now quite recovered, and found her journey or voyage delightful; the country was in full beauty; the trees waved their boughs down to the river side, and they did not fall in with any Indians,

or perceive any lodges on the bank. Sometimes they started the deer which had come down to drink in the stream, and on one occasion, as they rounded a point, they fell in with a herd which were in the water swimming across, and in this position they destroyed as many as they required for their food till they hoped to arrive at the settlement.

Percival was now quite reconciled to his removal from an Indian life, and appeared most anxious to rejoin his father and mother, of whom he talked incessantly; for he had again recovered his English, which, strange to say, although he perfectly understood it when spoken to, he had almost forgotten to pronounce, and at first spoke with difficulty. The weather was remarkably fine, and the waters of the lake were so smooth, that they made rapid progress, although they invariably disembarked at night. The only annoyance they had was from the mosquitoes, which rose in clouds as soon as they landed, and were not to be dispersed until they had lighted a very large fire, accompanied with thick smoke; but this was a trifle compared with their joy at the happy deliverance of the prisoners, and success of their expedition. Most grateful, indeed, were they to God for his mercies, and none more so than Mary Percival and Captain Sinclair, who never left her side till it was time to retire to rest.

On the sixth day, in the forenoon, they were delighted to perceive Fort Frontignac in the distance, and although the house at the settlement was hid from their sight by the point covered with wood which intervened, they knew that they were not above four or five miles distant. In less than another hour, they were abreast of

the prairie, and landed at the spot where their own punt was moored. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell had not perceived the canoes, for although anxiously looking out every day for the return of the party, their eyes and attention were directed on land, not having any idea of their return by water.

"My dear Alfred," said Mary, "I do not think it will be prudent to let my aunt see Percival at once; we must prepare her a little for his appearance. She has so long considered him as dead, that the shock may be too great."

"You say true, my dear Mary. Then we will go forward with Captain Sinclair, and Malachi, and John. Let Percival be put in the middle of the remainder of the party, who must follow afterwards, and then be taken up to Malachi's lodge. He can remain there with the Strawberry until we come and fetch him."

Having made this arrangement, to which Percival was with difficulty made to agree, they walked up, as proposed, to the house. Outside of the palisade, they perceived Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, with their backs towards them, looking towards the forest, in the direction which the party had taken when they left. But when they were half-way from the beach, Henry came out with Oscar from the cottage, and the dog immediately perceiving them, bounded to them, barking with delight. Henry cried out, "Father — mother, here they are, — here they come." Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of course turned round, and beheld the party advancing; they flew to meet them, and as they caught Mary in their arms, all explanation was for a time unneces-

sary — she was recovered, and that was sufficient for the time.

"Come, mother, let us go into the house, that you may compose yourself a little," said Alfred, — that she might not perceive Percival among the party that followed at a little distance. "Let me support you. Take my arm."

Mrs. Campbell, who trembled very much, did so, and thus turned away from the group among whom Percival was walking. Emma was looking at them attentively, and was about to exclaim, when Captain Sinclair put his finger to his lips.

As soon as they arrived at the house, and had gone in, Alfred, in a few words, gave them an account of what had passed — how successful they had been in their attempt, and how little they had to fear from the Indians in future.

"How grateful I am!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell. "God be praised for all his mercies! I was fearful that I should have lost you, my dear Mary, as well as my poor boy. He is lost forever — but God's will be done."

"It is very strange, mother," said Alfred, "but we heard, on our journey, that the Indians had found a white boy in the woods."

"Alas! not mine."

"I have reason to believe that it was Percival, my dear mother, and have hopes that he is yet alive."

"My dear Alfred, do not say so unless you have good cause; you little know the yearnings of a mother's heart; the very suggestion of such a hope has thrown me into a state of agitation and nervousness of which

you can form no conception. I have been reconciled to the divine will; let me not return to a state of anxiety and repining."

"Do you think, my dear mother, that I would raise such hopes if I had not good reason to suppose that they would be realized? No, my dear mother, I am not so cruel."

"Then you know that Percival is alive," said Mrs. Campbell, seizing Alfred by the arm.

"Calm yourself, my dear mother, I do know — I am certain that he is alive, and that it was he who was found by the Indians; and I have great hopes that we may recover him."

"God grant it! God grant it in his great mercy!" said Mrs. Campbell, "my heart is almost breaking with joy: may God sustain me! Oh, where is — my dear Alfred — where is he?" continued Mrs. Campbell. Alfred made no reply, but a flood of tears came to her relief.

"I will explain it to you when you are more composed, my dear mother. Emma, you have not said one word to me."

"I have been too much overjoyed to speak, Alfred," replied Emma, extending her hand to Alfred, "but no one welcomes your return more sincerely than I do, and no one is more grateful to you for having brought Mary back."

"Now, Alfred, I am calm," said Mrs. Campbell, "so let me hear at once all you know."

"I see you are calm, my dear mother, and I therefore now tell you that Percival is not far off."

"Alfred! he is here; I am sure he is."

"He is with Malachi and the Strawberry; in a minute I will bring him."

Alfred left the house: the intelligence was almost too overpowering for Mrs. Campbell. Mary and Emma hastened to her, and supported her. In another minute Alfred returned with Percival, and the mother embraced and wept over her long lost child, — and then gave him to his father's arms.

"How this has happened, and by what merciful interference he has been preserved and restored to us," said Mr. Campbell, when their first emotions were over, "we have yet to learn; but one thing we do know, and are sure of, that it is by the goodness of God alone. Let us return our thanks while our hearts are yet warm with gratitude and love, and may our thanksgivings be graciously received."

Mr. Campbell knelt down, and his example was followed by all the rest of the party assembled. In a fervent tone he returned thanks for the recent mercies vouchsafed to his family, which, he expressed a hope, would never be forgotten, but would prove a powerful inducement to them all, to lead a more devout life of faith in him who had so graciously supported them in the hour of peril and affliction, — who had so wonderfully restored to them their lost treasures, and turned all their gloom into sunshine, — filling their hearts with joy and gladness.

"And now, my dear Alfred," said Mrs. Campbell, whose arms still encircled the neck of Percival, "do pray tell us what has taken place and how you recovered Mary and this dear boy?"

Alfred then entered into his detail, first stating the

knowledge which Captain Sinclair, Malachi, and himself had of Percival being still in existence from the letter written by the Indian woman, — the seizure and confinement of the Young Otter in consequence, which was retaliated by the abduction of Mary. When he had finished, Mr. Campbell said —

"And poor Martin, where is he, that I may thank him?"

"He is at his own lodge, with the Strawberry, who is dressing his wound; for we have not been able to do so for two or three days, and it has become very painful."

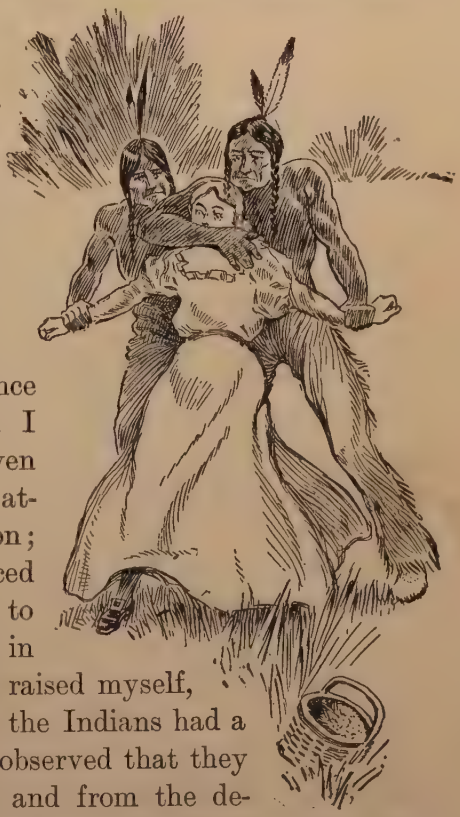
"We owe him a large debt of gratitude," said Mr. Campbell; "he has suffered much on our account. And your poor man, Captain Sinclair, who fell!"

"Yes," replied Sinclair, "he was one of our best men —but it was the will of Heaven. He lost his life in the recovery of my dear Mary, and I shall not forget his wife and child, you may depend upon it."

"Now, Mary, let us have your narrative of what passed when you were in the company of the Indians, before your rescue."

"I was, as you know, gathering the cranberries in the Cedar Swamp, when I was suddenly seized, and something was thrust against my mouth, so that I had no time or power to cry out. My head was then wrapt up in some folds of blanket, by which I was almost suffocated, and I was then lifted up and borne away by two or three men. For a time I kept my senses, but at last the suffocation was so great, that my head swam, and I believe I fainted, for I do not recollect being put down; yet after a time I found myself lying under a

tree, and surrounded by five or six Indians, who were squatted round me. I was not a little terrified, as you may imagine. They neither moved nor spoke for some time; I endeavored to rise, but a hand on my shoulder kept me down, and I did not attempt a useless resistance. Soon afterwards, an Indian woman brought me some water, and I immediately recognized her as the one whom we had succored when we found her in the woods. This gave me courage and hope, though her countenance was immovable, and I could not perceive, even by her eyes, that she attempted any recognition; but reflection convinced me that if she intended to help me, she was right in so doing. After I had raised myself, and drank some water, the Indians had a talk in a low voice. I observed that they paid deference to one, and from the description which my father and Alfred had given of the Angry Snake, I felt sure that it was he. We remained about half an hour on this spot, when they rose, and made signs to me that I was to come with them. Of course I could do no otherwise, and we walked till



night came on, when I was, as you may imagine, not a little tired. They then left me with the Indian woman, retiring a few yards from me. The woman made signs that I was to sleep, and although I thought that was impossible, I was so much fatigued that, after putting up my prayers to the Almighty, I had not lain down many minutes before I was fast asleep.

"Before daylight, I was awakened by their voices, and the woman brought me a handful of parched Indian corn; not quite so good a breakfast as I had been accustomed to; but I was hungry, and I contrived to eat it. As soon as the day broke we set off again, and towards evening arrived at a lake. A canoe was brought out from some bushes; we all got into it, and paddled up along the banks for two or three hours, when we disembarked and renewed our journey. My feet were now becoming very sore and painful, for they were blistered all over, and I could scarcely get along; they compelled me, however, to proceed, not using any great force, but still dragging me and pushing me, to make me keep up with them. I soon perceived that I was a prisoner only, and not likely to be ill-treated if I complied with their wishes. Towards evening I could hardly put one foot before the other, for they had obliged me to walk in the water of a stream for two or three miles, and my shoes were quite worn out in consequence. At night they again stopped, and the Indian woman prepared some herbs, and applied them to my feet. This gave me great relief, but still she continued to take no notice of any signs I made to her. The next morning I found I had received so much benefit from the application of the herbs, that for the first half of the day I walked on

pretty well, and was a little in advance, when hearing the chief speak in an angry tone behind me, I turned round, and, to my horror, saw him raise his tomahawk, and strike down the poor Indian woman. I could not refrain from hastening to her; but I had just time to perceive that her skull was cloven, and that she was, as I imagined, dead, when I was dragged away and forced to continue my journey. You may imagine how my blood curdled at this scene, and how great were now my apprehensions for myself. Why I had been carried away I knew not, for I was as ignorant as you were of Percival being alive, and of the Young Otter having been detained at the fort. My idea was, when the chief struck down the Indian woman, that it was to get rid of her, and that I was to replace her. This idea was almost madness, but still I had hope, and I prayed as I walked along to that God who sees the most secret act, and hears the most silent prayer of the heart, and I felt an assurance while praying that I should be rescued. I knew that my absence would be immediately discovered, and that there were those who would risk their lives to rescue me if I was still in existence; and I therefore used all my efforts to walk on as fast as I could, and not irritate the Indians. But that night I had no one to dress my feet, which were bleeding and very much swelled, and I was very wretched when I lay down alone. I could not drive from my thoughts the poor Indian woman weltering in her blood and murdered for no crime or fault — nothing that I could discover. The next morning, as usual, my food was some parched Indian corn, and of that I received only a handful for my sustenance during the twenty-four

hours; however, hunger I never felt, I had too much pain. I was able to drag myself on till about noon, when I felt that I could not proceed farther. I stopped and sat down; the chief ordered me to get up again by signs; I pointed to my feet, which were now swelled above the ankles, but he insisted, and raised his tomahawk to frighten me into compliance. I was so worn out, that I could have almost received the blow with thankfulness, but I remembered you, my dear uncle and aunt and others, and resolved for your sakes to make one more effort. I did so; I ran and walked for an hour more in perfect agony; at last nature could support the pain no longer, and I fell insensible."

"My poor Mary!" exclaimed Emma.

"I thought of you often and often, my dear sister," replied Mary, kissing her.

"I believe it was a long while before I came to my senses," continued Mary, "for when I did, I found that the Indians were very busy weaving branches into a sort of litter. As soon as they had finished, they put me upon it, and I was carried by two of them swinging on a pole which they put on their shoulders. I need hardly say, that the journey was now more agreeable than it was before, although my feet were in a dreadful state, and gave me much pain. That night we stopped by a rivulet, and I kept my feet in the water for two or three hours, which brought down the inflammation and swelling very much, and I contrived after that to gain some sleep. They carried me one more day, when they considered that they had done enough, and I was again ordered to walk; I did so for two days, and was then in the same condition as before. A litter

was therefore again constructed, and I was carried till I arrived at the lodges of the Angry Snake and his band. What passed from that time you have heard from Alfred."

When Mary Percival had finished her narrative, they all sat down to supper, and it hardly need be said that Mr. Campbell did not fail, before they retired to rest, again to pour forth his thanksgivings to the Almighty for the preservation of those who were so dear. The next morning, they all rose in health and spirits. Martin came early to the house with the Strawberry; his wound was much better, and he received the thanks and condolence of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

When they were at breakfast, Mr. Campbell said, "John, in our joy at seeing your brother and cousin again, I quite forgot to scold you for running away as you did."

"Then don't do it now, sir," said Malachi, "for he was very useful, I can assure you."

"No I won't scold him now," replied Mr. Campbell; "but he must not act so another time. If he had confided to me his anxious wish to join you, I should probably have given my permission."

"I must now take my leave, and return to the fort," said Captain Sinclair; "I do, however, trust I shall see you all again in a few days, but I must report the results of the expedition, and the death of poor Watkins. May I borrow one of your horses, Mr. Campbell?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Campbell; "you know the *bateau* is expected every day from Montreal; perhaps you will bring us our letters when it arrives."

Captain Sinclair took his leave, as it may be imagined, very reluctantly, and in a day or two the family again settled down to their usual occupations. The emigrants had, during the absence of the expedition, gathered in a great portion of the corn, and now all hands were employed in finishing the harvest.

"How happy we are now, Mary," said Emma to her sister, as they were walking by the stream, watching John, who was catching trout.

"Yes, my dear Emma, we have had a lesson which will, I trust, prevent any future repining, if we have felt any, at our present position. The misery we have been rescued from has shown us how much we have to be thankful for. We have nothing more to fear from the Indians, and I feel as if I could now pass the remainder of my life here in peace and thankfulness."

"Not without Captain Sinclair."

"Not always without him; the time will, I trust, come when I may reward him for his patience and his regard for me; but it has not yet come; and it's for my uncle and aunt to decide when it shall. Where's Percival?"

"He is gone into the woods with Malachi, and with a rifle on his shoulder, of which he is not a little proud. John is not at all jealous. He says that Percival ought to know how to fire a rifle, and throw away that foolish bow and arrows. Do you not think that his residence among the Indians has made a great change in Percival?"

"A very great one; he is more manly and more taciturn; he appears to think more and talk less. But Henry

is beckoning to us. Dinner is ready, and we must not keep hungry people waiting."

"No," replied Emma; "for in that case I should keep myself waiting."

THE ESCAPE

(From Typee.)

By HERMANN MELVILLE.

NEARLY three weeks had elapsed since the second visit of Marnoo, and it must have been more than four months since I entered the valley, when one day about noon, and whilst everything was in profound silence, Mow-Mow, the one-eyed chief, suddenly appeared at the door, and leaning forward towards me as I lay directly facing him, said in a low tone, "Toby pemi ena" (Toby has arrived here). Gracious heaven! What a tumult of emotions rushed upon me at this startling intelligence! Insensible to the pain that had before distracted me, I leaped to my feet, and called wildly to Kory-Kory, who was reposing by my side. The startled islanders sprang from their mats; the news was quickly communicated to them; and the next moment I was making my way to the Ti on the back of Kory-Kory, and surrounded by the excited savages.

All that I could comprehend of the particulars which Mow-Mow rehearsed to his auditors as we proceeded, was that my long-lost companion had arrived in a boat which had just entered the bay. These tidings made me most anxious to be carried at once to the sea, lest some untoward circumstance should prevent our meeting; but to this they would not consent, and continued their course towards the royal abode. As we approached it, Mehevi and several chiefs showed themselves from the piazza, and called upon us loudly to come to them.

As soon as we had approached, I endeavored to make them understand that I was going down to the sea to meet Toby. To this the king objected, and motioned Kory-Kory to bring me into the house. It was in vain to resist; and in a few moments I found myself within the Ti, surrounded by a noisy group engaged in discussing the recent intelligence. Toby's name was frequently repeated, coupled with violent exclamations of astonishment. It seemed as if they yet remained in doubt with regard to the fact of his arrival, and at every fresh report that was brought from the shore they betrayed the liveliest emotions.

Almost frenzied at being held in this state of suspense, I passionately besought Mehevi to permit me to proceed. Whether my companion had arrived or not, I felt a presentiment that my own fate was about to be decided. Again and again I renewed my petition to Mehevi. He regarded me with a fixed and serious eye, but at length yielding to my importunity, reluctantly granted my request.

Accompanied by some fifty of the natives, I now

rapidly continued my journey; every few moments being transferred from the back of one to another, and urging my bearer forward all the while with earnest entreaties. As I thus hurried forward, no doubt as to the truth of the information I had received ever crossed my mind. I was alive only to the one overwhelming idea, that a chance of deliverance was now afforded me, if the jealous opposition of the savages could be overcome.

Having been prohibited from approaching the sea during the whole of my stay in the valley, I had always associated with it the idea of escape. Toby too — if indeed he had ever voluntarily deserted me — must have effected his flight by the sea; and now that I was drawing near to it myself, I indulged in hopes which I had never felt before. It was evident that a boat had entered the bay, and I saw little reason to doubt the truth of the report that it had brought my companion. Every time, therefore, that we gained an elevation, I looked eagerly around, hoping to behold him.

In the midst of an excited throng, who by their violent gestures and wild cries appeared to be under the influence of some excitement as strong as my own, I was now borne along at a rapid trot, frequently stooping my head to avoid the branches which crossed the path, and never ceasing to implore those who carried me to accelerate their already swift pace.

In this manner we had proceeded about four or five miles, when we were met by a party of some twenty islanders, between whom and those who accompanied me ensued an animated conference. Impatient of the delay occasioned by this interruption, I was beseeching

the man who carried me to proceed without his loitering companions, when Kory-Kory, running to my side, informed me, in three fatal words, that the news had all proved false — that Toby had not arrived — "Toby owlee pemi." Heaven only knows how, in the state of mind and body I then was, I ever sustained the agony which this intelligence caused me: not that the news was altogether unexpected; but I had trusted that the fact might not have been made known until we should have arrived upon the beach. As it was, I at once foresaw the course the savages would pursue. They had only yielded thus far to my entreaties, that I might give a joyful welcome to my long-absent comrade; but now that it was known he had not arrived, they would at once oblige me to turn back.

My anticipations were but too correct. In spite of the resistance I made, they carried me into a house which was near the spot, and left me upon the mats. Shortly afterwards several of those who had accompanied me from the Ti, detaching themselves from the others, proceeded in the direction of the sea. Those who remained — among whom were Marheyo, Mow-Mow, Kory-Kory, and Tinor — gathered about the dwelling and appeared to be awaiting their return.

This convinced me that strangers — perhaps some of my own countrymen — had for some cause or other entered the bay. Distracted at the idea of their vicinity, and reckless of the pain which I suffered, I heeded not the assurances of the islanders, that there were no boats at the beach, but starting to my feet endeavored to gain the door. Instantly the passage was blocked up by several men, who commanded me to resume my seat.

The fierce looks of the irritated savages admonished me that I could gain nothing by force, and that it was by entreaty alone that I could hope to compass my object.

Guided by this consideration, I turned to Mow-Mow, the only chief present whom I had been much in the habit of seeing, and carefully concealing my real design, tried to make him comprehend that I still believed Toby to have arrived on the shore, and besought him to allow me to go forward to welcome him. To all his repeated assertions, that my companion had not been seen, I pretended to turn a deaf ear: while I urged my solicitations with an eloquence of gesture which the one-eyed chief appeared unable to resist. He seemed indeed to regard me as a froward child, to whose wishes he had not the heart to oppose force, and whom he must consequently humor. He spoke a few words to the natives, who at once retreated from the door, and immediately passed out of the house.

Here I looked earnestly round for Kory-Kory; but that hitherto faithful servitor was nowhere to be seen. Unwilling to linger even for a single instant when every moment might be so important, I motioned to a muscular fellow near me to take me upon his back: to my surprise he angrily refused. I turned to another, but with a like result. A third attempt was as unsuccessful, and I immediately perceived what had induced Mow-Mow to grant my request and why the other natives conducted themselves in so strange a manner. It was evident that the chief had only given me liberty to continue my progress towards the sea because he supposed that I was deprived of the means of reaching it.

Convinced by this of their determination to retain me

a captive, I became desperate; and almost insensible to the pain which I suffered, I seized a spear which was leaning against the projecting eaves of the house, and supporting myself with it, resumed the path that swept by the dwelling. To my surprise I was suffered to proceed alone, all the natives remaining in front of the house, and engaging in earnest conversation, which every moment became more loud and vehement; and to my unspeakable delight I perceived that some difference of opinion had arisen between them; that two parties, in short, were formed, and consequently that in their divided counsels there was some chance of my deliverance.

Before I had proceeded a hundred yards I was again surrounded by the savages, who were still in all the heat of argument, and appeared every moment as if they would come to blows. In the midst of this tumult old Marheyo came to my side, and I shall never forget the benevolent expression of his countenance. He placed his arm upon my shoulder, and emphatically pronounced the only two English words I had taught him — "Home" and "Mother." I at once understood what he meant, and eagerly expressed my thanks to him. Fayaway and Kory-Kory were by his side, both weeping violently; and it was not until the old man had twice repeated the command that his son could bring himself to obey him, and take me again upon his back. The one-eyed chief opposed his doing so, but he was over-ruled, and, as it seemed to me, by some of his own party.

We proceeded onwards, and never shall I forget the ecstasy I felt when I first heard the roar of the surf

breaking upon the beach. Before long I saw the flashing billows themselves through the opening between the trees. Oh glorious sight and sound of ocean! with what rapture did I hail you as familiar friends! By this time the shouts of the crowd upon the beach were distinctly audible, and in the blended confusion of sounds I almost fancied I could distinguish the voices of my own countrymen.

When we reached the open space which lay between the groves and the sea, the first object that met my view was an English whale-boat, lying with her bow pointed from the shore, and only a few fathoms distant from it. It was manned by five islanders, dressed in short tunics of calico. My first impression was that they were in the very act of pulling out from the bay; and that, after all my exertions, I had come too late. My soul sunk within me: but a second glance convinced me that the boat was only hanging off to keep out of the surf; and the next moment I heard my own name shouted out by a voice from the midst of the crowd.

Looking in the direction of the sound, I perceived, to my indescribable joy, the tall figure of Karakoee, an Oahu Kanaka, who had often been aboard the Dolly, while she lay in Nukuheva. He wore the green shooting-jacket with gilt buttons, which had been given to him by an officer of the Reine Blanche — the French flag-ship — and in which I had always seen him dressed. I now remembered the Kanaka had frequently told me that his person was tabooed in all the valleys of the island, and the sight of him at such a moment as this filled my heart with a tumult of delight.

Karakoee stood near the edge of the water with a

large roll of cotton cloth thrown over one arm, and holding two or three canvas bags of powder; while with the other hand he grasped a musket, which he appeared to be proffering to several of the chiefs around him. But they turned with disgust from his offers, and seemed to be impatient at his presence, with vehement gestures waving him off to his boat, and commanding him to depart.

The Kanaka, however, still maintained his ground, and I at once perceived that he was seeking to purchase my freedom. Animated by the idea, I called upon him loudly to come to me; but he replied, in broken English, that the islanders had threatened to pierce him with their spears, if he stirred a foot toward me. At this time I was still advancing, surrounded by a dense throng of the natives, several of whom had their hands upon me, and more than one javelin was threateningly pointed at me. Still I perceived clearly that many of those least friendly towards me looked irresolute and anxious.

I was still some thirty yards from Karakoee when my farther progress was prevented by the natives, who compelled me to sit down upon the ground, while they still retained their hold upon my arms. The din and tumult now became tenfold, and I perceived that several of the priests were on the spot, all of whom were evidently urging Mow-Mow and the other chiefs to prevent my departure; and the detestable word "Roo-ne! Roo-ne!" which I had heard repeated a thousand times during the day, was now shouted out on every side of me. Still I saw that the Kanaka continued his exertions in my favor — that he was boldly debating

the matter with the savages, and was striving to entice them by displaying his cloth and powder, and snapping the lock of his musket. But all he said or did appeared only to augment the clamors of those around him, who seemed bent upon driving him into the sea.

When I remembered the extravagant value placed by these people upon the articles which were offered to them in exchange for me, and which were so indignantly rejected, I saw a new proof of the same fixed determination of purpose they had all along manifested with regard to me, and in despair, and reckless of consequences, I exerted all my strength, and shaking myself free from the grasp of those who held me, I sprung upon my feet and rushed towards Karakoee.

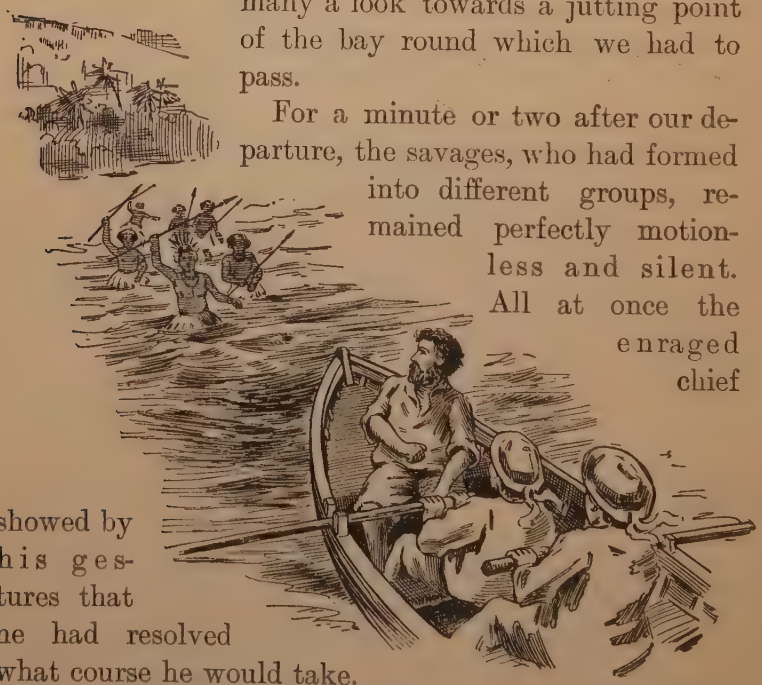
The rash attempt nearly decided my fate; for, fearful that I might slip from them, several of the islanders now raised a simultaneous shout, and pressing upon Karakoee, they menaced him with furious gestures, and actually forced him into the sea. Appalled at their violence, the poor fellow, standing nearly to the waist in the surf, endeavored to pacify them; but at length, fearful that they would do him some fatal violence, he beckoned to his comrades to pull in at once, and take him into the boat.

It was at this agonizing moment, when I thought all hope was ended, that a new contest arose between the two parties who had accompanied me to the shore; blows were struck, wounds were given, and blood flowed. In the interest excited by the fray, every one had left me except Marheyo, Kory-Kory, and poor dear Fayaway, who clung to me, sobbing indignantly. I saw that now or never was the moment. Clasping my

hands together, I looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved towards the now almost deserted beach. The tears were in the old man's eyes, but neither he nor Kory-Kory attempted to hold me, and I soon reached the Kanaka, who had been anxiously watching my movements; the rowers pulled in as near as they dared to the edge of the surf; I gave one parting embrace to Fayaway, who seemed speechless with sorrow, and the next instant I found myself safe in the boat, and Karakoee by my side, who told the rowers at once to give way. Marheyo and Kory-Kory, and a great many of the women, followed me into the water, and I was determined, as the only mark of gratitude I could show, to give them the articles which had been brought as my ransom. I handed the musket to Kory-Kory, with a rapid gesture which was equivalent to a "Deed of Gift;" threw the roll of cotton to old Marheyo, pointing as I did so to poor Fayaway, who had retired from the edge of the water and was sitting down disconsolate on the shingles; and tumbled the powder-bags out to the nearest young ladies, all of whom were vastly willing to take them. This distribution did not occupy ten seconds, and before it was over the boat was under full way; the Kanaka all the while exclaiming loudly against what he considered a useless throwing away of valuable property.

Although it was clear that my movements had been noticed by several of the natives, still they had not suspended the conflict in which they were engaged, and it was not until the boat was above fifty yards from the shore that Mow-Mow and some six or seven other warriors rushed into the sea and hurled their javelins at us.

Some of the weapons passed quite as close to us as was desirable, but no one was wounded, and the men pulled away gallantly. But although soon out of the reach of the spears, our progress was extremely slow; it blew strong upon the shore, and the tide was against us; and I saw Karakoee, who was steering the boat, give many a look towards a jutting point of the bay round which we had to pass.



For a minute or two after our departure, the savages, who had formed into different groups, remained perfectly motionless and silent. All at once the enraged chief showed by his gestures that he had resolved what course he would take. Shouting loudly to his companions, and pointing with his tomahawk toward the headland, he set off at full speed in that direction, and was followed by about thirty of the natives, among whom were several of the priests, all yelling out "Roo-ne! Roo-ne!" at the very top of their voices. Their intention was evidently to swim off from the headland and interrupt us

in our course. The wind was freshening every minute, and was right in our teeth, and it was one of those chopping angry seas in which it is so difficult to row. Still the chances seemed in our favor, but when we came within a hundred yards of the point, the active savages were already dashing into the water, and we all feared that within five minutes' time we should have a score of the infuriated wretches around us. If so, our doom was sealed, for these savages, unlike the feeble swimmers of civilized countries, are, if anything, more formidable antagonists in the water than when on the land. It was all a trial of strength; our natives pulled till their oars bent again, and the crowd of swimmers shot through the water, despite its roughness, with fearful rapidity.

By the time we had reached the headland, the savages were spread right across our course. Our rowers got out their knives and held them ready between their teeth, and I seized the boat-hook. We were well aware that if they succeeded in intercepting us they would practise upon us the manœuvre which has proved so fatal to many a boat's crew in these seas. They would grapple the oars, and seizing hold of the gunwale, capsize the boat, and then we should be entirely at their mercy.

After a few breathless moments I discerned Mow-Mow. The athletic islander, with his tomahawk between his teeth, was dashing the water before him till it foamed again. He was the nearest to us, and in another instant he would have seized one of the oars. Even at the moment I felt horror at the act I was about to commit; but it was no time for pity or com-

punction, and with a true aim, and exerting all my strength, I dashed the boat-hook at him. It struck him just below the throat, and forced him downwards. I had no time to repeat my blow, but I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat, and never shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance.

Only one other of the savages reached the boat. He seized the gunwale, but the knives of our rowers so mauled his wrists, that he was forced to quit his hold, and the next minute we were past them all, and in safety. The strong excitement which had thus far kept me up, now left me, and I fell back fainting into the arms of Karakoee.

THE MARCH TO MEXICO

(From The Conquest of Mexico.)

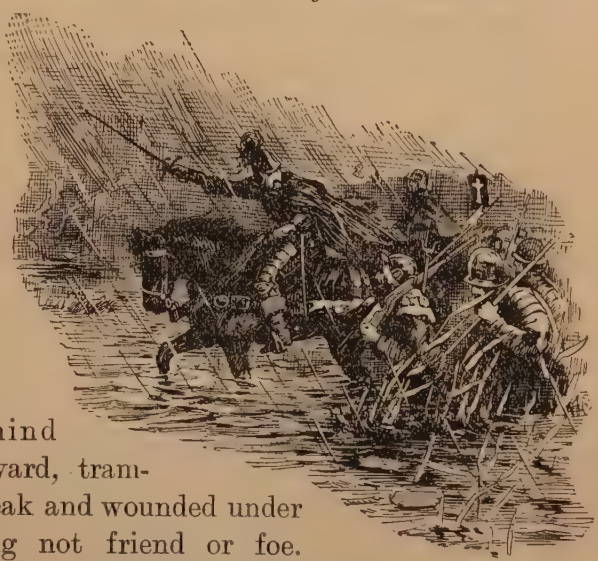
By W. H. PRESCOTT.

THE night was dark, and a fine rain fell steadily. The vast square before the palace was deserted, as indeed it had been since the death of Montezuma, and the Spaniards made their way across it as noiselessly as possible, and entered the great street of Tlacopan. Though to their anxious eyes every dark lane and alley seemed to swarm with the shadowy forms of their enemies, it was not really so, and all went well until the van drew near the spot where the street opened upon the causeway. Before the bridge could be adjusted across the uncovered breach the Mexican sentinels stationed there fled, raising the alarm as they went. The priests from the summits of the teocallis heard them, and sounded their shells, while the huge drum upon the desolate temple of the war-god sent forth its solemn sound, which — heard only in seasons of calamity — vibrated through every corner of the capital. The Spaniards saw that there was no time to be lost; the bridge was fitted with all speed, and Sandoval rode

across first to try its strength, followed by the first division, then came Cortés with the baggage and artillery, but before he was well over, a sound was heard as of a stormy wind rising in a forest. Nearer and nearer it came, and from the dark waters of the lake rose the plashing noise of many oars. Then a few stones and arrows fell at random among the hurrying troops, to be followed by more and more, ever thicker and faster, till they became a terrible blinding storm, while the air was rent with the yells and war-cries of the enemy, who seemed to be swarming in myriads over land and lake.

The Spaniards pushed on steadily, though the Mexicans, dashing their canoes against the sides of the causeway, clambered up and broke in upon their ranks. The soldiers, anxious only to make their escape, simply shook them off, or rode over them, or with their guns and swords drove them headlong down the sides of the dyke again. But the advance of such a body of men necessarily took time, and the leading files had already reached the second gap in the causeway before those in the rear had cleared the first. They were forced to halt, though severely harassed by the fire from the canoes, which clustered thickly round this opening, and many were the urgent messages which were sent to the rear, to hurry up the bridge. But when it was at length clear, and Magarino and his sturdy followers endeavored to raise it, they found to their horror that the weight of the artillery and the horses passing over it had jammed it firmly into the sides of the dyke, and it was absolutely immovable. Not till many of his men were slain and all wounded did Magarino abandon the

attempt, and then the dreadful tidings spread rapidly from man to man, and a cry of despair arose. All means of retreat were cut off; they were held as in a trap. Order and discipline were at an end, for no one could hope to escape except by his own desperate exertions. Those behind pressed forward, trampling the weak and wounded under foot, heeding not friend or foe. Those in front were forced over the edge of the gulf, across which some of the cavaliers succeeded in swimming their horses, but many failed, or rolled back into the lake in attempting to ascend the opposite bank. The infantry followed pell-mell, heaped one upon the other, frequently pierced by the Aztec arrows, or struck down by their clubs, and dragged into the canoes to be reserved for a more dreadful death. All along the causeway the battle raged fiercely.

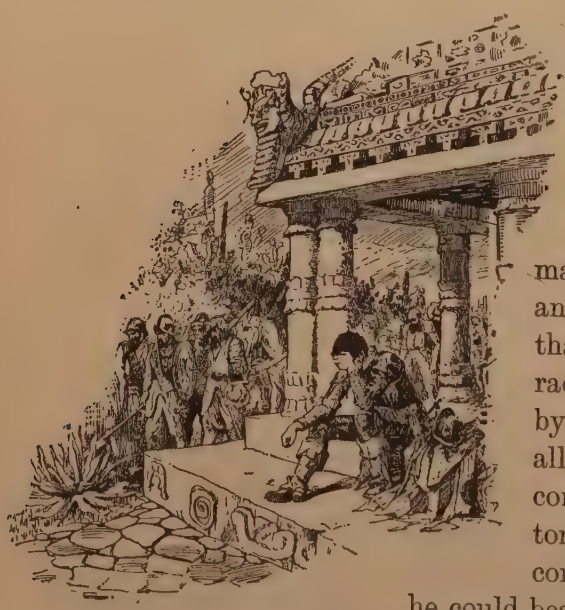


The Mexicans clambered continually up the sides of the dyke, and grappled with the Spaniards, till they rolled together down into the canoes. But while the Aztec fell among friends, his unhappy antagonist was secured, and borne away in triumph to the sacrifice.

The struggle was long and deadly, but by degrees the opening in the causeway was filled up by the wreck of the wagons, guns, rich bales of stuffs, chests of solid ingots, and bodies of men and horses which had fallen into it; and over this dismal ruin those in the rear were able to reach the other side. Cortés had found a place that was fordable, and, halting half-way across, had vainly endeavored to check the confusion, and lead his followers safely to the opposite bank. But his voice was lost in the wild uproar; and at length, attended by a few trusty cavaliers, he pushed forward to the front. Here he found Sandoval and his companions, halting before the last breach, trying to cheer on the soldiers to attempt the crossing; but, though not so beset with enemies as the last, it was wide and deep, and the men's resolution failed them. Again the cavaliers set the example, by plunging into the lake. Horse and foot followed, swimming or clinging to the manes and tails of the horses. Those fared best, as the general had predicted, who travelled lightest, and many were the unfortunate wretches, who, weighed down by the fatal treasure, were buried with it at the bottom of the lake. Cortés, with a few others, still kept in advance, leading the miserable remnant off the causeway. The din of battle was growing faint in the distance, when the rumor reached them that, without speedy succor, the rear guard must be utterly overwhelmed. It seemed a desperate venture, but the cavaliers, without thinking of the danger, turned their horses, and galloped back to the relief of their comrades. Swimming the canal again, they threw themselves into the thick of the fray. The first gleam of morning light showed the hideous

confusion of the scene; the masses of combatants upon the dyke were struggling till the very causeway seemed to rock, while as far as the eye could see, the lake was covered with a dense crowd of canoes full of warriors. The cavaliers found Alvarado unhorsed, and, with a mere handful of followers, defending himself against an overwhelming tide of the enemy, who by this time possessed the whole rear of the causeway, and received constant reinforcements from the city. The Spanish artillery, which had done good service at first, had been overthrown, and utterly confounded by the rush from the back. In the general ruin, Cortés strove by a resolute charge to give his countrymen time to rally, but it was only for a moment: they were speedily borne down by the returning rush. The general and his companions were forced to plunge into the lake once more, though with their numbers reduced this time, and Alvarado stood for an instant upon the brink, uncertain what to do. There was no time to be lost. He was a tall and powerful man. Setting his long lance firmly on the wreck which strewed the lake, he gave a mighty leap which landed him in safety upon the opposite bank. Aztecs and Tlascalans looked on in amazement at this almost incredible feat, and a general shout arose. "This is truly Tonatiuh—the Child of the Sun." To this day, the place is called "Alvarado's Leap." Cortés now rode to the front, where the troops were straggling miserably off the fatal causeway. Most fortunately, the attention of the Aztecs was diverted by the rich spoil that strewed the ground, and their pursuit ceased, so that the Spaniards passed unmolested through the village of Popotla. There the Spanish commander dis-

mounted from his weary steed, and sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, looked mournfully on while the broken files dragged slowly past. It was a piteous spectacle. The cavalry, many of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, their shattered mail dripping with the salt ooze, and showing through its rents many a ghastly wound; their firearms, banners, baggage, artillery, everything was gone. Cortés, as he looked sadly on their thin, disordered ranks, sought in vain many a familiar face, and missed more than one trusty comrade who had stood by his side through all the perils of the conquest; and accustomed as he was to conceal his emotions, he could bear it no longer, but covered his face with his hands, while he wept tears of anguish. It was, however, some consolation to him that Marina had been carried safely though the awful night by her faithful guards. Aguilar was also alive, and Martin Lopez, who had built two boats for him in Mexico, as well as Alvarado, Arila, Sandoval, Olid, and Ordaz.

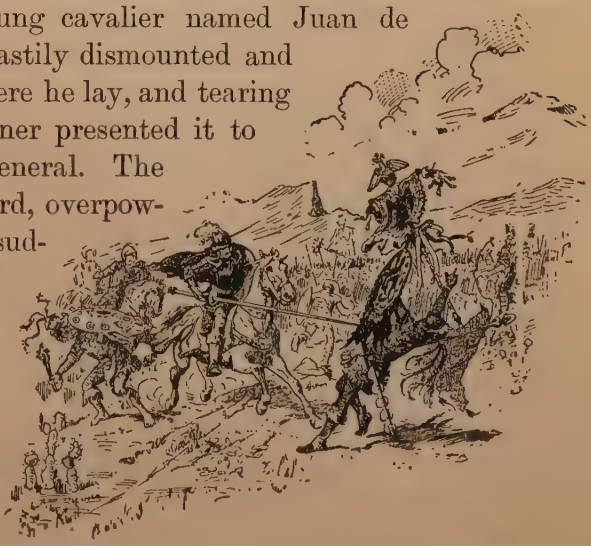


But this was no time to give way to vain regrets.

Cortés hastily mounted again and led his men as speedily as possible through Tlacopan, and, as soon as he reached the open country, endeavored to bring his disorganized battalions into something like order. The broken army, half starved, moved slowly towards the coast. On the seventh morning the army reached the mountain range which overlooks the plains of Otumba. All the day before, parties of the enemy had hovered round, crying vindictively, "Hasten on. You will soon find yourselves where you cannot escape!" Now, as they climbed the steep hillside, Cortés realized what this meant, for his scouts came back reporting that a powerful body of Aztecs was encamped upon the other side waiting for them; and truly enough, when they looked down into the valley, they saw it filled with a mighty host of warriors who had been gathered together by Cuitlahua, and stationed at this point to dispute the passage of the Spaniards. Every chief of importance had taken the field with his whole array. As far as the eye could reach extended a moving mass of glittering shields and spears, mingled with the banners and bright feather-mail of the caciques, and the white cotton robes of their followers. It was a sight to dismay the stoutest heart among the Spaniards, and even Cortés felt that his last hour was come. But since to escape was impossible, he disposed his little army to the best advantage, and prepared to cut his way through the enemy or perish in the attempt. He gave his force as broad a front as possible, protecting it on each flank with his cavalry, now reduced to twenty horsemen, who were instructed to direct their long lances at the faces of the enemy, and on no account to lose their hold

of them. The infantry were to thrust, not strike, with their swords, and above all to make for the leaders of the enemy, and then, after a few brave words of encouragement, he and his little band began to descend the hill, rushing, as it seemed, to certain destruction. The enemy met them with the usual storm of stones and arrows, but when the Spaniards closed with them, their superiority became apparent, and the natives were thrown into confusion by their own numbers as they fell back from the charge. The infantry followed up their advantage, and a wide lane was opened in the ranks of the enemy, who receded on all sides as if to allow them a free passage. But it was only to return with fresh fury, and soon the little army was entirely surrounded, standing firmly, protected on all sides by its bristling swords and lances, like an island in the midst of a raging sea. In spite of many gallant deeds and desperate struggles, the Spaniards found themselves, at the end of several hours, only more deeply wedged in by the dense masses of the enemy. Cortés had received another wound, in the head, his horse had fallen under him, and he had been obliged to mount one taken from the baggage train. The fiery rays of the sun poured down upon the nearly exhausted soldiers, who were beginning to despair and give way, while the enemy, constantly re-enforced from the rear, pressed on with redoubled fury. At this critical moment, the eagle eye of Cortés, ever on the watch for any chance of arresting the coming ruin, descried in the distance a chief, who, from his dress and surroundings, he knew must be the commander of the Aztec forces. He wore a rich surcoat of feather-work, and a gorgeous

plume of jewelled feathers floated from his helmet, while above this, and attached to his back between the shoulders, showed a golden net fastened to a short staff — the customary symbol of authority for an Aztec commander. Turning quickly round to Sandoval, Olid, Alvarado, and Avila, who surrounded him, he cried, pointing to the chief, "There is our mark! Follow and support me!" And shouting his war-cry he plunged into the thickest of the press. Taken by surprise the enemy fell back; those who could not escape were trampled under his horse's feet, or pierced by his long lance; the cavaliers followed him closely; in a few minutes they were close to the Aztec chief, and Cortés hurled him to the ground with one stroke from his lance; a young cavalier named Juan de Salamanca hastily dismounted and slew him where he lay, and tearing away his banner presented it to the Spanish general. The cacique's guard, overpowered by this sudden onset, fled precipitately, and their panic spread to the other Indians, who, on hearing of the death of their chief, fought no more, but thought only of escape. In their blind terror they impeded and trampled down their own comrades, and the Spaniards,



availing themselves fully of the marvellous turn affairs had taken, pursued them off the field, and then returned to secure the rich booty they had left behind them.

Cortés reached Tlascala in safety, and at once began to prepare his revenge on the Mexicans, aided by reinforcements of a few Spaniards from Vera Cruz. Gunpowder had also to be manufactured, and a cavalier named Francio Montaño undertook the perilous task of obtaining sulphur for the purpose from the terrible volcano of Popocatepetl. He set out with four comrades, and after some days journeying, they reached the dense forest which covered the base of the mountain, and forcing their way upward, came by degrees to a more open region. As they neared the top the track ended, and they had to climb as best they could over the black glazed surface of the lava, which, having issued from the crater in a boiling flood, had risen into a thousand odd forms wherever it met with any obstacle, and continually impeded their progress. After this they arrived at the region of perpetual snow, which increased their difficulties, the treacherous ice giving way at every step, so that many times they narrowly escaped falling into the frozen chasms that yawned all round them. At last, however, they reached the mouth of the crater, and, crawling cautiously to the very edge, peered down into its gloomy depths. At the bottom of the abyss, which seemed to them to go down into the very heart of the earth, a lurid flame burned sullenly, sending up a sulphurous steam, which cooling as it rose, fell again in showers upon the sides of the cavity. Into this one of the brave explorers had to descend, and when they had

cast lots the choice fell upon Montaño himself. His preparations were soon made, and his companions lowered him in a basket into the horrible chasm to a depth of four hundred feet, and there as he hung, he scraped the sulphur from the sides of the crater, descending again and again until he had procured enough for the wants of the army, with which they returned triumphantly to Tlascala. Meanwhile the construction of the ships went forward prosperously, and by Christmas, in the year 1520, there was no longer any reason to delay the march to Mexico.

While all these preparations were being made, some changes had taken place among the Aztecs. Cuitlahua had suddenly died after reigning four months, and Guatemozin, his nephew, had been chosen in his stead. This young prince had married one of Montezuma's daughters. He was handsome and valiant, and so terrible that his followers trembled in his presence. He had a sort of religious hatred of the Spaniards, and prepared manfully to meet the perils which he saw

threatening his country, for by means of spies he had kept à watch upon the movements of the Spaniards, and had discovered their intention of besieging the capital. Cortés, upon reviewing his army, found that his whole force fell little short of six hundred men, of whom forty were cavalry, and eighty arquebusiers and cross-bowmen. The rest were armed with sword, target, and the long copper-headed pikes, which had been made specially by the general's directions. There were also nine cannon of moderate size, but the supply of powder was but indifferent. Cortés published a code of strict regulations for the guidance of his men before they set out, and addressed them as usual, with stirring words, touching all the springs of devotion, honor, and ambition in their hearts, and rousing their enthusiasm as only he could have done. His plan of action was to establish his headquarters at some place upon the Tezcuan lake, whence he could cut off the supplies from the surrounding country, and place Mexico in a state of blockade until the completion of his ships should enable him to begin a direct assault. The most difficult of the three ways into the valley was the one Cortés chose; it led right across the mountain chain, and he judged wisely that he would be less likely to be annoyed by the enemy in that direction. Before long the army halted within three leagues of Tezcuco, which you will remember was upon the opposite shore of the lake to Mexico, and somewhat farther north. Up to this time they only had had a few slight skirmishes with the Aztecs, though beacon fires had blazed upon every hill-top, showing that the country was roused. Cortés thought it very unlikely that he would be

allowed to enter Tezcuco, which was now reigned over by Coanaco, the friend and ally of Guatemozin. But the next morning, before the troops were well under arms, came an embassy bearing a golden flag, and a gift for Cortés, and imploring him to spare Coanaco's territories, and to take up his quarters in his capital. Cortés first sternly demanded an account of the Spaniards who, while convoying treasure to the coast, had been slain by Coanaco just when Cortés himself was retreating to Tlascala. The envoys declared at once that the Mexican emperor alone was to blame; he had ordered it to be done, and had received the gold and the prisoners. They then urged that to give them time to prepare suitable accommodation for him, Cortés should not enter Tezcuco until the next day; but disregarding this he marched in at once, only to find the place deserted, and Coanaco well on his way across the lake to Mexico. The general, however, turned this to his own advantage by assembling the few persons left in the city, and then and there electing a brother of the late sovereign to be ruler in his place, and when a few months later he died, he was succeeded by Ixtlilxochitl, son of Negahualpilli, who, always a friend of the Spaniards, now became their most valuable ally, and by the support of his personal authority and all his military resources, did more than any other Aztec chieftain to rivet the chains of the strangers round the necks of his own countrymen.

THE SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF MEXICO.

The city of Tezcuco, which lay about half a league from the shore of the lake, was probably the best posi-

tion Cortés could have chosen for the headquarters of the army. His first care was to strengthen the defences of the palace in which they were lodged, and next to employ eight thousand Indian laborers in widening a stream, which ran towards the lake, so that when the ships arrived they might be put together in Tezcuco, and floated safely down to be launched upon it. Meanwhile many of the places in the neighborhood sent in their submission to Cortés, and several noble Aztecs fell into his hands. These men he employed to bear a message to Guatemozin, in which he deprecated the necessity of the present hostilities, and declared himself willing to forget the past, inviting the Mexicans by a timely submission to save their capital from the horrors of a siege. But every man in Mexico was determined to defend it to the uttermost, and this appeal produced no effect. The general now turned his attention to securing all the strong places upon the lake. Iztapalapan was the first; the attacking party, after a sharp struggle, succeeded in entering the town; many of the inhabitants fled in their canoes, but those who remained were massacred by the Tlascalans in spite of all Cortés could do to restrain them. Darkness set in while the soldiers were eagerly loading themselves with plunder; some of the houses had been set on fire, and the flames lighted up the scene of ruin and desolation. Suddenly a sound was heard as of the rush of the incoming tide — and Cortés with great alarm realized that the Indians had broken down the dykes, and that before long the low-lying ground upon which the town stood would be under water. He hastily called off his men and retreated, the soldiers, heavily

laden, wading with difficulty through the flood which gained fast upon them. As they left the burning city behind them they could no longer find their way, and sometimes plunged into deep water where many of the allies, unable to swim, were carried away and drowned. When morning dawned they were harassed by the enemy, who hovered round and discharged volleys of arrows and stones, so that it was with no small satisfaction that they presently found themselves once more within the walls of Tezcuco. Cortés was greatly disappointed at this disastrous end of an expedition which had begun so well, but after all the fate of Iztapalapan produced a good effect, and many more towns sent to tender their allegiance, amongst others Otumba and Chalco, which was a place of great importance. Cortés also managed to induce the tribes, who though friendly to him were hostile to one another, to forget their feuds and combine against Mexico, and to this wise policy he owed much of his future success.

News now came from Tlascala that the ships were ready, and Sandoval was despatched with a considerable guard to bring them to Tezcuco. On his way he was to stop at Zoltepec, where the massacre of the Spaniards had taken place, to find out and punish all who had had a hand in the matter; but when they got there the inhabitants had fled. In the deserted temples they had the horror of finding many traces of the fate of their comrades; for beside their arms and clothing, and the hides of their horses, the heads of several soldiers were found suspended as trophies of victory; while traced in charcoal upon the wall in one building were the words, in the Spanish language, "In this place

the unfortunate Juan Juste, with many others of his company, was imprisoned." It was fortunate that the inhabitants had fled, for they would have met with but scant mercy from the Spaniards, who were full of indignation at the thought of the horrible doom which had overtaken their companions. Sandoval now resumed his march to Tlascala, but before he could reach it, the convoy appeared transporting the ships through the mountain passes. Retaining twenty thousand of the warriors as a guard, the Spanish captain dismissed the rest, and after four laborious days Cortés and his garrison had the joy of welcoming them safe within the walls of Tezcuco. It was not long before the general once more sallied forth to reconnoitre the capital, and by the way to chastise certain places which had sent him hostile messages. After an exciting struggle Xaltocan and three other towns were taken, and a considerable quantity of gold and food fell into the hands of the victors. Marching on, the general found himself before Tlacopan, through whose streets he had hurried in consternation at the end of the night of horror. It was his intention to occupy the town, which he did after a sharp fight, just before nightfall, and the next morning, seeing the enemy in battle array on the open ground before the city, he marched out against them and routed them utterly. The Aztecs fled into the town, but were driven through its streets at the point of the lance, and compelled once more to abandon it, after which the Tlascalans pillaged and set fire to the houses, much against the will of Cortés, but they were a fierce race, and sometimes dangerous to friends as well as foes. After six days the general went back to

Tezcuco, and for some time things went on as before, with many skirmishes and expeditions against the towns garrisoned by the Mexicans. Sandoval took several strongholds which threatened the security of Chalco, and all the while the work upon the canal was going rapidly forward, and the ships were nearing completion in spite of three attempts made by the enemy to burn them. Just at this time came the welcome news that three vessels had arrived at Villa Rica, with two hundred men on board well provided with arms and ammunition, and with seventy or eighty horses, and the new comers soon made their way to Tezcuco, for the roads to the port were now safe and open.

In April, 1521, Cortés started once more to scour the country with a large force, passing quite round the great lakes, and exploring the mountain regions to the south of them. He came upon Aztec forces intrenched in strong towns, often built like eagles' nests upon some rocky height, so that to take them was a work of great difficulty and danger. Once he found himself before a city which it was absolutely necessary to subdue, but he was separated from it by a cleft in the solid rock of no great width, but going sheer down thousands of feet. The bridges which generally crossed it had been broken down at the approach of the Spaniards, and as they stood there, unable to advance, the enemy's archers as usual kept up a steady fire, to which they were unavoidably exposed. The general sent a party to seek a passage lower down, but they met with no success until they came to a spot where two large trees, growing one on either side of the ravine, interlaced their branches overhead, and by this unsteady

and perilous bridge one of the Tlascalans ventured to cross. His example was soon followed, and one by one about thirty Spaniards and some more of the natives crawled across, swinging dizzily above the abyss. Three lost their hold and fell, but the rest alighted in safety on the other side and attacked the Aztecs, who were as much amazed at their sudden appearance as if they had dropped from the clouds. Presently a temporary bridge was contrived by which the remainder of the force managed to cross also, and before long the town was taken, and the trembling caciques appeared before Cortés, throwing the blame of their resistance upon the Mexicans, and promising submission for the future.

The general then continued his march across the eastern shoulder of the mountain, descending finally upon Xochimilco, which was built partly upon the lake like Mexico itself, and was approached by causeways, which, however, were of no great length. It was in the first attack upon this town that Cortés was as nearly as possible taken prisoner by the Aztecs. He had thrown himself into the thick of the fight with his usual bravery, and was trying to resist an unexpected rush of the enemy, when his horse stumbled and fell, he himself received a severe blow upon the head before he could rise, and was seized and dragged off in triumph by several Indians. At this moment a Tlascalan saw his danger and sprang furiously upon his captors, trying to tear him from their grasp. Two Spaniards also rushed to the rescue, and between them the Aztecs were forced to quit their hold of the general, who lost no time in regaining his saddle, and

laying about him with his good sword as vigorously as before. After a terrible struggle the enemy was driven out, and Cortés took possession of the city. As it was not yet dusk he ascended the principal teocalli to reconnoitre the surrounding country, and there beheld a sight which could but cause him grave anxiety. The lake was covered with rapidly approaching canoes full of warriors, while inland Indian squadrons were marching up in dense columns. Xochimilco was but four leagues from the capital, and at the first tidings of the arrival of the Spaniards, Guatemozin had mustered a strong force and marched to its relief. Cortés made all possible preparations for the defence of his quarters, but not until the next day did the Mexicans attack him, and then the battle raged long and with varying success; but in the end Spanish discipline prevailed, and the natives were routed with such dreadful slaughter that they made no further attempt to renew the conflict. The city yielded a rich hoard of plunder, being well stored with gold and feather-work, and many other articles of use or luxury, so that when the general mustered his men upon the neighboring plain before resuming his march, many of them came staggering under the weight of their spoil. This caused him much uneasiness, since their way would be through a hostile country; but seeing that the soldiers were determined to keep what they had so hardly won, he contented himself with ordering the baggage to be placed in the centre guarded by part of the cavalry, and having disposed the rest to the best advantage, they once more set forth, at the last moment setting fire to the wooden buildings of Xochi-

milco, which blazed furiously, the glare upon the water telling far and wide the fate that had befallen it. Resting here and there, and engaging in many skirmishes with the Aztecs who followed them up, furious at the sight of the plunder which was being carried away by the invaders, the army presently completed the circuit of the lakes, and reached Tezucuco, to be greeted with the news that the ships were fully rigged and the canal completed, so that there was no longer any reason to delay their operations against Mexico.

It was a triumphant moment when the vessels were launched, and reached the lake in good order. Cortés saw to their being properly armed and manned, and then reviewed the rest of his forces, and summoned his native allies to furnish their promised levies at once.

The general's plan of action against Mexico was to send Sandoval with one division to take possession of Iztapalapan at the southern end of the lake, while Alvarado and Olid were to secure Tlacopan and Chapoltepec upon its western shore, and at the latter place destroy the aqueduct, and so cut off the supply of fresh water from Mexico. This they did successfully, and in several days of fierce fighting breach after breach was carried, and the Spaniards penetrated the city as far as the great teocalli, driving the natives before them, while the Tlascalans in the rear filled up the gaps in the dyke as well as they could, and brought up the heavy guns. Cortés and his men now pushed their way into the inclosure of the temple, and some of them rushed to the top, so lately the scene of their terrible battle, and there found a fresh image of the war-god. Tearing away the gold and jewels with which it was

bedecked, they hurled it, and its attendant priests over the side of the pyramid, and hastened down to the assistance of their comrades, who were by this time in a most perilous position, the Aztecs having rallied and attacked them furiously. Indeed it seemed likely to go hard with them, for they were driven helplessly back down the great street in utter confusion and panic; but the timely arrival of a small body of cavalry created a diversion in their favor, and Cortés managed to turn them once more and drive the enemy back into the enclosure with much loss. As it was by this time evening, he retreated in good order to Xoloc. Though this affair caused some consternation among the Mexicans, they speedily opened the canals and built up the ramparts again, so that when Cortés renewed the attack the whole scene had to be gone through as before. When they once gained the street, however, they found it much easier to advance, the Tlascalans having on the last occasion pulled down many of the houses on either side. This time Cortés had determined to destroy some of the cherished buildings of the Mexicans, and began by setting fire to his old quarters, the palace of Axayacatl, and then the palace of Montezuma on the other side of the great square. The sight so maddened the natives that the Spaniards had some ado to make good their retreat, and few reached their camp that night unwounded. The Aztec emperor for his part made frequent sallies against the Spaniards both by land and upon the lake, sometimes with considerable success. At first he managed to obtain supplies of food in canoes, under cover of the darkness, but by degrees the large towns on the mainland, seeing

the Mexicans unable to defend themselves, gave in their allegiance to the Spaniards, and then starvation began to be felt in the unhappy city. In spite of everything, however, all offers of terms from Cortés were steadily refused.

At this juncture, the general was persuaded by some of his officers that it would be well for two of the divisions to unite, and occupy the great market-place in the heart of the town, and so at a given time they marched along their respective causeways and entered the city. Strict orders were given by Cortés that as they advanced every opening in the causeways should be filled up and made secure. The attack began, and the enemy, taken apparently by surprise, gave way and fell back; on rushed the Spaniards by every street, eager to reach the appointed meeting place. Only the general suspected that the enemy might be purposely luring them on to turn upon them when they were hopelessly involved. Taking a few men with him, he hastily proceeded to see for himself if the way was clear should a retreat become necessary, and found, as he had feared, that all had been too eager to be in the front to attend to this most important duty. In the first street he traversed was a huge gap, twelve feet wide, and at least as many deep, full of water, for it connected two canals. A feeble attempt had been made to fill this up with beams and rubbish, but it had been left before any good had been done. Worse than all Cortés saw that this breach was freshly made, and that his officers had probably rushed headlong into a snare laid by the enemy. Before his men could do anything towards filling up the trench, the distant sounds of the battle

changed into an ever-increasing tumult, the mingled yells and war cries, and the trampling of many feet grew nearer, and at last, to his horror, Cortés beheld his men driven to the edge of the fatal gulf, confused, helpless, surrounded by their foes. The foremost files were soon hurried over the edge, some trying to swim across, some beaten down by the struggles of their comrades, or pierced by the darts of the Indians. In vain with outstretched hands did Cortés try to rescue his soldiers from death, or worse still from capture; he was soon recognized, and six of the enemy tried to seize and drag him into a canoe. It was only after a severe struggle, in which he was wounded in the leg, that he was rescued by his brave followers. Two were killed in the attempt, while another was taken alive as he held the general's horse for him to mount. In all, sixty Spaniards were captured on this fatal day, and it was only when the rest reached their guns in the open space before the causeway that they were able to rally and beat back the Aztecs. The other division had fared equally ill, and were moreover in great anxiety as to the fate of Cortés, who was reported to have been killed. When they once more reached their quarters, Sandoval, though badly wounded, rode into the camp of Cortés to learn the truth, and had a long and earnest consultation with him over the disaster, and what was next to be done. As he returned to his camp he was startled by the sound of the great drum on the temple of the war-god, heard only once before during the night of horror, and looking up he saw a long file of priests and warriors, winding round the terraces of the teocalli. As they came out upon the platform at the top he per-

ceived, with rage and despair, that his own countrymen were about to be sacrificed with the usual ghastly ceremonies. The camp was near enough to the city for the white skins of the victims and their unavailing struggles to be distinctly seen by their comrades, who were nevertheless powerless to help them, and their distress and fury may be imagined.

For five days the horrible scenes went on, the Mexicans feasting, singing, and dancing, while their priests predicted that in eight days the war-god, appeased by these sacrifices, would overwhelm their enemies and deliver them into their hands. These prophecies had a great effect upon the native allies of Cortés, who withdrew from him in immense numbers. But the general treated their superstition with cheerful contempt, and only bargained with the deserters to remain close by and see what would happen. When the ninth day came, and the city was still seen to be beset on every side, they ceased to believe in the oracle, and returned, with their anger against the Mexicans rekindled, and their confidence in the Spaniards greatly strengthened. At this time another vessel loaded with stores and ammunition touched at Vera Cruz, and her cargo was seized and sent on to Cortés by the governor. With his strength thus renewed the Spanish general resumed active operations. This time not a step was taken in advance without securing the entire safety of the army, once and for all, by solidly building up the dykes, filling every canal, and pulling down every house, so that slowly and by degrees a bare open space was made, which took in more and more of the town, till at last the unhappy Aztecs, after many desperate

sallies, were shut into the portion of the city which lay between the northern and western causeways. Here famine and pestilence did their awful work unchecked. The ordinary articles of food were long exhausted, and the wretched people ate moss, insects, grass, weeds, or the bark of trees. They had no fresh water. The dead were unburied, the wounded lay in misery, yet all the endeavors of Cortés to induce Guatemozin and his chiefs to submit were useless. Though the two divisions of the army had proceeded with their work of destruction until they could join their forces, and seven-eighths of the city lay in ruins, though the banner of Castile floated undisturbed from the smouldering remains of the sanctuary on the teocalli of the war-god, still the Aztecs defied the conquerors, and fiercely rejected their overtures of peace.

Hundreds of famishing wretches died every day, and lay where they fell, for there was no one to bury them. Familiarity with the spectacle made men indifferent to it. They looked on in dumb despair waiting for their own turn to come. There was no complaint or lamentation, but deep, unutterable woe. In the midst of this appalling misery Guatemozin remained calm and courageous, and as firmly resolved not to capitulate as at the beginning of the siege. It is even said that when Cortés persuaded a noble Aztec prisoner to bear his proposals for a treaty to the emperor, Guatemozin instantly ordered him to be sacrificed. The general, who had suspended hostilities for several days hoping for a favorable answer to his message, now resolved to drive him to submission by a general assault, and for that purpose led his men across the dreary waste of ruins to the narrow

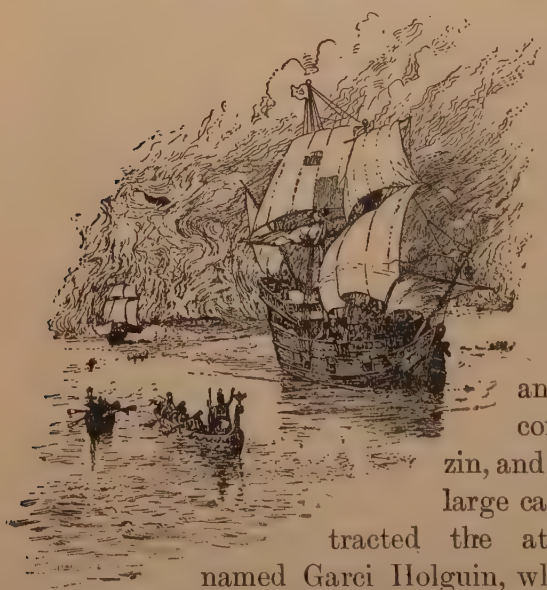
quarter of the city into which the wretched Mexicans had retreated. But he was met by several chiefs, who, holding out their emaciated arms, exclaimed, "Why do you delay so long to put an end to our miseries? Rather kill us at once that we may go to our god Huitzilopochtli, who waits to give us rest from our sufferings?"

Cortés, moved by the piteous sight, replied that he desired not their death but their submission. "Why does your master refuse to treat with me," he said, "when in a single hour I can crush him and all his people?" Then once more he sent to demand an interview with Guatemozin. This time the emperor hesitated and agreed that next day he would meet the Spanish general. Cortés, well satisfied, withdrew his force, and next morning presented himself at the appointed place in the great square, where a stone platform had been spread with mats and carpets and a banquet made ready. But after all Guatemozin, instead of coming himself, sent his nobles. Cortés, though greatly disappointed, received them courteously, persuading them to partake of the feast he had prepared, and dismissing them with a supply of provisions for their master and a renewed entreaty that he would next day come in person. But though he waited for three hours beyond the time appointed, neither the emperor nor his chiefs appeared, and the general heard that the Mexicans were preparing to resist an assault. He delayed no longer, but ordering Sandoval to support him by bringing up the ships and directing his big guns against the houses near the water, he marched at once into the enemy's quarters. The Mexicans set up a fierce war-cry, and with their usual spirit sent off clouds of arrows and darts; but the struggle soon be-

came a hand-to-hand one; and weakened by starvation and hemmed in as they were the unhappy Aztecs had no chance against their foes. After a scene of indescribable horror, which appalled even the soldiers of Cortés, used as they were to war and violence, the Spanish commander sounded a retreat and withdrew to his quarters, leaving behind him forty thousand corpses and a smouldering ruin. Through the long night that followed all was silent in the Mexican quarter. There was neither light nor movement. This last blow seemed to have utterly stunned them. They had nothing left to hope for. In the Spanish camp, however, all was rejoicing at the prospect of a speedy termination to the wearisome campaign. The great object of Cortés was now to secure the person of Guatemozin, and the next day, which was August 13, 1521, he led his forces for the last time across the black and blasted ruin which was all that remained of the once beautiful city. In order to give the distressed garrison one more chance, he obtained an interview with the principal chiefs and reasoned with them about the conduct of their emperor.

"Surely," he said, "Guatemozin will not see you all perish when he can so easily save you." But when he had with difficulty prevailed upon them to urge the king to confer with him, the only answer they could bring was that Gautemozin was ready to die where he was, but would hold no communication with the Spanish commander. "Go then," replied the stern conqueror, "and prepare your countrymen for death. Their last moment has come." Still, however, he postponed the attack for several hours; but the troops were impatient at the delay, and a rumor spread that Guatemozin was

preparing to escape by the lake. It was useless to hesitate: the word was given, and the terrible scene that ensued repeated the horrors of the day before. While this was going forward on shore numbers of canoes pushed off across the lake, most of them only to be intercepted and sunk by the Spanish ships, which beat down upon them, firing to right and left. Some few, however, under cover of the smoke, succeeded in getting into open water. Sandoval had given particular orders that his captains should watch any boat that might contain Guatemozin, and now two or three large canoes together attracted the attention of one named Garci Holguin, who instantly gave chase, and with a favorable wind soon overtook the fugitives, though they rowed with the energy of despair. As his men levelled their guns at the occupants of the boat one rose saying, "I am Guatemozin; lead me to Malinche; I am his prisoner. But let no harm come to my wife and followers."



Holguin took them on board, and then requested that the emperor would order the people in the other canoes to surrender. "There is no need," he answered

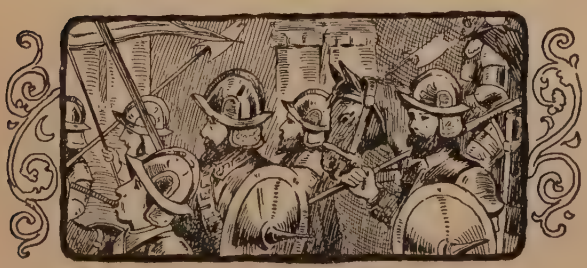
sadly, "they will fight no longer when they see their prince is taken." And so it was, for when the news of his capture reached the shore the Mexicans at once ceased to defend themselves. It seemed as if they had only gone on so long to give their sovereign a better chance of escape. Cortés, who had taken up his station on the flat roof of one of the houses, now sent to command that Guatemozin should be brought before him, and he came, escorted by Sandoval and Holguin, who each claimed the honor of having captured him. The conqueror, who was, as usual, accompanied by the Lady Marina, came forward with dignified courtesy to receive his noble prisoner. The Aztec monarch broke the silence saying, "I have done all I could to defend myself and my people. I am now reduced to this state. Deal with me, Malinche, as you will." Then laying his hand on a dagger which hung from the belt of Cortés, he added, "Better despatch me at once with this, and rid me of life."

"Fear not," answered the conqueror, "you shall be treated with honor. You have defended your capital like a brave warrior, and a Spaniard knows how to respect valor even in an enemy." He then sent for the queen, who had remained on board the Spanish ship, and after ordering that the royal captives should be well cared for and supplied with all they needed, he proceeded to dispose of his troops. Olid and Alvarado drew off their divisions to their quarters, leaving only a small guard in the wasted suburbs of the pestilence-stricken city, whilst the general himself, with Sandoval and the prisoners, retired to a town at the end of the southern causeway. That night a tremendous tempest

arose, such as the Spaniards had never before witnessed, shaking to its foundations all that remained of the city of Mexico. The next day, at the request of Guatemozin, the Mexicans were allowed to leave the capital, and for three days a mournful train of men, women, and children straggled feebly across the causeways, sick and wounded, wasted with famine and misery, turning often to take one more look at the spot which was once their pleasant home. When they were gone the conquerors took possession of the place and purified it as speedily as possible, burying the dead and lighting huge bonfires in the deserted streets. The treasure of gold and jewels found in it fell far short of the expectation of the Spaniards, the Aztecs having probably buried their hoards or sunk them in the lake on purpose to disappoint the avarice of their enemies. Cortés, therefore, to his eternal disgrace, caused Guatemozin to be tortured; but fire and cord could not wring the secret of the treasure from this illustrious prince. In later days Cortés hanged Guatemozin, on pretence of a conspiracy. Cortés, having no further need for his native allies, now dismissed them with presents and flattering speeches, and they departed well pleased, loaded with the plunder of the Mexican houses, which was despised by the Spanish soldiers. Great was the satisfaction of the conquerors at having thus brought the long campaign successfully to an end. Cortés celebrated the event by a banquet as sumptuous as circumstances would permit, and the next day, at the request of Father Olmedo, the whole army took part in a solemn service and procession in token of their thankfulness for victory.

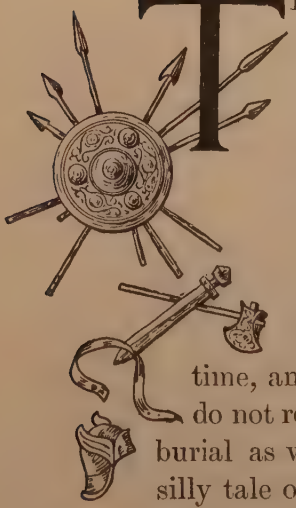
Thus, after a siege of nearly three months, in which the beleaguered Mexicans showed a constancy and courage under their sufferings which is unmatched in history, fell the renowned capital of the Aztecs, and with its fall the story of the nation comes to an end.

The Aztec empire fell by its own sin. The constant capture of men from neighboring states as victims for sacrifice had caused the Aztecs to be hated; thus Cortés obtained the aid of the Tlascalans, but for which even his courage and energy would have been of no avail. He deserted Marina when she ceased to be useful, and gave her as a wife to one of his followers.



THE ADVENTURE OF LEIF THE LUCKY

(From The Old Sagas.)



THIS is the story of the first finding of America by the Icelanders, nearly five hundred years before Columbus. They landed on the coast, and stayed for a short time; where they landed is uncertain. Thinking that it was in New England, the people of Boston have erected a statue of Leif in their town. The story was not written till long after Leif's time, and it cannot *all* be true. Dead men do not return and give directions about their burial as we read here. We have omitted a silly tale of a one-footed man. In the middle ages, people believed that one-footed men lived in Africa; they thought Vineland was near Africa, so they brought the fable into the Saga.

Hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America, there lived in Iceland a man named Eric the Red. His father had slain a man in Norway, and fled with his family to Iceland. Eric, too, was a dangerous man. His servants did mischief on the farm of a neighbor,

who slew them. Then Eric slew the farmer, and also Holmgang Hrafn, a famous duellist, of whom the country was well rid. Eric was banished from that place, and, in his new home, had a new quarrel. He lent some furniture to a man who refused to restore it. Eric, therefore, carried off his goods, and the other pursued him. They fought, and Eric killed him. For this he was made an outlaw, and went sailing to discover new countries. He found one, where he settled, calling it Greenland, because, he said, people would come there more readily if it had a good name.

One Thorbiorn, among others, sailed to Greenland, but came in an unlucky time, for fish were scarce, and some settlers were drowned. At that day, some of the new comers were Christians, some still worshipped the old Gods, Thor and Woden, and practised magic. These sent for a prophetess to tell them what the end of their new colony would be. It is curious to know what a real witch was like, and how she behaved, so we shall copy the story from the old Icelandic book.

"When she came in the evening, with the man who had been sent to meet her, she was clad in a dark-blue cloak, fastened with a strap, and set with stones quite down to the hem. She wore glass beads around her neck, and upon her head a black lambskin hood, lined with white catskin. In her hands she carried a staff, upon which there was a knob, which was ornamented with brass, and set with stones up about the knob. Circling her waist she wore a girdle of touchwood, and attached to it a great skin pouch, in which she kept the charms which she used when she was practising her sorcery. She wore upon her feet shaggy calfskin shoes,

with long, tough latchets, upon the ends of which there were large brass buttons. She had catskin gloves upon her hands; the gloves were white inside and lined with fur. When she entered, all of the folk felt it to be their duty to offer her becoming greetings. She received the salutations of each individual according as he pleased her. Yeoman Thorkel took the sibyl by the hand, and led her to the seat which had been made ready for her. Thorkel bade her run her eyes over man and beast and home. She had little to say concerning all these. The tables were brought forth in the evening, and it remains to be told what manner of food was prepared for the prophetess. A porridge of goat's beestings was made for her, and for meat there were dressed the hearts of every kind of beast which could be obtained there. She had a brass spoon, and a knife with a handle of walrus tusk, with a double hasp of brass around the haft, and from this the point was broken. And when the tables were removed, Yeoman Thorkel approaches the prophetess Thorbiorg, and asks how she is pleased with the home, and the character of the folk, and how speedily she would be likely to become aware of that concerning which he had questioned her, and which the people were anxious to know. She replied that she could not give an opinion in this matter before the morrow, after that she had slept there through the night. And on the morrow, when the day was far spent, such preparations were made as were necessary to enable her to accomplish her soothsaying. She bade them bring her those women who knew the incantation which she required to work her spells, and which she called Warlocks; but such women were not to be found. There-

upon a search was made throughout the house, to see whether anyone knew this [incantation]. Then says Gudrid, Thorbiorn's daughter: 'Although I am neither skilled in the black art nor a sibyl, yet my foster-mother, Halldis, taught me in Iceland that spell-song, which she called Warlocks,' Thorbiorg answered: 'Then art thou wise in season!' Gudrid replies; 'This is an incantation and ceremony of such a kind that I do not mean to lend it any aid, for that I am a Christian woman.' Thorbiorg answers: 'It might so be that thou couldst give thy help to the company here, and still be no worse woman than before; however, I leave it with Thorkel to provide for my needs.' Thorkel now so urged Gudrid that she said she must needs comply with his wishes. The women then made a ring round about, while Thorbiorg sat up on the spell-daïs. Gudrid then sang the song, so sweet and well, that no one remembered ever before to have heard the melody sung with so fair a voice as this. The sorceress thanked her for the song, and said: 'She has indeed lured many spirits hither, who think it pleasant to hear this song, those who were wont to forsake us hitherto and refuse to submit themselves

to us. Many things are now revealed to me, which hitherto have been hidden, both from me and from others. And I am able to announce that this period of famine will not endure longer, but the season will mend as spring approaches. The visitation of disease, which has been so long upon you, will disappear sooner than expected.' "

After this, Thorbiorn sailed to the part of Greenland where Eric the Red lived, and there was received with open arms. Eric had two sons, one called Thorstein, the other Leif the Lucky, and it was Leif who afterwards discovered Vineland the Good, that is, the coast of America, somewhere between Nova Scotia and New England. He found it by accident. He had been in Norway, at the court of King Olaf, who bade him proclaim Christianity in Greenland. As he was sailing thither, Leif was driven by tempests out of his course, and came upon coasts which he had never heard of, where wild vines grew, and hence he called that shore Vineland the Good. The vine did not grow, of course, in Iceland. But Leif had with him a German Tyrker, and one day, when they were on shore, Tyrker was late in joining the rest. He was very much excited, and spoke in the German tongue, saying "I have found something new, vines and grapes." Then they filled their boat full of grapes, and sailed away. He also brought away some men from a wreck, and with these, and the message of the Gospel, he sailed back to Greenland, to his father, Eric the Red, and from that day he was named Leif the Lucky. But Eric had no great mind to become a Christian, he had been born to believe in Thor and his own sword.

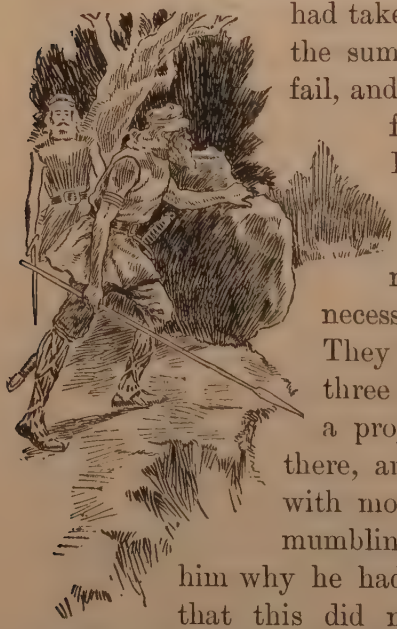
Next year Leif's brother, Thorstein, set out to find Vineland, and Eric, first burying all his treasures, started with him, but he fell from his horse, and broke his ribs, and his company came within sight of Ireland, but Vineland they did not see, so they returned to Ericsfirth in Greenland, and there passed the winter.

There was much sickness, and one woman died. After her death she rose, and they could only lay her by holding an axe before her breast. Thorstein, Eric's son, died also, but in the night he arose again and said that Christian burial should be given to men in consecrated ground. For the manner had been to bury the dead in their farms with a long pole driven through the earth till it reached the breast of the corpse. Afterwards the priest came, and poured holy water through the hole, and not till then, perhaps long after the death, was the funeral service held. After Thorstein rose and spoke, Christian burial was always used in Greenland. Next year came Karlsefni from Iceland, with two ships, and Eric received him kindly, and gave all his crew winter quarters. In summer nothing would serve Karlsefni but to search again for Vineland the Good. They took three ships and one hundred and sixty men, and south they sailed. They passed Flat Stone Land, where there were white foxes, and Bear Island, where they saw a bear, and Forest Land, and a cape where they found the keel of a wrecked ship, this they named Keelness. Then they reached the Wonder Strands, long expanses of sandy shore. Now Karlsefni had with him two Scotch or Irish savages, the swiftest of all runners, whom King Olaf had given to Leif the Lucky, and they were fleeter-footed than deer. They wore only

a plaid and kilt all in one piece, for the rest they were naked. Karlsefni landed them south of Wonder Strands, and bade them run south and return on the third day to report about the country. When they returned, one carried a bunch of grapes, the other ears of native wheat. Then they sailed on, passed an isle covered with birds' eggs, and a firth, which they called Streamfirth, from the tide in it.

Beyond Streamfirth they landed and established themselves there.

"There were mountains thereabouts. They occupied themselves exclusively with the exploration of the country. They remained there during the winter, and they had taken no thought for this during the summer. The fishing began to fail, and they began to fall short of food. Then Thorhall the Huntsman disappeared. They had already prayed to God for food, but it did not come as promptly as their necessities seemed to demand. They searched for Thorhall for three half-days, and found him on a projecting crag. He was lying there, and looking up at the sky, with mouth and nostrils agape, and mumbling something. They asked him why he had gone thither; he replied, that this did not concern anyone. They asked him then to go home with them, and he did so. Soon after this a whale appeared there, and



they captured it, and flensed it, and no one could tell what manner of whale it was; and when the cooks had prepared it, they ate of it, and were all made ill by it. Then Thorhall, approaching them, says: "Did not the Red-beard (that is, Thor) prove more helpful than your Christ? This is my reward for the verses which I composed to Thor the Trustworthy; seldom has he failed me." When the people heard this, they cast the whale down into the sea, and made their appeals to God. The weather then improved, and they would now row out to fish, and thenceforward they had no lack of provisions, for they could hunt game on the land, gather eggs on the island, and catch fish from the sea.

Next Spring Thorhall the heathen left them, laughing at the wine which he had been promised, and sailed north. He and his crew were driven to Ireland, where they were captured and sold as slaves, and that was all Thorhall got by worshipping the Red Beard. Karlsefni sailed south and reached a rich country of wild maize, where also was plenty of fish and of game. Here they first met the natives, who came in a fleet of skin-canoes. "They were swarthy men and ill-looking, and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had great eyes and were broad of cheek."

The Icelanders held up a white shield in sign of peace and the natives withdrew. They may have been Eskimo or Red Indians.

The winter was mild and open, but spring had scarce returned, when the bay was as full of native canoes "as if ashes had been sprinkled over it." They only came to trade and exchanged furs for red cloth, nor did they

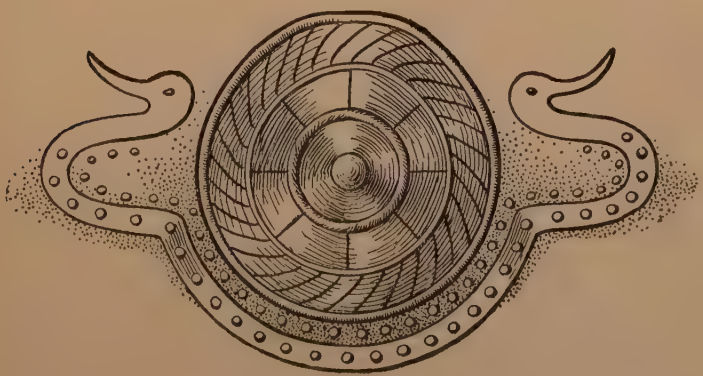
seem to care whether they got a broad piece of cloth or a narrow one. They also wanted weapons, but these Karlsefni refused to sell. The market was going on busily when a bull that Karlsefni had brought from Greenland came out from the wood and began to bellow, whereon the Skraelings (as they called the natives) ran! Three weeks passed when the Skraelings returned in very great force, waving their clubs *against* the course of the sun, whereas in peace they waved them with it. Karlsefni showed a red shield, the token of war, and fighting began. It is not easy to make out what happened, for there are two sagas, or stories of these events, both written down long after they occurred. In one we read that the Skraelings were good slingers, and also that they used a machine which reminds one rather of gunpowder than of anything else. They swung from a pole a great black ball, and it made a fearful noise when it fell among Karlsefni's men. So frightened were they that they saw Skraelings where there were none, and they were only rallied by the courage of a woman named Freydis, who seized a dead man's sword and faced the Skraelings, beating her bare breast with the flat of the blade. On this the Skraelings ran to their canoes and paddled away. In the other account Karlsefni had fortified his house with a palisade, behind which the women waited. To one of them, Gudrid, the appearance of a white woman came; her hair was of a light chestnut color, she was pale and had very large eyes. "What is thy name?" she said to Gudrid. "My name is Gudrid; but what 'is thine?" "Gudrid!" says the strange woman. Then came the sound of a great crash and the woman van-

"He Came Upon Coasts which He Had Never Heard Of."

ished. A battle followed in which many Skraelings were slain.

It all reads like a dream. In the end Karlsefni sailed back to Ericsfirth with a great treasure of furs. A great and prosperous family in Iceland was descended from him at the time when the stories were written down. But it is said that Freydis who frightened the Skraelings committed many murders in Vineland among her own people.

The Icelanders never returned to Vineland the Good, though a bishop named Eric is said to have started for the country in 1121. Now, in the story of Cortés, you may read how the Mexicans believed in a god called Quetzalcoatl, a white man in appearance, who dwelt among them and departed mysteriously, saying that he would come again, and they at first took Cortés and his men for the children of Quetzalcoatl. So we may fancy if we please that Bishop Eric or one of his descendants, wandered from Vineland south and west across the continent and arrived among the Aztecs, and by them was taken for a god.



THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT

(From Ivanhoe.)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

At this the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challenged makes reply.
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed or the crest,
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.

Palamon and Arcite.

IN the midst of Prince John's cavalcade, he suddenly stopt, and, appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidom," said he, "we have neglected, Sir Prior, to name the fair Sovereign of Love and Beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For my part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca."

"Holy Virgin," answered the Prior, turning up his eyes in horror, "a Jewess! We should deserve to be

stoned out of the lists; and I am not yet old enough to be a martyr. Besides, I swear by my patron saint that she is far inferior to the lovely Saxon, Rowena."

"Saxon or Jew," answered the Prince — "Saxon or Jew, dog or hog, what matters it! I say, name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Saxon churls."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate attendants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bracy; "no knight here will lay lance in rest if such an insult is attempted."

"It is the mere wantonness of insult," said one of the oldest and most important of Prince John's followers, Waldemar Fitzurse, "and if your Grace attempt it, cannot but prove ruinous to your projects."

"I entertained you, sir," said John, reining up his palfrey haughtily, "for my follower, but not for my counsellor."

"Those who follow your Grace in the paths which you tread," said Waldemar, but speaking in a low voice, "acquire the right of counsellors; for your interest and safety are not more deeply gaged than their own."

From the tone in which this was spoken, John saw the necessity of acquiescence. "I did but jest," he said; "and you turn upon me like so many adders! Name whom you will, in the fiend's name, and please yourselves."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy, "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph,

and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights, who can exalt them to such distinction."

"If Brian de Bois-Guilbert gain the prize," said the Prior, "I will gage my rosary that I name the sovereign of Love and Beauty."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered De Bracy, "is a good lance; but there are others around these lists, Sir Prior, who will not fear to encounter him."

"Silence, sirs," said Waldemar, "and let the Prince assume his seat. The knights and spectators are alike impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that the sports should commence."

Prince John, though not yet a monarch, had in Waldemar Fitzurse all the inconveniences of a favorite minister, who, in serving his sovereign, must always do so in his own way. The Prince acquiesced, however, although his disposition was precisely of that kind which is apt to be obstinate upon trifles, and, assuming his throne, and being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows:

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat

was understood to be at *outrance*, that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valor, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honor of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands, of equal numbers, might fight out manfully until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight, whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of bull-baiting, and other popular amusements were to be practised, for the more immediate use of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavor to lay the foundation of a popularity which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was

noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and at the same time setting off, its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of ladies — Death of champions — Honor to the generous — Glory to the brave." To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-à-pie, sat on

horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the Northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little —

> The knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Their escutcheons have long mouldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins: the place that once knew them, knows them no more — nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it

avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession, entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse side of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower order of spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies — were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their

horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent — a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed, because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applauses

of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge — misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful. One of their antagonists was overthrown; and both the others failed in the *attaint*, that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated

triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But, though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric, in a marked tone; "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée;* it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming — "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the

lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother?" said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had

ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight; yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than

the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter — the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career,

directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight

returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both Knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin he was equally successful; striking that baron

so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

ADVENTURES OF A KING

(From Tales of a Grandfather.)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

JAMES V., like his father James IV., had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps that he might enjoy amusements which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character. This is also said to have been a custom of James IV., his father, and several adventures are related of what befell them on such occasions. One or two of these narratives may help to enliven our story.

When James V. travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the King sent for some venison from the neighboring hills. The deer was killed, and put on horses' backs to be trans-

ported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle-gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently, that if James was King in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was King in Kippen; being the name of the district in which the castle of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the King got on horseback, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the King admittance, saying, that the Laird of Arnpryor was at dinner, and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the King, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen." The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the King was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behavior. But the King, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gipsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the Bridge of Cramond; so the King got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked. There was a poor man threshing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the King's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gipsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the King into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the way, the King asked his companion what and who he was. The laborer answered, that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man, if there was any wish in

the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed, he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a laborer. He then asked the King, in turn, who *he* was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added, that if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful assistance, and at least give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The King had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At length, James asked his visitor if he should like to see the King; to which John replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the King would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know his Grace from the nobles who will be all about him?" — "Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered, — the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and

drew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinguish the King. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must either be you or me, for all but us two are bareheaded."

The King laughed at John's fancy; and that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present an ewer and basin for the King to wash his hands, when his majesty should come to Holyrood Palace, or should pass the bridge of Cramond. Accordingly, in the year 1822, when George IV. came to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his Majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

James V. was very fond of hunting, and when he pursued that amusement in the Highlands, he used to wear the peculiar dress of that country, having a long and wide Highland shirt, and a jacket of tartan velvet, with plaid hose and everything else corresponding. The accounts for these are in the books of his chamberlain, still preserved.

On one occasion, when the King had an ambassador of the Pope along with him, with various foreigners of distinction, they were splendidly entertained by the Earl of Athole in a huge and singular rustic palace. It was built of timber, in the midst of a great meadow,

and surrounded by moats or fosses, full of the most delicate fish. It was inclosed and defended by towers as if it had been a regular castle, and had within it many apartments, which were decked with flowers and branches, so that in treading them one seemed to be in a garden. Here were all kinds of game, and other provisions in abundance, with many cooks to make them ready, and plenty of the most costly spices and wines. The Italian ambassador was greatly surprised to see, amongst rocks and wildernesses which seemed to be the very extremity of the world, such good lodging and so magnificent an entertainment. But what surprised him most of all, was to see the Highlanders set fire to the wooden castle as soon as the hunting was over, and the King in the act of departing. "Such is the constant practice of our Highlanders," said James to the ambassador; "however well they may be lodged over night, they always burn their lodging before they leave it." By this the King intimated the predatory and lawless habits displayed by these mountaineers.

KIDNAPPED

KIDNAPPED

On the death of Alexander Balfour, the dominie of Essendean, there seemed but one outlook for his son, David, who was left an almost penniless orphan. This was to follow out his father's last instructions and seek his relatives, the Balfours of Shaws. Accordingly, the lad tramped to his uncle's home near Edinburgh. He found the old man to be a miser, sinister and repulsive, living meanly alone in the ruins of a once grand castle. He received the boy ungraciously, but seemed willing that he should stay. His peculiar conduct, however, roused the suspicions of David; from certain clues he became convinced that his father, and not Ebenezer, had been the elder brother, and therefore that the castle and inheritance rightly belonged to himself. This belief was confirmed by the uncle's clumsy attempt to take the boy's life. Thenceforth David was on his guard. One day the old man received a message from Captain Hoseason of the ship Covenant, anchored at Queensferry and about to sail for America. Ebenezer announced his intention of going to see Hoseason, with whom he had some mysterious dealings; and David agreed to accompany him, because he secretly wished to visit Mr. Rankeillor, a lawyer at Queensferry. Ransome, a half-witted boy from the Covenant, conducted the pair to his master, meanwhile telling David strange tales of the wicked captain and his wicked ship. They came to Queensferry, to the sailors' inn where Hoseason lodged. The thread of the story is taken up at this point.

KIDNAPPED

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

AS soon as we came to the inn, Ransome led us up the stair to a small room, with a bed in it, and heated like an oven by a great fire of coal. At a table hard by the chimney, a tall, dark, sober-looking man sat writing. In spite of the heat of the room, he wore a thick sea-jacket, buttoned to the neck, and a tall hairy cap drawn down over his ears; yet I never saw any man, not even a judge upon the bench, look cooler, or more studious and self-possessed, than this ship captain.

He got to his feet at once, and coming forward, offered his large hand to Ebenezer. "I am proud to see you, Mr. Balfour," said he, in a fine deep voice, "and glad that ye are here in time. The wind's fair, and the tide upon the turn: we'll see the old coal-bucket burning on the Isle of May before to-night."

"Captain Hoseason," returned my uncle, "you keep your room unco' hot."

"It's a habit I have, Mr. Balfour," said the skipper. "I'm a cold-rife man by my nature; I have a cold blood, sir. There's neither fur, nor flannel — no, sir, nor hot rum, will warm up what they call the temperature. Sir, it's the same with most men that have been carbonadoed, as they call it, in the tropic seas."

"Well, well, captain," replied my uncle, "we must all be the way we're made."

But it chanced that this fancy of the captain's had a great share in my misfortunes. For though I had promised myself not to let my kinsman out of sight, I was both so impatient for a nearer look of the sea, and so sickened by the closeness of the room, that when he told me to "run down-stairs and play myself awhile," I was fool enough to take him at his word.

Away I went, therefore, leaving the two men sitting down to a bottle and a great mass of papers; and crossing the road in front of the inn, walked down upon the beach. With the wind in that quarter, only little wavelets, not much bigger than I had seen upon a lake, beat upon the shore. But the weeds were new to me — some green, some brown and long, and some with little bladders that crackled between my fingers. Even so far up the firth, the smell of the sea water was exceeding salt and stirring; the Covenant, besides, was beginning to shake out her sails, which hung upon the yards in clusters; and the spirit of all that I beheld put me in thoughts of far voyages and foreign places.

I looked, too, at the seamen with the skiff — big brown fellows, some in shirts, some with jackets, some

with colored handkerchiefs about their throats, one with a brace of pistols stuck into his pockets, two or three with knotty bludgeons, and all with their case-knives. I passed the time of day with one that looked less desperate than his fellows, and asked him of the sailing of the brig. He said they would get under way as soon as the ebb set, and expressed his gladness to be out of a port where there were no taverns and fiddlers; but all with such horrifying oaths, that I made haste to get away from him.

This threw me back on Ransome, who seemed the least wicked of that gang, and who soon came out of the inn and ran to me, crying for a bowl of punch. I told him I would give him no such thing, for neither he nor I was of age for such indulgences. "But a glass of ale you may have, and welcome," said I. He mopped and mowed at me, and called me names; but he was glad to get the ale, for all that; and presently we were set down at a table in the front room of the inn, and both eating and drinking with a good appetite.

Here it occurred to me that, as the landlord was a man of that country, I might do well to make a friend of him. I offered him a share, as was much the custom in these days; but he was far too great a man to sit with such poor customers as Ransome and myself, and he was leaving the room, when I called him back to ask if he knew Mr. Rankeillor.

"Hoot, ay," says he, "and a very honest man. And, O, by-the-by," says he, "was it you that came in with Ebenezer?" And when I told him yes, "Ye'll be no friend of his?" he asked, meaning, in the Scotch way, that I would be no relative.

I told him no, none.

"I thought not," said he; and yet ye have a kind of gliff[1] of Mr. Alexander."

I said it seemed that Ebenezer was ill-seen in the country.

"Nae doubt," said the landlord. "He's a wicked auld man, and there's many would like to see him grinning in a tow:[2] Jennet Clouston and mony mair that he has harried out of house and hame. And yet he was ance a fine young fellow, too. But that was before the sough[3] gaed abroad about Mr. Alexander; that was like the death of him."

"And what was it?" I asked.

"Ou, just that he had killed him," said the landlord. "Did ye never hear that?"

"And what would he kill him for?" said I.

"And what for, but just to get the place," said he.

"The place?" said I. "The Shaws?"

"Nae other place that I ken," said he.

"Ay, man?" said I. "Is that so? Was my — was Alexander the eldest son?"

"'Deed was he," said the landlord. "What else would he have killed him for?"

And with that he went away, as he had been impatient to do from the beginning.

Of course, I had guessed it a long while ago; but it is one thing to guess, another to know; and I sat stunned with my good fortune, and could scarce grow to believe that the same poor lad who had trudged in the dust from Ettrick Forest not two days ago, was now one of the rich of the earth, and had a house and broad

[1] Look. [2] Rope. [3] Report.

lands, and if he but knew how to ride, might mount his horse to-morrow. All these pleasant things, and a thousand others, crowded into my mind, as I sat staring before me out of the inn window, and paying no heed to what I saw; only I remember that my eye lighted on Captain Hoseason down on the pier among his seamen, and speaking with some authority. And presently he came marching back towards the house, with no mark of a sailor's clumsiness, but carrying his fine, tall figure with a manly bearing, and still with the same sober, grave expression on his face. I wondered if it was possible that Ransome's stories could be true, and half disbelieved them; they fitted so ill with the man's looks. But indeed, he was neither so good as I supposed him, nor quite so bad as Ransome did; for, in fact, he was two men, and left the better one behind as soon as he set foot on board his vessel.

The next thing, I heard my uncle calling me, and found the pair in the road together. It was the captain who addressed me, and that with an air (very flattering to a young lad) of grave equality.

"Sir," said he, "Mr. Balfour tells me great things of you; and for my own part, I like your looks. I wish I was for longer here, that we might make the better friends; but we'll make the most of what we have. Ye shall come on board my brig for half-an-hour, till the ebb sets, and drink a bowl with me."

Now, I longed to see the inside of a ship more than words can tell; but I was not going to put myself in jeopardy, and I told him my uncle and I had an appointment with a lawyer.

"Ay, ay," said he, "he passed me word of that.

But, ye see, the boat'll set ye ashore at the town pier, and that's but a penny stonecast from Rankeillor's house." And here he suddenly leaned down and whispered in my ear: "Take care of the old tod;[1] he means mischief. Come aboard till I can get a word with ye." And then, passing his arm through mine, he continued aloud, as he set off towards his boat: "But come, what can I bring ye from the Carolinas? Any friend of Mr. Balfour's can command. A roll of tobacco? Indian featherwork? A skin of a wild beast? a stone pipe? the mocking-bird that mews for all the world like a cat? the cardinal bird that is as red as blood? — take your pick and say your pleasure."

By this time we were at the boat-side, and he was handing me in. I did not dream of hanging back; I thought (the poor fool!) that I had found a good friend and helper, and I was rejoiced to see the ship. As soon as we were all set in our places, the boat was thrust off from the pier and began to move over the waters; and what with my pleasure in this new movement and my surprise at our low position, and the appearance of the shores, and the growing bigness of the brig as we drew near to it, I could hardly understand what the captain said, and must have answered him at random.

As soon as we were alongside (where I sat fairly gaping at the ship's height, the strong humming of the

[1] Fox.

"Hoseason Turned Upon Him Like a Flash."

tide against its sides, and the pleasant cries of the seamen at their work) Hoseason, declaring that he and I must be the first aboard, ordered a tackle to be sent down from the main-yard. In this I was whipped into the air and set down again on the deck, where the captain stood ready waiting for me, and instantly slipped back his arm under mine. There I stood some while, a little dizzy with the unsteadiness of all around me, perhaps a little afraid, and yet vastly pleased with these strange sights; the captain meanwhile pointing out the strangest, and telling me their names and uses.

"But where is my uncle?" said I, suddenly.

"Ay," said Hoseason, with a sudden grimness, "that's the point."

I felt I was lost. With all my strength, I plucked myself clear of him and ran to the bulwarks. Sure enough, there was the boat pulling for the town, with my uncle sitting in the stern. I gave a piercing cry — "Help, help! Murder!" — so that both sides of the anchorage rang with it, and my uncle turned round where he was sitting, and showed me a face full of cruelty and terror.

It was the last I saw. Already strong hands had been plucking me back from the ship's side; and now a thunderbolt seemed to strike me; I saw a great flash of fire, and fell senseless.

I came to myself in darkness, in great pain, bound hand and foot, and deafened by many unfamiliar noises. There sounded in my ears a roaring of water as of a huge mill-dam; the thrashing of heavy sprays, the thundering of the sails, and the shrill cries of seamen. The whole world now heaved giddily up, and now

rushed giddily downward; and so sick and hurt was I in body, and my mind so much confounded, that it took me a long while, chasing my thoughts up and down, and ever stunned again by a fresh stab of pain, to realize that I must be lying somewhere bound in the belly of that unlucky ship, and that the wind must have strengthened to a gale. With the clear perception of my plight, there fell upon me a blackness of despair, a horror of remorse at my own folly, and a passion of anger at my uncle, that once more bereft me of my senses.

When I returned again to life, the same uproar, the same confused and violent movements, shook and deafened me; and presently, to my other pains and distresses, there was added the sickness of an unused landsman on the sea. In that time of my adventurous youth, I suffered many hardships; but none that was so crushing to my mind and body, or lit by so few hopes, as these first hours on board the brig.

I heard a gun fire, and supposed the storm had proved too strong for us, and we were firing signals of distress. The thought of deliverance, even by death in the deep sea, was welcome to me. Yet it was no such matter; but (as I was afterwards told) a common habit of the captain's, which I here set down to show that even the worst man may have his kindlier sides. We were then passing, it appeared, within some miles of Dysart, where the brig was built, and where old Mrs. Hoseason, the captain's mother, had come some years before to live; and whether outward or inward bound, the Covenant was never suffered to go by that place by day without a gun fired and colors shown.

I had no measure of time; day and night were alike in that ill-smelling cavern of the ship's bowels where I lay; and the misery of my situation drew out the hours to double. How long, therefore, I lay waiting to hear the ship split upon some rock, or to feel her reel head foremost into the depths of the sea, I have not the means of computation. But sleep at length stole from me the consciousness of sorrow.

I was wakened by the light of a hand-lantern shining in my face. A small man of about thirty, with green eyes and a tangle of fair hair, stood looking down at me.

"Well," said he, "how goes it?"

I answered by a sob; and my visitor then felt my pulse and temples, and set himself to wash and dress the wound upon my scalp.

"Ay," said he, "a sore dunt.[1] What, man? Cheer up! The world's no done; you've made a bad start of it, but you'll make a better. Have you had any meat?"

I said I could not look at it; and thereupon he gave me some brandy and water in a tin pannikin, and left me once more to myself.

The next time he came to see me, I was lying betwixt sleep and waking, my eyes wide open in the darkness, the sickness quite departed, but succeeded by a horrid giddiness and swimming that was almost worse to bear. I ached, besides, in every limb, and the cords that bound me seemed to be of fire. The smell of the hole in which I lay seemed to have become a part of me; and during the long interval since his last visit, I had suffered tortures of fear, now from the scurrying of the

[1] Stroke.

ship's rats that sometimes pattered on my very face, and now from the dismal imaginings that haunt the bed of fever.

The glimmer of the lantern, as a trap opened, shone in like the heaven's sunlight; and though it only showed me the strong, dark beams of the ship that was my prison, I could have cried aloud for gladness. The man with the green eyes was the first to descend the ladder, and I noticed that he came somewhat unsteadily. He was followed by the captain. Neither said a word; but the first set to and examined me, and dressed my wound as before, while Hoseason looked me in my face with an odd, black look.

"Now, sir, you see for yourself," said the first: "a high fever, no appetite, no light, no meat: you see for yourself what that means."

"I am no conjurer, Mr. Riach," said the captain.

"Give me leave, sir," said Riach; "you've a good head upon your shoulders, and a good Scotch tongue to ask with; but I will leave you no manner of excuse: I want that boy taken out of this hole and put in the forecastle."

"What ye may want, sir, is a matter of concern to nobody but yoursel'," returned the captain; "but I can tell ye that which is to be. Here he is: here he shall bide."

"Admitting that you have been paid in a proportion," said the other, "I will crave leave humbly to say that I have not. Paid I am, and none too much, to be the second officer of this old tub; and you ken very well if I do my best to earn it. But I was paid for nothing more."

"If ye could hold back your hand from the tin-pan, Mr. Riach, I would have no complaint to make of ye," returned the skipper; "and instead of asking riddles, I make bold to say that ye should keep your breath to cool your porridge. We'll be required on deck," he added, in a sharper note, and set one foot upon the ladder.

But Mr. Riach caught him by the sleeve.

"Admitting that you have been paid to do a murder —" he began.

Hoseason turned upon him with a flash.

"What's that?" he cried. "What kind of talk is that?"

"It seems it is the talk that you can understand," said Mr. Riach, looking him steadily in the face.

"Mr. Riach, I have sailed with ye three cruises," replied the captain. "In all that time, sir, ye should have learned to know me: I'm a stiff man, and a dour man; but for what ye say the now — fy, fy! — it comes from a bad heart and a black conscience. If ye say the lad will die —"

"Ay, will he!" said Mr. Riach.

"Well, sir, is not that enough?" said Hoseason. "Flit him where you please!"

Thereupon the captain ascended the ladder; and I, who had lain silent throughout this strange conversation, beheld Mr. Riach turn after him and bow as low as to his knees in what was plainly a spirit of derision. Even in my then state of sickness, I perceived two things; that the mate was touched with liquor, as the captain hinted, and that (drunk or sober) he was like to prove a valuable friend.

Five minutes afterwards, my bonds were cut, I was hoisted on a man's back, carried up to the forecastle, and laid in a bunk on some sea-blankets; where the first thing that I did was to lose my senses.

It was a blessed thing indeed to open my eyes again upon the daylight, and to find myself in the society of men. The forecastle was a roomy place enough, set all about with berths, in which the men of the watch below were seated smoking, or lying down asleep. The day being calm and the wind fair, the scuttle was open, and not only the good daylight, but from time to time (as the ship rolled) a dusty beam of sunlight shone in, and dazzled and delighted me. I had no sooner moved, moreover, than one of the men brought me a drink of something healing which Mr. Riach had prepared, and bade me lie still and I should soon be well again. There were no bones broken, he exclaimed: "A clour[1] on the head was naething. Man," said he, "it was me that gave it ye!"

Here I lay for the space of many days a close prisoner, and not only got my health again, but came to know my companions. They were a rough lot indeed, as sailors mostly are; being men rooted out of all the kindly parts of life, and condemned to toss together on the rough seas, with masters no less cruel. There were some among them that had sailed with the pirates and seen things it would be a shame even to speak of; some were men that had run from the king's ships, and went with a halter round their necks, of which they made no secret; and all, as the saying goes, were "at a word and a blow" with their best friends. Yet I had not been

[1] Blow.

many days shut up with them before I began to be ashamed of my first judgment, when I had drawn away from them at the Ferry pier, as though they had been unclean beasts. No class of man is altogether bad; but each has its own faults and virtues; and these shipmates of mine were no exception to the rule. Rough they were, sure enough; and bad, I suppose; but they had many virtues. They were kind when it occurred to them, simple even beyond the simplicity of a country lad like me, and had some glimmerings of honesty.

There was one man of maybe forty, that would sit on my berthside for hours, and tell me of his wife and child. He was a fisher that had lost his boat, and thus been driven to the deep-sea voyaging. Well, it is years ago now; but I have never forgotten him. His wife (who was "young by him," as he often told me) waited in vain to see her man return; he would never again make the fire for her in the morning, nor yet keep the bairn when she was sick. Indeed, many of these poor fellows (as the event proved) were upon their last cruise; the deep seas and cannibal fish received them; and it is a thankless business to speak ill of the dead.

Among other good deeds that they did, they returned my money which had been shared among them; and though it was about a third short, I was very glad to get it, and hoped great good from it in the land I was going to. The ship was bound for the Carolinas; and you must not suppose that I was going to that place merely as an exile. The trade was even then much depressed; since, and with the rebellion of the colonies and the formation of the United States, it has, of course, come to an end; but in those days of my youth,

white men were still sold into slavery on the plantations, and that was the destiny to which my wicked uncle had condemned me.

The cabin-boy Ransome (from whom I had first heard of these atrocities) came in at times from the roundhouse, where he berthed and served, now nursing a bruised limb in silent agony, now raving against the cruelty of Mr. Shuan. It made my heart bleed; but the men had a great respect for the chief mate, who was, as they said, "the only seaman of the whole jingbang, and none such a bad man when he was sober." Indeed, I found there was a strange peculiarity about our two mates: that Mr. Riach was sullen, unkind, and harsh when he was sober, and Mr. Shuan would not hurt a fly except when he was drinking. I asked about the captain; but I was told drink made no difference upon that man of iron.

I did my best in the small time allowed me to make something like a man, or rather I should say something like a boy, of the poor creature, Ransome. But his mind was scarce truly human. He could remember nothing of the time before he came to sea; only that his father had made clocks, and had a starling in the parlor, which could whistle "The North Countrie"; all else had been blotted out in these years of hardship and cruelties. He had a strange notion of the dry land, picked up from sailors' stories: that it was a place where lads were put to some kind of slavery called a trade, and where apprentices were continually lashed and clapped into foul prisons. In a town, he thought every second person a decoy, and every third house a place in which seamen would be drugged and

murdered. To be sure, I could tell him how kindly I had myself been used upon that dry land he was so much afraid of, and how well fed and carefully taught both by my friends and my parents: and if he had been recently hurt, he would weep bitterly and swear to run away; but if he was in his usual crackbrain humor or (still more) if he had had a glass of spirits in the round-house, he would deride the notion.

It was Mr. Riach (Heaven forgive him!) who gave the boy drink; and it was, doubtless, kindly meant; but besides that it was ruin to his health; it was the pitifullest thing in life to see this unhappy, unfriended creature staggering, and dancing, and talking he knew not what. Some of the men laughed, but not all; others would grow as black as thunder (thinking, perhaps, of their own childhood or their own children) and bid him stop that nonsense, and think what he was doing. As for me, I felt ashamed to look at him, and the poor child still comes about me in my dreams.

All this time, you should know, the *Covenant* was meeting continual head-winds and tumbling up and down against head-seas, so that the scuttle was almost constantly shut, and the forecastle lighted only by a swinging lantern on a beam. There was constant labor for all hands; the sails had to be made and shortened every hour; the strain told on the men's temper; there was a growl of quarrelling all day long from berth to berth; and as I was never allowed to set my foot on deck, you can picture to yourselves how weary of my life I grew to be, and how impatient for a change.

And a change I was to get, as you shall hear; but I

must first tell of a conversation I had with Mr. Riach, which put a little heart in me to bear my troubles. Getting him in a favorable stage of drink (for indeed he never looked near me when he was sober) I pledged him to secrecy, and told him my whole story.

He declared it was like a ballad; that he would do his best to help me; that I should have paper, pen, and ink, and write one line to Mr. Campbell and another to Mr. Rankeillor; and that if I had told the truth, ten to one he would be able (with their help) to pull me through and set me in my rights.

"And in the meantime," says he, "keep your heart up. You're not the only one, I'll tell you that. There's many a man hoeing tobacco over-seas that should be mounting his horse at his own door at home; many and many! And life is all a variorum, at the best. Look at me: I'm a laird's son and more than half a doctor, and here I am, man-Jack to Hoseason!"

I thought it would be civil to ask him for his story.

He whistled loud.

"Never had one," said he. "I liked fun, that's all." And he skipped out of the forecastle.

IN FLOOD TIME

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

IT was my custom to go by night to the village of Pateera, and there we met among the crops; no man knowing aught of the matter. Behold, now! I was wont to cross here, skirting the jungle to the river bend where the railway bridge is, and thence across the elbow of land to Pateera. The light of the shrine was my guide when the nights were dark. That jungle near the river is very full of snakes — little karaits that sleep on the sand — and moreover, her brothers would have slain me had they found me in the crops. But none knew — none knew save she and I; and the blown sand of the river bed covered the track of my feet. In the hot months it was an easy thing to pass from the ford to Pateera, and in the first rains, when the river rose slowly, it was an easy thing also. I set the strength of my body against the strength of the stream, and nightly I ate in my hut here and drank at Pateera yonder. She had said that one Hirnam Singh, a scamp, had sought her, and he was of a village up the river but on the same bank. All Sikhs are dogs, and they have refused in their

folly that good gift of God — tobacco. I was ready to destroy Hirnam Singh that ever he had come nigh her; and the more because he had sworn to her that she had a lover, and that he would lie in wait and give the name to the headman unless she went away with him. What curs are these Sikhs!

After that nev[illegible] swam always with a little sharp knife in my belt, [illegible] evil would it have been for a man had he stayed [illegible]e. I knew not the face of Hirnam Singh, but I would [illegible]e killed any who came between me and her.

Upon a night in the begi[illegible]g of the rains I was minded to go across to Patee[illegible] albeit the river was angry. Now the nature of the B[illegible]v is this, sahib. In twenty breaths it comes down fi[illegible] hills, a wall three feet high, and I have seen it, t[illegible]ve[illegible]n the lighting of a fire and the cooking of a fla[illegible]ck, grow from the runnel to a sister of the Jumna.

When I left this bank there was a shoal a half mile down, and I made shift to fetch it and draw breath there ere going forward; for I felt the hands of the river heavy upon my heels. Yet what will a young man not do for Love's sake? There was but little light from the stars, and midway to the shoal a branch of the stinking deodar-tree brushed my mouth as I swam. That was a sign of heavy rain in the foothills and beyond, for the deodar is a strong tree, not easily shaken from the hillsides. I made haste, the river aiding me, but ere I had touched the shoal the pulse of the stream beat, as it were, within me and around, and, behold, the shoal was gone and I rode high [illegible] the crest of a wave that ran from bank to bank. Ha[illegible] he

sahib ever been cast into much water that fights and will not let a man use his limbs? To me, my head up on the water, it seemed as though there were naught but water to the world's end, and the river drove me with its driftwood. A man is a very little thing in the belly of a flood. And this flood, though I knew it not, was the Great Flood about which [illegible] talk still. My liver was dissolved and I lay like a dog upon my back in the fear of death. There were living things in the water, crying and howling grievously — beasts of the forest, and cattle, and once the voice of a man asking for help. But the rain came and lashed the water white, and I heard no more save the roar of the boulders below and the roar of the rain above. Thus I was whirled down-stream, wrestling for the breath in me. It is very hard to die when one is young. Can the sahib, standing here, see the railway bridge? Look, there are the lights of the mail-train going to Peshawur! The bridge is now twenty feet above the river, but upon that night the water was roaring against the lattice-work, and against the lattice came I feet first. But much driftwood was piled there and upon the piers, and I took no great hurt. Only the river pressed me as a strong man presses a weaker. Scarcely could I take hold of the lattice-work and crawl to the upper boom. Sahib, the water was foaming

a[illegible] the rails a foot deep! Judge, therefore, what m[illegible] of flood it must have been. I could not hear. I co[illegible] not see. I could but lie on the boom and pant for breath.

After a while the rain ceased and there came out in he sky certain new washed stars, and by their light I saw that there wa[illegible] no end to the black water as far as the eye could travel, and the water had risen upon the rails. There were dead beasts in the driftwood on the piers, and others caught by the neck in the lattice-work, and others not yet drowned who strove to find foothold on the lattice-work — buffaloes and kine, and [illegible]pig, and deer one or two, and snakes and jackals [illegible]l counting. Their bodies were black upon the left [illegible] the bridge, but the smaller of them were forced [illegible]n the lattice-work and whirled down-stream.

[illegible] after the stars died and the rain came down [illegible] and the river rose yet more, and I felt the bridge [illegible]gin to stir under me as a man stirs in his sleep ere he wakes. But I was not afraid, sahib. I swear to you that I was not afraid, though I had no power in my limbs. I knew that I should not die till I had seen her once more. But I was very cold, and I felt that the bridge must go.

There was a trembling in the water, such a trembling as goes before the coming of a great wave, and the bridge lifted its flank to the rush of that coming so that the right lattice dipped under water and the left rose clear. On my beard, sahib, I am speaking God's truth! As a Mizapore stone-boat careens to the wind, so the Barhwi Bridge turned. Just thus and in no [illegible] paper.

I slid from the boom into deep water, and behind came the wave of wrath of the river. I heard its and the scream of the middle part of the bridge it moved from the piers and sunk, and I knew no more till I rose in the middle of the great flood. I put forth my hand to swim, and lo! it fell upon the knotted hair of a man. He was dead, for no one but I, the Strong One of Barhwi, could have lived in that race. He had been dead full two days, for he rode high, wallowing, and was an aid to me. I laughed then, knowing for a surety that I should yet see her and take no harm; and I twisted my fingers in the hair of the man, for I was far spent, and together we went down the stream — he the dead and I the living. Lacking that help, I should have sunk; the cold was in my marrow, and my flesh was ribbed and sodden on my bones. But he had no fear who had known the uttermost of the power of the river; and I let him go where he chose. At last we came into the power of a side-current that set to the right bank, and I strove with my feet to draw with it. But the dead man swung heavily in the whirl, and I feared that some branch had struck him and that he would sink. The tops of the tamarisk brushed my knees, so I knew we were come into flood-water above the crops, and, after I let down my legs and felt bottom — the ridge of a field — and, after the dead man stayed upon a knoll under a fig-tree, and I drew my body from the water rejoicing.

Does the sahib know whither the back-wash of the flood had borne me? To the knoll which is the eastern bor[illegible] mark of the village of Pateera! No other pl[illegible] drew the dead man upon the grass for the

service that he had done for me, and also because I knew not whether I should need him again. Then I went, crying thrice like a jackal, to the appointed place which was near the byre of the herdsman's house. But my love was already there, weeping upon her knees. She feared that the flood had swept my hut at the Barhwi Ford. When I came softly through the ankle-deep water, she thought it was a ghost and would have fled, but I put my arms around her, and . . . I was no ghost in those days, though I am an old man now.

I told her the story of the breaking of the Barhwi Bridge, and she said that I was greater than mortal man, for none may cross the Barhwi in full flood, and I had seen what never man had seen before. Hand in hand we went to the knoll where the dead lay, and I showed her by what help I had made the ford. She looked also upon the body under the stars, for the latter end of the night was clear, and hid her face in her hands, crying: "It is the body of Hirnam Singh!" I said: "He is of more use dead than living, my beloved," and she said: "Surely, for he has saved the dearest life in the world to my love. None the less, he cannot stay here, for that would bring shame upon me." The body was not a gun-shot from her door.

Then said I, rolling the body with my hands: "God hath judged between us, Hirnam Singh, that thy blood might not be upon my head. Now, whether I have done thee a wrong in keeping thee from the burning ghat, do thou and the crows settle together." So I cast him adrift into the flood-water, and he was drawn out to the open, ever wagging his thick, black beard like a priest under the pulpit-board. And I saw no more of Hirnam Singh.

Before the breaking of the day we two parted, and I moved toward such of the jungle as was not flooded. With the full light I saw what I had done in the darkness, and the bones of my body were loosened in my flesh, for there ran two *kos* of raging water between the village of Pateera and the trees of the far bank, and, in the middle, the piers of the Barhwi Bridge showed like broken teeth in the jaw of an old man. Nor was there any life upon the waters — neither birds nor boats, but only an army of drowned things — bullocks and horses and men — and the river was redder than blood from the clay of the foot-hills. Never had I seen such a flood — never since that year have I seen the like — and, oh, sahib, no man living had done what I had done. There was no return for me that day. Not for all the lands of the headman would I venture a second time without the shield of darkness that cloaks danger. I went a *kos* up the river to the house of a blacksmith, saying that the flood had swept me from my hut, and they gave me food. Seven days I stayed with the blacksmith, till a boat came and I returned to my house. There was no trace of wall, or roof, or floor — naught but a patch of slimy mud. Judge, therefore, sahib, how far the river must have risen. It was written that I should not die, either in my house, or in the heart of the Barhwi, or under the wreck of the Barhwi Bridge, for God sent down Hirnam Singh two days dead, though I know not how the man died, to be my buoy and support.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AMONG THE RED INDIANS

(From Tanner's Captivity.)

THE earliest event of my life which I distinctly remember (says John Tanner) is the death of my mother. This happened when I was two years old, and many of the attending circumstances made so deep an impression that they are still fresh in my memory. I cannot recollect the name of the settlement at which we lived, but I have since learned it was on the Kentucky River, at a considerable distance from the Ohio.

My father, whose name was John Tanner, was an emigrant from Virginia, and had been a clergyman.

When about to start one morning to a village at some distance, he gave, as it appeared, a strict charge to my sisters, Agatha and Lucy, to send me to school; but this they neglected to do until afternoon, and then, as the weather was rainy and unpleasant, I insisted on remaining at home. When my father returned at night, and found that I had been at home all day, he

sent me for a parcel of small canes, and flogged me much more severely than I could suppose the offence merited. I was displeased with my sisters for attributing all the blame to me, when they had neglected even to tell me to go to school in the forenoon. From that time, my father's house was less like home to me, and I often thought and said, "I wish I could go and live among the Indians."

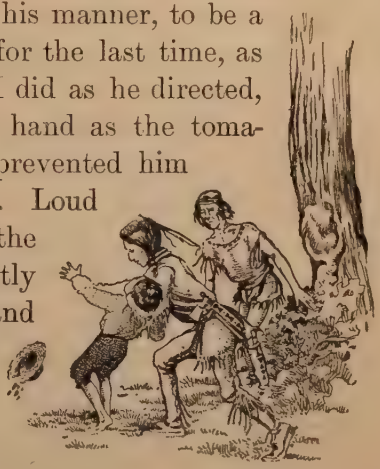
One day we went from Cincinnati to the mouth of the Big Miami, opposite which we were to settle. Here was some cleared land, and one or two log cabins, but they had been deserted on account of the Indians. My father rebuilt the cabins, and enclosed them with a strong picket. It was early in the spring when we arrived at the mouth of the Big Miami, and we were soon engaged in preparing a field to plant corn. I think it was not more than ten days after our arrival, when my father told us in the morning, that, from the actions of the horses, he perceived there were Indians lurking about in the woods, and he said to me, "John, you must not go out of the house to-day." After giving strict charge to my stepmother to let none of the little children go out, he went to the field, with the negroes, and my elder brother, to drop corn.

Three little children, besides myself, were left in the house with my stepmother. To prevent me from going out, my stepmother required me to take care of the little child, then not more than a few months old; but as I soon became impatient of confinement, I began to pinch my little brother, to make him cry. My mother, perceiving his uneasiness, told me to take him in my arms and walk about the house; I did so, but continued

to pinch him. My mother at length took him from me to nurse him. I watched my opportunity, and escaped into the yard; thence through a small door in the large gate of the wall into the open field. There was a walnut-tree at some distance from the house, and near the side of the field where I had been in the habit of finding some of the last year's nuts. To gain this tree without being seen by my father and those in the field, I had to use some precaution. I remember perfectly well having seen my father, as I skulked towards the tree; he stood in the middle of the field, with his gun in his hand, to watch for Indians, while the others were dropping corn. As I came near the tree, I thought to myself, "I wish I could see these Indians." I had partly filled with nuts a straw hat which I wore, when I heard a crackling noise behind me; I looked round, and saw the Indians; almost at the same instant, I was seized by both hands, and dragged off betwixt two. One of them took my straw hat, emptied the nuts on the ground, and put it on my head. The Indians who seized me were an old man and a young one; these were, as I learned subsequently, Manito-o-geezhik, and his son Kish-kau-ko.

After I saw myself firmly seized by both wrists by the two Indians, I was not conscious of anything that passed for a considerable time. I must have fainted, as I did not cry out, and I can remember nothing that happened to me until they threw me over a large log, which must have been at a considerable distance from the house. The old man I did not now see; I was dragged along between Kish-kau-ko and a very short thick man. I had probably made some resistance, or

done something to irritate this last, for he took me a little to one side, and drawing his tomahawk, motioned to me to look up. This I plainly understood, from the expression of his face, and his manner, to be a direction for me to look up for the last time, as he was about to kill me. I did as he directed, but Kish-kau-ko caught his hand as the tomahawk was descending, and prevented him from burying it in my brains. Loud talking ensued between the two. Kish-kau-ko presently raised a yell: the old man and four others answered it by a similar yell, and came running up. I have since understood that Kish-kau-ko complained to his father that the short man had made an attempt to kill his little brother, as he called me. The old chief, after reproving him, took me by one hand, and Kish-kau-ko by the other, and dragged me betwixt them, the man who had threatened to kill me, and who was now an object of terror to me, being kept at some distance. I could perceive, as I retarded them somewhat in their retreat, that they were apprehensive of being overtaken; some of them were always at some distance from us.



It was about one mile from my father's house to the place where they threw me into a hickory-bark canoe, which was concealed under the bushes, on the bank of the river. Into this they all seven jumped, and immediately crossed the Ohio, landing at the mouth of the Big Miami, and on the south side of that river. Here

they abandoned their canoe, and stuck their paddles in the ground, so that they could be seen from the river. At a little distance in the woods they had some blankets and provisions concealed; they offered me some dry venison and bear's grease, but I could not eat. My father's house was plainly to be seen from the place where we stood; they pointed at it, looked at me, and laughed, but I have never known what they said.

After they had eaten a little, they began to ascend the Miami, dragging me along as before.

It must have been early in the spring when we arrived at Sau-ge-nong, for I can remember that at this time the leaves were small, and the Indians were about planting their corn. They managed to make me assist at their labors, partly by signs, and partly by the few words of English old Manito-o-geezhik could speak. After planting, they all left the village, and went out to hunt and dry meat. When they came to their hunting-grounds, they chose a place where many deer resorted, and here they began to build a long screen like a fence; this they made of green boughs and small trees. When they had built a part of it, they showed me how to remove the leaves and dry brush from that side of it to which the Indians were to come to shoot the deer. In this labor I was sometimes assisted by the squaws and children, but at other times I was left alone. It now began to be warm weather, and it happened one day that, having been left alone, as I was tired and thirsty, I fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I began to awake, I thought I heard some one crying a great way off. Then I tried to raise up my head, but could not. Being now more awake,

I saw my Indian mother and sister standing by me, and perceived that my face and head were wet. The old woman and her daughter were crying bitterly, but it was some time before I perceived that my head was badly cut and bruised. It appears that, after I had fallen asleep, Manito-o-geezhik, passing that way, had perceived me, had tomahawked me, and thrown me in the bushes; and that when he came to his camp he had said to his wife, "Old woman, the boy I brought you is good for nothing; I have killed him; you will find him in such a place." The old woman and her daughter having found me, discovered still some signs of life, and had stood over me a long time, crying, and pouring cold water on my head, when I waked. In a few days I recovered in some measure from this hurt, and was again set to work at the screen, but I was more careful not to fall asleep; I endeavored to assist them at their labors, and to comply in all instances with their directions, but I was notwithstanding treated with great harshness, particularly by the old man, and his two sons She-mung and Kwo-tash-e. While we remained at the hunting camp, one of them put a bridle in my hand, and pointing in a certain direction motioned me to go. I went accordingly, supposing he wished me to bring a horse: I went and caught the first I could find, and in this way I learned to discharge such services as they required of me.

I had been about two years at Sau-ge-nong, when a great council was called by the British agents at Mackinac. This council was attended by the Sioux, the Winnebagoes, the Menomonees, and many remote tribes, as well as by the Ojibbeways, Ottawwaws, etc.

When old Manito-o-geezhik returned from this council, I soon learned that he had met there his kinswoman, Net-no-kwa, who, notwithstanding her sex, was then regarded as principal chief of the Ottawwaws. This woman had lost her son, of about my age, by death; and, having heard of me, she wished to purchase me to supply his place. My old Indian mother, the Otter woman, when she heard of this, protested vehemently against it. I heard her say, "My son has been dead once, and has been restored to me; I cannot lose him again." But these remonstrances had little influence when Net-no-kwa arrived with plenty of whiskey and other presents. She brought to the lodge first a ten-gallon keg of whiskey, blankets, tobacco, and other articles of great value. She was perfectly acquainted with the dispositions of those with whom she had to negotiate. Objections were made to the exchange until the contents of the keg had circulated for some time; then an additional keg, and a few more presents, completed the bargain, and I was transferred to Net-no-kwa. This woman, who was then advanced in years, was of a more pleasing aspect than my former mother. She took me by the hand, after she had completed the negotiation with my former possessors, and led me to her own lodge, which stood near. Here I soon found I was to be treated more indulgently than I had been. She gave me plenty of food, put good clothes upon me, and told me to go and play with her own sons. We remained but a short time at Sau-ge-nong. She would not stop with me at Mackinac, which we passed in the night, but ran along to Point St. Ignace, where she hired some Indians to take care

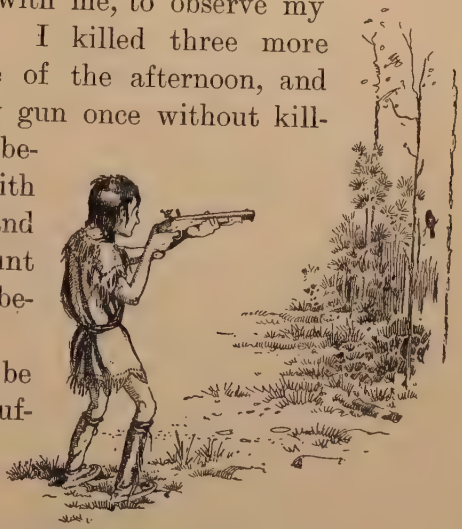
of me, while she returned to Mackinac by herself, or with one or two of her young men. After finishing her business at Mackinac, she returned, and, continuing on our journey, we arrived in a few days at Shab-a-wy-wy-a-gun.

The husband of Net-no-kwa was an Ojibbeway of Red River, called Taw-ga-we-ninne, the hunter. He was seventeen years younger than Net-no-kwa, and had turned off a former wife on being married to her. Taw-ga-we-ninne was always indulgent and kind to me, treating me like an equal, rather than as a dependant. When speaking to me, he always called me his son. Indeed, he himself was but of secondary importance in the family, as everything belonged to Net-no-kwa, and she had the direction in all affairs of any moment. She imposed on me, for the first year, some tasks. She made me cut wood, bring home game, bring water, and perform other services not commonly required of the boys of my age; but she treated me invariably with so much kindness that I was far more happy and content than I had been in the family of Manito-o-geezhik. She sometimes whipped me, as she did her own children: but I was not so severely and frequently beaten as I had been before.

Early in the spring, Net-no-kwa and her husband, with their family, started to go to Mackinac. They left me, as they had done before, at Point St. Ignace, as they would not run the risk of losing me by suffering me to be seen at Mackinac. On our return, after we had gone twenty-five or thirty miles from Point St. Ignace, we were detained by contrary winds at a place called Me-nau-ko-king, a point running out into the

lake. Here we encamped with some other Indians, and a party of traders. Pigeons were very numerous in the woods, and the boys of my age, and the traders, were busy shooting them. I had never killed any game, and, indeed, had never in my life discharged a gun. My mother had purchased at Mackinac a keg of powder, which, as they thought it a little damp, was here spread out to dry. Taw-ga-we-ninne had a large horseman's pistol; and, finding myself somewhat emboldened by his indulgent manner toward me, I requested permission to go and try to kill some pigeons with the pistol. My request was seconded by Net-no-kwa, who said, "It is time for our son to begin to learn to be a hunter." Accordingly, my father, as I called Taw-ga-we-ninne, loaded the pistol and gave it to me, saying, "Go, my son, and if you kill anything with this, you shall immediately have a gun and learn to hunt." Since I have been a man, I have been placed in difficult situations; but my anxiety for success was never greater than in this, my first essay as a hunter. I had not gone far from the camp before I met with pigeons, and some of them alighted in the bushes very near me. I cocked my pistol, and raised it to my face, bringing the breech almost in contact with my nose. Having brought the sight to bear upon the pigeon, I pulled the trigger, and was in the next instant sensible of a humming noise, like that a of stone sent swiftly through the air. I found the pistol at a distance of some paces behind me, and the pigeon under the tree on which he had been sitting. My face was much bruised, and covered with blood. I ran home, carrying my pigeon in triumph. My face was speedily

bound up; my pistol exchanged for a fowling-piece; I was accoutred with a powder-horn, and furnished with shot, and allowed to go out after birds. One of the young Indians went with me, to observe my manner of shooting. I killed three more pigeons in the course of the afternoon, and did not discharge my gun once without killing. Henceforth I began to be treated with more consideration, and was allowed to hunt often, that I might become expert.



Game began to be scarce, and we all suffered from hunger. The chief man of our band was called Assin-ne-boi-nainse (the little Assinneboin), and he now proposed to us all to move, as the country where we were was exhausted. The day on which we were to commence our removal was fixed upon, but before it arrived our necessities became extreme. The evening before the day on which we intended to move, my mother talked much of all our misfortunes and losses, as well as of the urgent distress under which we were then laboring. At the usual hour I went to sleep, as did all the younger part of the family; but I was wakened again by the loud praying and singing of the old woman, who continued her devotions through a great part of the night. Very early on the following morning she called us all to get up, and put on our mocca-

sins, and be ready to move. She then called Wa-me-gon-a-biew to her, and said to him, in rather a low voice, "My son, last night I sung and prayed to the Great Spirit, and when I slept, there came to me one like a man, and said to me, 'Net-no-kwa, to-morrow you shall eat a bear. There is, at a distance from the path you are to travel to-morrow, and in such a direction'" (which she described to him), "'a small round meadow, with something like a path leading from it; in that path there is a bear.' Now, my son, I wish you to go to that place, without mentioning to anyone what I have said, and you will certainly find the bear, as I have described to you." But the young man, who was not particularly dutiful, or apt to regard what his mother said, going out of the lodge, spoke sneeringly to the other Indians of the dream. "The old woman," said he, "tells me we are to eat a bear to-day; but I do not know who is to kill it." The old woman, hearing him, called him in, and reproved him; but she could not prevail upon him to go to hunt.

I had my gun with me, and I continued to think of the conversation I had heard between my mother and Wa-me-gon-a-biew respecting her dream. At length I resolved to go in search of the place she had spoken of, and without mentioning to anyone my design, I loaded my gun as for a bear, and set off on our back track. I soon met a woman belonging to one of the brothers of Taw-ga-we-ninne, and of course my aunt. This woman had shown little friendship for us, considering us as a burden upon her husband, who sometimes gave something for our support; she had also often ridiculed me. She asked me immediately what I was doing on the

path, and whether I expected to kill Indians, that I came there with my gun. I made her no answer; and thinking I must be not far from the place where my mother had told Wa-me-gon-a-biew to leave the path, I turned off, continuing carefully to regard all the directions she had given. At length I found what appeared at some former time to have been a pond. It was a small, round, open place in the woods, now grown up with grass and small bushes. This I thought must be the meadow my mother had spoken of; and examining around it, I came to an open space in the bushes, where, it is probable, a small brook ran from the meadow; but the snow was now so deep that I could see nothing of it. My mother had mentioned that, when she saw the bear in her dream, she had, at the same time, seen a smoke rising from the ground. I was confident this was the place she had indicated, and I watched long, expecting to see the smoke; but, wearied at length with waiting, I walked a few paces into the open place, resembling a path, when I unexpectedly fell up to my middle in the snow. I extricated myself without difficulty, and walked on; but, remembering that I had heard the Indians speak of killing bears in their holes, it occurred to me that it might be a bear's hole into which I had fallen, and, looking down into it, I saw the head of a bear lying close to the bottom of the hole. I placed the muzzle of my gun nearly between his eyes and discharged it. As soon as the smoke cleared away, I took a piece of stick and thrust it into the eyes and into the wound in the head of the bear, and, being satisfied that he was dead, I endeavored to lift him out of the hole; but

being unable to do this, I returned home, following the track I had made in coming out. As I came near the camp, where the squaws had by this time set up the lodges, I met the same woman I had seen in going out, and she immediately began again to ridicule me. "Have you killed a bear, that you come back so soon, and walk so fast?" I thought to myself, "How does she know that I have killed a bear?" But I passed by her without saying anything, and went into my mother's lodge. After a few minutes, the old woman said, "My son, look in that kettle, and you will find a mouthful of beaver meat, which a man gave me since you left us in the morning. You must leave half of it for Wa-me-gon-a-biew, who has not yet returned from hunting, and has eaten nothing to-day." I accordingly ate the beaver meat, and when I had finished it, observing an opportunity when she stood by herself, I stepped up to her, and whispered in her ear, "My mother, I have killed a bear." "What do you say, my son?" said she. "I have killed a bear." "Are you sure you have killed him?" "Yes." "Is he quite dead?" "Yes." She watched my face for a moment, and then caught me in her arms, hugging and kissing me with great earnestness, and for a long time. I then told her what my aunt had said to me, both going and returning, and this being told to her husband when he returned, he not only reproved her for it, but gave her a severe flogging. The bear was sent for, and, as being the first I had killed, was cooked all together, and the hunters of the whole band invited to feast with us, according to the custom of the Indians. The same day one of the Crees killed a bear and a moose, and gave a large share of the meat to my mother.

One winter I hunted for a trader called by the Indians Aneeb, which means an elm-tree. As the winter advanced, and the weather became more and more cold, I found it difficult to procure as much game as I had been in the habit of supplying, and as was wanted by the trader. Early one morning, about mid-winter, I started an elk. I pursued until night, and had almost overtaken him; but hope and strength failed me at the same time. What clothing I had on me, notwithstanding the extreme coldness of the weather, was drenched with sweat. It was not long after I turned towards home that I felt it stiffening about me. My leggings were of cloth, and were torn in pieces in running through the bush. I was conscious I was somewhat frozen before I arrived at the place where I had left our lodge standing in the morning, and it was now midnight. I knew it had been the old woman's intention to move, and I knew where she would go; but I had not been informed she would go on that day. As I followed on their path, I soon ceased to suffer from cold, and felt that sleeping sensation which I knew preceded the last stage of weakness in such as die of cold. I redoubled my efforts, but with an entire consciousness of the danger of my situation; it was with no small difficulty that I could prevent myself from lying down. At length I lost all consciousness for some time, how long I cannot tell, and, awaking as from a dream, I found I had been walking round and round in a small circle not more than twenty or twenty-five yards over. After the return of my senses, I looked about to try to discover my path, as I had missed it; but, while I was looking,

I discovered a light at a distance, by which I directed my course. Once more, before I reached the lodge, I lost my senses; but I did not fall down; if I had, I should never have got up again; but I ran round and round in a circle as before. When I at last came into the lodge, I immediately fell down, but I did not lose myself as before. I can remember seeing the thick and sparkling coat of frost on the inside of the pukkwi lodge, and hearing my mother say that she had kept a large fire in expectation of my arrival; and that she had not thought I should have been so long gone in the morning, but that I should have known long before night of her having moved. It was a month before I was able to go out again, my face, hands, and legs having been much frozen.

There is, on the bank of the Little Saskawjewun, a place which looks like one the Indians would always choose to encamp at. In a bend of the river is a beautiful landing-place, behind it a little plain, a thick wood, and a small hill rising abruptly in the rear. But with that spot is connected a story of fratricide, a crime so uncommon that the spot where it happened is held in detestation, and regarded with terror. No Indian will land his canoe, much less encamp, at "*the place of the two dead men.*" They relate that many years ago the Indians were encamped here, when a quarrel arose between two brothers, having she-she-gwi for totems.[1] One drew his knife and slew the other; but those of the band who were present, looked upon the crime as so horrid that, without hesitation or delay, they killed the murderer, and buried them together.

[1] The totem is the crest of the Indians.

As I approached this spot, I thought much of the story of the two brothers, who bore the same totem with myself, and were, as I supposed related to my Indian mother. I had heard it said that, if any man encamped near their graves, as some had done soon after they were buried, they would be seen to come out of the ground, and either re-act the quarrel and the murder, or in some other manner so annoy and disturb their visitors that they could not sleep. Curiosity was in part my motive, and I wished to be able to tell the Indians that *I* not only stopped, but slept quietly at a place which they shunned with so much fear and caution. The sun was going down as I arrived; and I pushed my little canoe in to the shore, kindled a fire, and, after eating my supper, lay down and slept. Very soon I saw the two dead men come and sit down by my fire, opposite me. Their eyes were intently fixed upon me, but they neither smiled nor said anything. I got up and sat opposite them by the fire, and in this situation I awoke. The night was dark and gusty, but I saw no men, or heard any other sound than that of the wind in the trees. It is likely I fell asleep again, for I soon saw the same two men standing below the bank of the river, their heads just rising to the level of the ground I had made my fire on, and looking at me as before. After a few minutes, they rose one after the other, and sat down opposite me; but now they were laughing, and pushing at me with sticks, and using various methods of annoyance. I endeavored to speak to them, but my voice failed me; I tried to fly, but my feet refused to do their office. Throughout the whole night I was in a state of agitation and alarm.

Among other things which they said to me, one of them told me to look at the top of the little hill which stood near. I did so, and saw a horse fettered, and standing looking at me. "There, my brother," said the ghost, "is a horse which I give you to ride on your journey to-morrow; and as you pass here on your way home, you can call and leave the horse, and spend another night with us."

At last came the morning, and I was in no small degree pleased to find that with the darkness of the night these terrifying visions vanished. But my long residence among the Indians, and the frequent instances in which I had known the imitations of dreams verified, occasioned me to think seriously of the horse the ghost had given me. Accordingly I went to the top of the hill, where I discovered tracks and other signs, and, following a little distance, found a horse, which I knew belonged to the trader I was going to see. As several miles' travel might be saved by crossing from this point on the little Saskawjewun to the Assinneboin, I left the canoe, and having caught the horse, and put my load upon him, led him towards the trading-house where I arrived next day. In all subsequent journeys through this country, I carefully shunned "the place of the two dead"; and the account I gave of what I had seen and suffered there confirmed the superstitious terrors of the Indians.

I was standing by our lodge one evening, when I saw a good-looking young woman walking about and smoking. She noticed me from time to time, and at last came up and asked me to smoke with her. I answered that I never smoked. "You do not wish to touch my

pipe; for that reason you will not smoke with me." I took her pipe and smoked a little, though I had not been in the habit of smoking before. She remained some time, and talked with me, and I began to be pleased with her. After this we saw each other often, and I became gradually attached to her.

I mention this because it was to this woman that I was afterwards married, and because the commencement of our acquaintance was not after the usual manner of the Indians. Among them it most commonly happens, even when a young man marries a woman of his own band, he has previously had no personal acquaintance with her. They have seen each other in the village; he has perhaps looked at her in passing, but it is probable they have never spoken together. The match is agreed on by the old people, and when their intention is made known to the young couple, they commonly find, in themselves, no objection to the arrangement, as they know, should it prove disagreeable mutually, or to either party, it can at any time be broken off.

I now redoubled my diligence in hunting, and commonly came home with meat in the early part of the day, at least before night. I then dressed myself as handsomely as I could, and walked about the village, sometimes blowing the Pe-be-gwun, or flute. For some time Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa pretended she was not willing to marry me, and it was not, perhaps, until she perceived some abatement of ardor on my part that she laid this affected coyness entirely aside. For my own part, I found that my anxiety to take a wife home to my lodge was rapidly becoming less and less. I made several efforts to break off the intercourse, and visit her

no more; but a lingering inclination was too strong for me. When she perceived my growing indifference, she sometimes reproached me, and sometimes sought to move me by tears and entreaties; but I said nothing to the old woman about bringing her home, and became daily more and more unwilling to acknowledge her publicly as my wife.

About this time I had occasion to go to the trading-house on Red River, and I started in company with a half-breed belonging to that establishment, who was mounted on a fleet horse. The distance we had to travel has since been called by the English settlers seventy miles. We rode and went on foot by turns, and the one who was on foot kept hold of the horse's tail, and ran. We passed over the whole distance in one day. In returning, I was by myself, and without a horse, and I made an effort, intending, if possible, to accomplish the same journey in one day; but darkness, and excessive fatigue, compelled me to stop when I was within about ten miles of home.

When I arrived at our lodge, on the following day, I saw Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa sitting in my place. As I stopped at the door of the lodge, and hesitated to enter, she hung down her head; but Net-no-kwa greeted me in a tone somewhat harsher than was common for her to use to me. "Will you turn back from the door of the lodge, and put this young woman to shame, who is in all respects better than you are? This affair has been of your seeking, and not of mine or hers. You have followed her about the village heretofore; now you would turn from her, and make her appear like one who has attempted to thrust herself in your way." I

was, in part, conscious of the justness of Net-no-kwa's reproaches, and in part prompted by inclination; I went in and sat down by the side of Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, and thus we became man and wife. Old Net-no-kwa had, while I was absent at Red River, without my knowledge or consent, made her bargain with the parents of the young woman, and brought her home, rightly supposing that it would be no difficult matter to reconcile me to the measure. In most of the marriages which happen between young persons, the parties most interested have less to do than in this case. The amount of presents which the parents of a woman expect to receive in exchange for her diminishes in proportion to the number of husbands she may have had.

I now began to attend to some of the ceremonies of what may be called the initiation of warriors, this being the first time I had been on a war-party. For the first three times that a man accompanies a war-party, the customs of the Indians require some peculiar and painful observances, from which old warriors may, if they choose, be exempted. The young warrior must constantly paint his face black; must wear a cap, or headdress of some kind; must never precede the old warriors, but follow them, stepping in their tracks. He must never scratch his head, or any other part of his body, with his fingers, but if he is compelled to scratch he must use a small stick; the vessel he eats or drinks out of, or the knife he uses, must be touched by no other person.

The young warrior, however long and fatiguing the march, must neither eat, nor drink, nor sit down by day; if he halts for a moment, he must turn his face

towards his own country, that the Great Spirit may see that it is his wish to return home again.

. . . . . .

It was Tanner's wish to return home again, and after many dangerous and disagreeable adventures he did at last, when almost an old man, come back to the Whites and tell his history, which, as he could not write, was taken down at his dictation.

A CAPTIVE IN THE CAUCASUS

By COUNT L. N. TOLSTOÏ.

A YOUNG man named Zhilin was an officer serving in the Caucasus.

A letter from his old mother at home came to him *one time*. It said: —

"I am getting old, and before I die I should like to see my dear boy once more. Come and bid me good-by, bury me, and then go back into the army again with God's blessing. However, I have found a wife for you, sensible and pretty and fairly well off. If she should please you, you can marry her and settle down."

Zhilin said to himself: "Indeed, the old lady is in a bad way; I may not see her again. I'll go, and if the girl is nice — why, I might get married."

He went to his colonel, secured a furlough, shook hands with his comrades, and made his arrangements to depart.

At that time there was fighting in the Caucasus. The roads were not safe either by day or night. If any Russian walked or rode away from the fortified

post, the Tartars were certain to kill him or carry him off into the mountains; so arrangements were made for soldiers to do escort duty twice a week from one fortress to another, riding in front and behind, and keeping the travellers safe between them.

This was in the summer, so they started at sunrise, making up the train behind the fortress; the convoy of soldiers pushed ahead and the train followed along the road.

Zhilin was on horseback, and his cart with his luggage went with the train. They had about twenty-five *kilometers* to go, and it was slow travelling: sometimes the soldiers would halt, now a wheel would come off or a horse would balk, and then the whole train would come to a halt.

It was already past noon and they had not accomplished half of the journey. The sun was fiery hot; it was dusty, and there was no shelter (not a tree or a bush) anywhere along the bare steppe.

Zhilin would gallop ahead, then stop and wait until the train caught up with him. He would hear the trumpet signalling to halt again. And he said to himself: —

"Why not go on alone without the soldiers? My mount is a good one. If the Tartars attack me I can outstrip them. Or had I better wait?"

And while he was deliberating another officer, named Kostuilin, who had a gun, joined him on horseback and said: —

"Come on, Zhilin; let's ride on alone. I'm dead hungry and it's roasting hot. You could wring my shirt out."

Kostuilin was a heavy, stout man, and his face was as red as fire; the perspiration was pouring from him.

Zhilin pondered a moment and said: —

"Is your musket loaded?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, come on. Only let us agree not to separate."

So they rode ahead across the steppe, talking as they went, and looking on every side. There was nothing to interrupt the view in any direction. By and by the steppe came to an end, and the road entered a pass between two mountains. Zhilin said: —

"We ought to get to the top of this hill and reconnoitre. Who knows but they might slip down from the mountains without our seeing them."

But Kostuilin said: —

"What could you see? Let's gallop ahead."

Zhilin did not agree with him. "No," said he, "you wait down here, and I'll just reconnoitre."

So he spurred his horse up the hill at the left. Zhilin's horse was a hunter; he had bought her for a hundred rubles when a colt; he had selected her and trained her himself. She carried him up the incline as if on wings. As soon as he reached the top, lo! directly in front of him, on a level spot, were mounted Tartars — thirty of them. Instantly he started back; but the Tartars caught sight of him, started in pursuit, getting ready their muskets as they galloped.

Zhilin dashed down the slope as fast as his horse's legs would take him, and shouted to Kostuilin: —

"Get your gun ready!" and to his horse he said in a whisper: —

"Little mother, be careful, don't trip! If you stumble I'm lost. If I once reach where the gun is, I won't surrender to them."

But Kostuilin (as soon as he caught sight of the Tartars), instead of waiting, started off at full speed for the fortress. He was belaboring his horse with his whip, first on one side, then on the other. In the dust all that could be seen was the switching of his horse's tail. Zhilin realized that he was in a bad fix. The gun was gone; nothing could be done with a sabre alone. He turned his horse back toward the train where the soldiers were: he thought to escape that way. He saw that half a dozen of them were cutting down the precipice. He had a good horse, but theirs were still better and they were cutting him off. He started to wheel about with the intention of dashing up the road again, but his horse was already too far gone to be held back: he was flying straight toward them. Directly in front of him he saw a red-bearded Tartar on a gray horse coming nearer and nearer, yelling, showing his teeth, his gun at his shoulder.

"Well," said Zhilin, "I know you devils. If you take me alive you'll throw me into a pit and flog me with whips. I won't be taken alive."

Zhilin, though not very tall, was plucky. He drew his sabre, spurred his horse straight at the red-bearded Tartar, and said to himself, "I'll either knock him off his horse or cut him down with my sabre."

But Zhilin did not reach where the horse was; shots were heard from behind; the horse was hit and fell headlong, pinning Zhilin down by the leg. He tried to get up, but before he had a chance to move two ill-smelling Tartars were sitting on him, and fastening his arms behind his back. He broke from them, knocking them away, but three others had already sprung from their horses, and began to pound him over the head with their gun-stocks. A darkness came over his eyes and he staggered.

The Tartars seized him, took from their saddles extra ropes, bent his arms behind him, fastened them behind his back with a Tartar knot, and dragged him up to the saddle. They knocked off his cap, pulled his boots off, searched him thoroughly, took his money and his watch, and tore his clothes all to pieces.

Zhilin glanced at his horse. She, poor creature, was lying as she fell, on her side; she was kicking, but her legs could not reach the ground; there was a hole in her head, from which the black blood was pouring and staining the dust all around. One Tartar went up to the horse and began to take the saddle off. As she was still struggling, he drew his dagger and cut her throat. There was a whistling sound from the wind-pipe, she shivered, and her life fled.

The Tartars took the saddle and everything else. The one with the red beard mounted, and the others lifted Zhilin up behind him; and, that he might not

fall off, they tied him by a strap to the Tartar's belt; then they set off for the mountains.

Zhilin sat behind, swaying and bumping his face against the back of the stinking Tartar. All he could see before him was the healthy Tartar back, the sinewy neck, and the shaven nape showing under the cap. Zhilin's head was splitting, blood was trickling down into his eyes, and he could neither get into a more comfortable position nor wipe away the blood. His arms were so tied that it made his collar-bones ache.

They rode a long distance from mountain to mountain; they crossed a river by a ford; they entered a road and proceeded along a valley. Zhilin wanted to observe the route by which they took him, but his eyelids were stuck together with blood, and he could not turn round. It began to grow dark. They crossed still another river, and began to climb a stony mountain; there was a smell of smoke; dogs were barking; they had reached an *aul* or Tartar village. The men dismounted; a lot of children began to collect around Zhilin, whistling, exulting, and even throwing stones at him. A man drove the children off, lifted Zhilin from the horse, and summoned a servant. A Nogaï with prominent cheek-bones and wearing nothing but a torn shirt, which showed his bare chest, responded. The Tartar addressed some command to him. The servant brought a foot-stock or clog, consisting of two oaken blocks provided with iron rings, and in one of them was a clamp and a lock. They released Zhilin's arms, fastened him into the clog, and, taking him to a shed, pushed him in and shut the door. Zhilin fell on dung,

and there as he lay he felt around in the darkness and tried to find a softer spot.

All that night Zhilin scarcely slept.

The nights were short, and he soon began to see daylight shining through a chink. He got up, enlarged the chink, and looked out. He could see a road leading down the hill, at the right a Tartar hut with two trees, a black dog lying on the threshold, a goat wandering about with her kids, twitching their tails, a young Tartar woman mounting the hill; she was dressed in a loose colored smock, trousers and boots, with a kaftan covering her head, on which she carried a large tin pitcher of water. As she walked along her back wriggled and she bent forward. She led by the hand a shaven-headed Tartar boy, who wore nothing but a shirt. The woman took the water into the hut, and out came the red-bearded Tartar of the evening before, wearing a silk *beshmet*, or shirt, with a silver dagger hanging to his belt, and slippers on his bare feet. On the back of his head was a high black sheep-skin cap. He came out, stretched himself, and stroked his red beard. He stood a little while, gave some orders to his workman, and went off.

Then two boys rode by on horseback; they had been to the spring, and the noses of the horses were still wet. Several other boys with shaven heads, in shirts without breeches, came up, gathered in a group, approached the shed, took a stick, and tried to thrust it through the chink. Zhilin shouted at them, and they ran away and disappeared: only their bare little knees could be seen gleaming.

Now Zhilin was very thirsty; his throat was parched; he said to himself: —

"If only some one would come!"

Soon he heard some one opening the shed. The red-bearded Tartar came in accompanied by a shorter and dark-faced man with bright black eyes, red cheeks, and a small close-trimmed beard. He had a jolly face, and was always laughing. He was still more richly dressed: his *beshmet* was of blue silk and embroidered with silver tape. He wore a large silver-mounted dagger at his waist; his little slippers were of red morocco embroidered also with silver, and over the delicate red slippers were thick shoes. He wore a high white sheepskin cap.

The red-bearded Tartar approached, made some remark in an angry tone of voice, and stood leaning against the door-post, fingering his dagger and glaring askance at Zhilin like a wolf.

But the dark one, alert and quick, as if he were all made of springs, also came along, went straight up to Zhilin, squatted down, grinned, patted Zhilin on the back, and began to jabber something in his own patois, winked his eyes, clacked his tongue, and kept saying: —

"*Korosho, Urus* — Well, Russ, well, Russ!"

Zhilin did not know what he meant and said: —

"Water, give me water."

The dark one laughed: "*Korosh, Urus* — Well, Russ!" — still in his own patois.

Zhilin made signs with his lips and his hands that they should give him water to drink.

The dark Tartar understood, laughed, looked out of the door and called some one: —

"Dina!"

A slender little girl of thirteen came running up — she was the image of the dark man, and was evidently his daughter: she had bright black eyes and a pretty face. She was dressed in a long blue smock with wide sleeves and without a belt. The front, the skirt, and the sleeves were trimmed with red. She wore trousers and slippers, and over her slippers a second pair with high heels; around her neck she had a necklace entirely made of Russian half-ruble pieces. Her head was uncovered; a ribbon adorned her dark braid of hair, and from the ribbon were suspended several patines and a silver ruble.

Her father gave her some command. She ran out, and quickly returned with a tin pitcher. She handed the water to Zhilin, then squatted down, leaning forward so that her knees were higher than her shoulders. Thus she sat, with her eyes wide open staring at Zhilin as if he were a wild beast.

Zhilin gave her back the pitcher, and she instantly darted off like a wild goat. Even her father laughed. He again sent her after something. She took her pitcher, ran away, and came back bringing some unleavened bread on a round wooden tray, and again squatted down, and bending forward stared at him without taking her eyes off from him.

The Tartars departed, closing the door behind them.

After a little delay the Nogaï came to Zhilin and said: —

"*Aï-da*, master, *aï-da!*"

But he also knew no Russian. Still Zhilin understood that he wanted him to go somewhere.

Zhilin started up with his foot-clog, but found it almost impossible to walk with the encumbrance. Still he managed to follow the Nogaï. He saw a Tartar village of a dozen houses and their mosque with its dome.

In front of one of the houses stood three horses with their saddles on. Boys were holding them by their bridles. The dark Tartar came running out of this house, and beckoned for Zhilin to follow him. Still grinning and saying something in his patois he re-entered. Zhilin went into the house: the room was decent, the walls smoothly plastered with clay. In front against the wall gayly-colored down beds were placed; on the side walls hung precious rugs; on the rugs were muskets, pistols, and sabres, all mounted in silver. On one side of the room was a small stove, level with the floor, which was made of earth, and as clean as a threshing-floor; all the front part of it was covered with felt, and on the felt were rugs, and on the rugs were soft cushions. Tartars with nothing but slippers on their feet were sitting on the rugs: the dark one, the red one, and three guests. All had fat cushions at their backs, and in front of them, on a round tray, were flat cakes and melted butter in a cup, and Tartar beer called *buza* in a pitcher. They ate with their fingers, and their hands were all covered with grease.

The dark one jumped up, ordered Zhilin to take a seat on one side, not on the rug but on the bare floor; then he climbed up on his rug again, and treated his guests to more flat cakes and *buza*.

The servant put Zhilin in his place, then having

taken off his shoes, and stood them in a row with the others near the door, he sat down on the felt nearer to the guests, and gazed at them as they were eating with such envy that his mouth watered.

When the Tartars had eaten their flat cakes, a woman came in dressed in a smock like that worn by the little girl, and in trousers. Her head was covered with a kerchief; she carried away the butter and flat cakes, and gave them a pretty basin and a pitcher with a narrow spout. The Tartars began to wash their hands, then putting them together, knelt down, and puffing in all directions, repeated their prayers. Then they talked together in their own language; and one of the guests, a Tartar, turned to Zhilin and began to speak to him in Russian: —

"Kasi-Muhammad captured you," said he, pointing to the red-bearded Tartar, "and he has given you to Abdul-Murad" — pointing to the dark one. "Abdul-Murad is now your master."

Zhilin made no reply. Abdul-Murad now said something, and kept pointing at Zhilin and laughing and repeating: *Soldat, Urus, korosho, Urus* — "Russian soldier, well, Russ."

The interpreter said:

"He commands you to write a letter home and have a ransom sent for you. As soon as the money comes, they will let you go."

Zhilin pondered and said: —

"Does he want a large ransom?"

The Tartars consulted together and the interpreter said: —

"Three thousand rubles."

"No," said Zhilin, "I can't pay that."

Abdul sprang to his feet and began to gesticulate, and said something to Zhilin, taking it for granted he understood him. The interpreter translated for him, saying: —

"How much will you give?"

Zhilin thought it over and said: —

"Five hundred rubles."

Thereupon the Tartars began to talk all together. Abdul screamed at the red-headed one, and jabbered so fast that the spittle flew out of his mouth. But the red-bearded Tartar only half closed his eyes and clacked his tongue. Then when silence ensued the interpreter said: —

"The master says five hundred rubles is too little for your ransom. He himself paid two hundred rubles for you. Kazi-Muhammad was in debt to him: he took you for the debt. He will not let you go for less than three thousand rubles. And, if you don't write home for it, and it is not paid, he will put you in a pit and flog you with rods."

"Ekh!" said Zhilin to himself, "the more timidity I show to them, the worse it will be."

He leaped to his feet and said: —

"You tell the dog that if he tries to scare me, I will not give him a single kopek nor will I write home. I've never been afraid of you, and I never shall be afraid of you, you dogs!"

The interpreter communicated this, and again they all talked together very loud. They jabbered for a long time, then the dark one jumped up and went to Zhilin.

"*Urus!*" he exclaimed, "*Jigit, jigit, Urus!*"

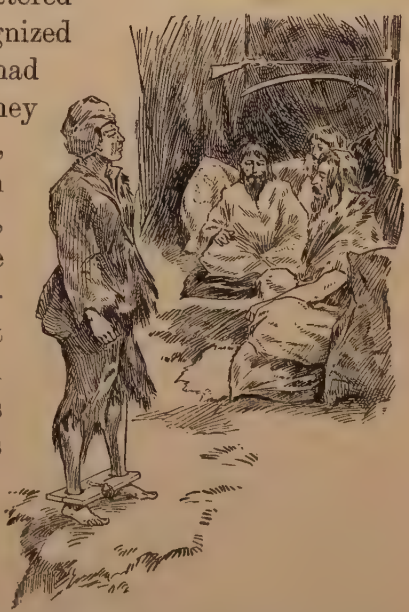
Jigit in their language means "brave fellow." He laughed, and said something to the interpreter, and the interpreter said: —

"Give a thousand rubles."

Zhilin insisted: "More than five hundred rubles I will not give. But if you kill me you won't get anything."

The Tartars again consulted together, then sent the servant off, and kept looking first at Zhilin, then at the door.

Pretty soon the servant returned, and behind him entered a stout man barefooted and ragged, and wearing a foot-block. Zhilin uttered an exclamation as he recognized Kostuilin: so then they had captured him also. They were placed side by side, and began to tell each other what had happened, and while they talked the Tartars looked on in silence. Zhilin told how it had gone with him and Kostuilin told how his horse had stood, and his musket had failed to go off, and how this same Abdul had overtaken him and captured him.



Abdul sprang up again, pointed to Kostuilin and said something. The interpreter made them under-

stand that they both now belonged to the same master, and that the one that first paid the ransom would be freed first.

"Look here," he said to Zhilin, "you are all the time in a rage, but your comrade is quiet; he has written a letter home; they'll be sending the thousand pieces of money, so he will be fed well and he won't be bothered."

But Zhilin said: "My comrade may do as he likes; perhaps he is rich; but I'm not. I tell you the truth. Kill me if you like, it won't profit you any; but I will not write for more than five hundred rubles."

They were all silent. Suddenly Abdul jumped up, got a box, took out a pen, paper, and ink, thrust them into Zhilin's hands, and patting him on the shoulder made signs to him to write. He consented to take the five hundred rubles.

"Just wait," said Zhilin to the interpreter. "Tell him that he must feed us well, must also supply us with suitable clothes and shoes, and keep us together, so that it will be more cheerful for us, and must take off the clogs."

He looked at Abdul and smiled, and his master smiled back, and when Abdul had listened he said:

"I will give you the very best clothes — a *cherkeska* and boots, and a wife, if you want, and I will feed you like princes. And if you want to live together, why, you may live in the shed. But I can't take off the clogs — you'd run away. Only at night will I take them off."

Again he came jumping up to Zhilin and patted him on the shoulder. "Thy good, me good."

Zhilin wrote the letter, but addressed it wrongly so that it might not reach its destination, saying to himself, "I will escape!"

Zhilin and Kostuilin were taken to the shed; Indian wheat straw was brought to them; a pitcher of water, some bread, two old *cherkeskes*, and some worn-out military boots which evidently had been taken from dead soldiers. When night came their clogs were removed and they were locked in the shed.

Thus Zhilin lived with his comrade for a whole month. His master was always jolly: "Thy, Ivan, good, me, Abdul, good." But he fed them badly, giving them nothing but unleavened bread made out of millet meal baked in flat cakes, and sometimes nothing but unbaked dough. Kostuilin wrote home a second time, and was eagerly waiting for the arrival of the money. Meantime he moped, sitting all day long for days at a time in the shed, counting the time till the letter should arrive, or else sleeping. But Zhilin knew well that his letter would never reach home, and he did not write another. "Where would my mother get the money to pay for my ransom?" he would ask himself. "As it was she lived mainly on what I sent her. If she should have to raise five hundred rubles, it would be the end of her. God willing, I will escape yet."

And he kept his eyes open, contriving how he might escape. He would walk about the village whistling, or sit engaged in some handicraft, either manufactur-

ing dolls out of clay, or plaiting baskets out of rushes; for he was clever at every kind of work.

One day he made a doll with a nose and hands and legs, dressed it in a Tartar shirt, and set it on the roof. The Tartar women went to get water, and Abdul's daughter, Dina, caught sight of the doll and called to the others. They all set down their pitchers, and gazed at it and laughed. Zhilin took down the doll and offered it to them. They laughed, but were afraid to take it. He set the doll down, went into the shed, and looked to see what they would do.

Dina ran up to it, looked around, seized the doll, and ran off. Next morning, he saw Dina at daybreak come to the threshold with her doll. She had dressed it in red rags, and was rocking it as if it had been a baby, and singing a lullaby to it. An old woman came out, scolded her, and seizing the doll broke it and sent Dina off to her work.

Zhilin made another doll — a still better one — and gave it to Dina. One day Dina brought him a little pitcher, set it down, and stared at him; then, laughing, she pointed at the pitcher.

"Why is she so gay?" wondered Zhilin.

He took the pitcher and began to drink, supposing it was water; but it was milk. He drank it up and said, "Good!" And how pleased Dina was!

"Good, Ivan, good!" and jumping up and clapping her hands, she seized the pitcher and ran away.

After that she brought him milk every day, and as the Tartars make cheese-cakes out of goat's milk and dry them on the roofs, she would surreptitiously bring some of them to him. And another time, when her

father had killed a ram, she brought him a piece of mutton concealed in her sleeve. She would bring such things and run away.

Once there was a great shower, and for a whole hour the rain fell as from buckets, and all the brooks grew roily. At the ford the water rose several feet, and rolled big stones down. Everywhere there were brooklets, and the mountains were full of rumbling sounds. And when the shower had passed, the village street was running with water. Zhilin asked Abdul for a knife; then he whittled out a cylinder and some little boards, made a wheel, and attached two dolls to the two ends of the boards; and when the girls had brought him some rags, he dressed up the dolls, one like a man, the other like a woman. When he had made them good and strong he put the wheel into the brook, and as the wheel revolved the dolls jumped.

The whole village collected — boys, girls, the women and the Tartar men came — and clacked with their tongues.

"*Aī, Urus, aï,* Ivan!"

Abdul had a Russian watch which had been broken. He called Zhilin, and showed it to him, and clicked with his tongue. Zhilin said:

"Give it to me, I will mend it."

He took it apart with his penknife, and put it together again, and the watch went. Abdul was delighted, and brought him his old *beshmet* which was all rags, and gave it to him. There was nothing else to do but take it; besides, he might cover himself with it at night.

From this time forth Zhilin's reputation as a Jack-of-all-trades was spread far and wide. People began to come from distant villages, bringing their gunlocks or pistols or their watches for him to mend. His master gave him some tools,—a pair of pincers, gimlets, and a file.

One time a Tartar was taken sick: they came to Zhilin saying, "Come, cure him."

Zhilin knew nothing about curing diseases; but he went and looked at him, saying to himself, "Perhaps he will get well himself." He went into the shed, took some sand and water and mixed them, and then in the presence of the Tartars muttered something over the mixture, and gave it to the sick man to drink. Fortunately for him, the Tartar recovered.

By this time Zhilin had begun to understand something of their language. Some of the Tartars had got used to him, and when they needed him would call "Ivan, Ivan!" but others still looked at him askance as if he were a wild beast. The red-bearded Tartar did not like Zhilin. As soon as he saw him he would frown, and look away, or else call him names. Then there was an old man who did not live in the village, but outside at the foot of the mountain. Zhilin saw him only when he came up to the mosque to pray. He was short, and wore a white towel wound round his cap. His closely trimmed beard and mustaches were white as wool, and his face was wrinkled and as red as a brick. His nose was hooked like the beak of a hawk, and his eyes were gray and fierce, and he had no teeth except two tusks. He used to walk about in

his turban leaning on his staff, and glare around him like a wolf. As soon as he saw Zhilin he would snort in his displeasure and turn away.

One day Zhilin went down the mountain to see where the old man lived. As he walked along the path he saw a small garden and a stone wall, and on the other side of the wall were cherry-trees, apricots, and a little hut with a flat roof. As he went nearer he saw straw bee-hives with bees flying around and buzzing, and the old man was kneeling down by his hives doing something to them. Zhilin tried to lift himself in order to get a better view, but his clog rattled and the old man turned round. As soon as he caught sight of Zhilin he whipped his pistol out of his belt and fired it at him. Zhilin had barely time to dodge behind a bowlder.

The old man went to Abdul and complained. Abdul called Zhilin, and laughing asked him why he went to the old man's.

"Why," said he, "I did him no harm. I wanted to see how he lived."

Abdul reported his answer; but the old man was very angry, and hissed out something, showing his two tusks and waving his arms at Zhilin, who did not understand at all what he said, but knew that the old man ordered Abdul to kill the two Russians and not to keep them in the village. Then the old man went away. Zhilin began to inquire about him: "Who is that old man?" And Abdul replied: —

"He is a great man. He was our first *jigit*, and he has killed many Russians. He used to be rich. He had three wives and eight sons; they all lived in one

village. The Russians came, burned his village, and killed seven of his sons. One son that was left joined the Russians. The old man himself went and gave himself up to the Russians. He lived among them three months, and when he had found his son he killed him with his own hand and made his escape. Since that time he has given up fighting, and made the pilgrimage to Mecca to worship God there. That is why he wears the turban. Whoever goes to Mecca is called Hadji, and wears a turban. He does not love you Russians. He demands that we kill you, but I can't kill you for I have paid money for you; besides, I like you, Ivan; there is no reason why I should kill you, and I wouldn't let you go at all if I hadn't given my word."

He grinned, and added in Russian: —

"*Tvoya*, Ivan, *khorosh*, *moya*, Abdul, *khorosh* — Thy, Ivan good, my, Abdul good."

Thus Zhilin lived for a month. During the daytime he walked about the *aul* or did some work; but when night came, and it was all quiet in the village, he would dig in his shed. It was hard digging on account of the stones; but he would pry them away with his file, and at last he dug a hole under the wall big enough for a person to crawl into.

"Now," said he to himself, "I'd better get some idea of the locality, so as to know in which direction to go. The Tartars would never tell me anything."

So he chose a time when Abdul had gone away; he went out in the afternoon beyond the village up on the hill, trying to find a place for observation. But before going off the master had ordered his small son to follow

Zhilin and not let him out of his sight. The youngster ran after Zhilin crying:

"Don't go! My father forbade it. I'll call the people."

Zhilin tried to persuade him.

"I'm not going far," said he; "I'm just going up on the hill; I want to find some herbs to cure your folks with. Come with me; I can't run away with this clog. And to-morrow I'll make you a bow and arrows."

So he persuaded the boy and they went together. It did not look far to the mountain, but it was hard travelling with the clog; he persevered, but it required all his strength. He sat down and proceeded to reconnoitre. Toward the south behind his shed there was a hollow where a herd of horses was grazing; lower down was another village. Beyond the *aul* was a second mountain, still steeper, and beyond that other mountains. Between the mountains the forests stretched in purple masses, and there were still more mountains growing ever higher and higher. And higher than all the rest there were mountains white as sugar, covered with snow.

And one snowy mountain rose above all the others like a cap. Toward the east and toward the west were similar mountains. Here and there in ravines smoke was rising from Tartar *auls*.

"Well," he said to himself, "this is all their country."

So he began to inspect the Russian side. At his feet was a little river, his own *aul* with tiny gardens scattered around it. Women were squatting by the riverside rinsing clothes, and looking no bigger than small

dolls. Back of the *aul* was another hill not so high, and beyond it two more mountains covered with woods, and between these two mountains a level place, and on the level place far, far away something like smoke was hanging low. Zhilin tried to recollect where the sun used to rise and set when he was at the fortress, and he came to the conclusion that just about there, on that plain, the Russian stronghold must be; so then in that direction, between those mountains, he must escape.

The sun was beginning to go down. The snow-clad mountains changed from white to ruby red; it was growing dark among the forest-clad hills; from the valleys a mist began to rise, and the plain where the Russian stronghold he thought was situated glowed like fire in the sunset light. He strained his eyes more intently, and thought he saw something like smoke rising from chimneys in the valley, and so he came to the conclusion that he could see the fortress itself.

It was now getting late. He heard the *molla*[1] calling to prayers. They were driving home the herds — the cows were lowing. The boy kept calling Zhilin, "Let us go." But still Zhilin lingered. Finally they returned to the village.

"Well," said Zhilin to himself, "now I know the locality, it is time to escape."

He determined to run away that very night. The nights were dark — it was the wane of the moon. Unluckily the Tartars came back that evening. Usually when they came in from their expeditions, they would

[1] Priest, muezzin.

be very exultant driving the cattle they had captured. But this time they had captured nothing, and they brought back fastened to a saddle the body of a Tartar that had been killed — the brother of the red-bearded one. They came back very ugly and prepared to bury the dead man. Zhilin went out to witness the ceremony. They wrapped a sheet around the body, and bore it without any coffin beyond the village, and placed it under some plane-trees on the grass. The *molla* came, the old men collected, their caps wound about with towels, and with unshod feet, and squatted in a circle around the dead man.

The *molla* was in front, behind him three old men in turbans, and behind them other Tartars. They squatted there with bowed heads and in silence. For a long time nothing was said. Then the *molla* raised his head and cried, "Allah." That means God. He said this one word, and then they all bent down their heads again and were silent for a long time, sitting motionless. Again the *molla* lifted his head and cried "Allah," and all repeated it, "Allah," and again they relapsed into silence. The dead man lay on the grass and they all sat motionless, as if they were dead. Not one of them stirred. The only sound was the rustling of the plane-tree leaves in the breeze. Then when the *molla* made a prayer, all got up, and raising the corpse in their hands they carried it away and laid it in a pit — not an ordinary hole, but one hollowed into the earth like a cellar. The corpse was lifted under the arms and knees, then doubling up the body they let it down gently, and placed it in the ground in a sitting posture, with its hands folded.

The Nogaï servant brought some green reeds and filled the pit with them; then they hastily shovelled in some earth, made it level, and put a stone at the head of the dead man. They beat the earth down, and sitting once more in a row before the grave kept silence for a long time.

"Allah! Allah! Allah!" they sighed, and got up.

The red-bearded man distributed some money among the old men, then he took a whip and struck himself three times across the forehead and went home.

The next morning Zhilin saw him leading out a mare behind the village, and three Tartars following him. When they got outside the village the red-bearded Tartar took off his *beshmet*, and tucked up his sleeves displaying his powerful forearms — and taking his dagger sharpened it for a moment on a whetstone; then, while the Tartars held up the horse's head, he cut her throat, threw her down and began to flay her, ripping off the skin with his strong fists. Some women came and girls, and washed the intestines and entrails; then the mare was cut up and carried into the hut, and the whole village collected at the red-bearded man's to celebrate the memory of his dead brother.

For three days they feasted on the mare and drank *buza*, celebrating the dead man. All the Tartars were at home. On the afternoon of the fourth day Zhilin noticed that they were preparing for some expedition: horses were brought and saddled, and ten men, including the red-bearded one, started off; only Abdul stayed at home. There was a new moon, but the nights were still dark.

"Well," said Zhilin to himself, "to-night I must make my escape." He spoke to Kostuilin about it, but he was full of apprehensions.

"How can we escape? We don't know the road."

"I know the road."

"And then we can't get there in one night."

"Well, if we don't get there, we'll spend the night in the forest. See here! I have laid up some flat cakes. Why should you remain here? Very good if they should send you the money from home; but perhaps they won't be able to raise so much. Besides, the Tartars are ugly now because the Russians have killed one of their men. It is said they are going to kill us."

Kostuilin found it hard to make up his mind — but at last he said: —

"All right, let us go."

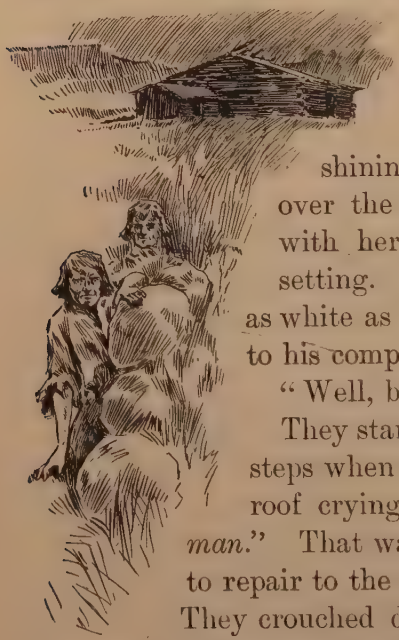
Zhilin crawled into the hole, and made it wider so that Kostuilin also could get into it; then they sat waiting until it was quiet in the *aul*.

As soon as the people in the *aul* had gone to rest, Zhilin crept under the wall and got out. He whispered to Kostuilin: "Come, crawl through."

Kostuilin also crept through, but his leg hit against a stone and he made an exclamation. Now their master had a watch-dog, a spotted beast, fierce and dangerous, named Ulyashin. Zhilin had been in the habit of feeding him. Ulyashin hearing the noise began to bark and ran up to them followed by other dogs. Zhilin whistled gently, and threw a piece of flat cake at him. The dog recognized him, wagged his tail and ceased to bark. The master heard the dog, and shouted to him: "*Haït, haït*, Ulyashin."

But Zhilin scratched the dog behind the ears and the animal kept still, merely rubbing against his legs and wagging his tail.

They crouched behind the shed until all was silent again, and nothing could be heard except the coughing of the sheep in a shed and the gurgle of water running down over pebbles. It was dark; the stars were shining high up in the sky; just over the mountain the young moon with her horns turned upward was setting. In the hollow a mist lay as white as milk. Zhilin got up saying to his companion:



"Well, brother, come along!"

They started, but had gone only a few steps when they heard the *molla* on the roof crying: "Allah Bismillah, *alrachman*." That was a summons to the people to repair to the mosque.

They crouched down again, lying flat along the wall. They waited there a long time until the people had passed. Then it grew still again.

"Now then with God's aid!"

They crossed themselves and started. They passed through the yard, and went down to the river, forded it and proceeded along a glen. The fog was dense but not deep, for overhead they could see the stars. Zhilin calculated by the stars in what direction to proceed. It was cool in the fog and easy walking; but their boots were not very comfortable as they were run down.

Zhilin took his off, threw them away and went barefooted. He leapt from bowlder to bowlder, occasionally glancing at the stars. Kostuilin began to lag behind.

"Go slower," he said. "These cursed boots rub my feet."

"Take them off, you'll find it easier."

Kostuilin tried walking barefooted, but it was worse than ever. He kept stubbing his toes against the stones and stopping. Zhilin said to him: —

"If you hurt your feet, it won't kill you, but if you get caught, you'll be killed — which is worse."

Kostuilin said nothing but walked on groaning. They proceeded downhill for a long distance. Suddenly they heard dogs barking at the right. Zhilin paused, made a careful examination, crept up the hill, feeling with his hands.

"Ekh!" he exclaimed. "We have blundered. We have come too far to the right. Here is a strange village — I saw it from the hilltop. We must go back, then to the left up the hill. The forest must be there."

But Kostuilin said:

"Wait just a little; let me get my breath. My feet are all bleeding."

"Ho, brother! you'll survive it; spring more lightly, this way."

And Zhilin led the way back and up the mountain to the left into the forest. Kostuilin kept stopping and groaning all the time. Zhilin tried to hush him and all the time kept pressing on. They reached the mountain and there was the forest. They pushed into it, tearing what was left of their clothes on the thorns.

They came into a footpath that traversed the forest, and followed that.

"Hold!"

Hoof-beats resounded on the path. They stood still and listened. It sounded like a horse's hoofs, then it stopped. They moved forward; again there was the sound of the hoofs. They stopped and it stopped. Zhilin crept back and looked, and there in the brighter light of the path stood something that looked like a horse, and yet was not a horse, and on it was something extraordinary that did not resemble a man. They heard it snort.

"What a strange thing!"

Zhilin whistled gently, and instantly it went galloping off into the forest; they could hear it crashing its way along, like a flying hurricane, trampling down the branches. Kostuilin almost dropped with fright, but Zhilin laughed, saying, —

"It's a stag. Don't you hear how it breaks down the branches with its horns? We were afraid of it, but it is afraid of us."

They went farther. Already the dawn was beginning to appear; it was almost morning; but they could not tell whether they were on the right track or not. It seemed to Zhilin that they were on the very road by which he had been brought there, and that it was about ten versts farther to the Russian fortress; but there was no certainty, and one could not make out anything in the night. They reached a clearing. Kostuilin sat down and said, —

"Do as you like, but I can't go any farther; my legs won't move."

Zhilin tried to encourage him.

"No," said he, "I will not stir, I can't."

Zhilin grew angry, muttered and scolded him. "Well, then, I shall go on alone; good-by."

Kostuilin got up and struggled forward. They made four versts. The fog in the forest grew even denser; nothing could be seen in front of them, and now the stars were scarcely visible. Suddenly they heard a horse walking in front of them, its hoofs striking against the stones. Zhilin lay down on his face and tried to listen on the ground. "So it is, some one on horseback coming toward us."

They hastened off the road, crouched down in the bushes and waited. Zhilin crept down to the road; and as he watched, he saw a mounted Tartar coming along driving a cow and humming some song. He passed by. Zhilin returned to Kostuilin.

"Come now, God be praised, he's gone; forward now."

Kostuilin tried to rise, but fell back. "I can't, indeed, I can't; my strength is all gone."

He was a heavy, stout man, and perspired profusely; the cold fog and his sore feet made him feel faint. Zhilin tried by main force to lift him up, but Kostuilin cried, "Oh, it hurts!"

Zhilin was alarmed.

"What makes you scream so? Why, that Tartar is near by, he'll hear." And to himself he said, "He is certainly played out; what shall I do with him? It won't do to abandon a comrade."

"Well, then," said he, "get up, get on my back; I will carry you if you can't walk." He lifted Kostuilin

on his back, clasping his hands under his thighs; and getting down into the road staggered along.

"But for goodness' sake," said he, "don't choke me; take your hands off my throat. Cling to my shoulders."

It was hard for Zhilin; his feet also were all bleeding, and he was tired out. But he bent forward, straightened himself up, tried to get Kostuilin higher on his back and thus be dragged along.

Evidently the Tartar had overheard Kostuilin's exclamation. Zhilin soon perceived that some one was riding behind them and shouting in his language. He darted into the bushes. The Tartar took off his musket and fired, but he did not hit them. Then he uttered a strange cry and galloped down the road.

"Well," exclaimed Zhilin, "we are lost, brother. That dog of a Tartar will collect some others and be after us. If we don't make three versts we are lost."

But in his heart he thought: —

"What induced me to take this burden with me? If I had been alone I should have been safe long ago."

Kostuilin said: —

"Go on by yourself; why should you ruin yourself for my sake?"

"No, I won't leave you; it wouldn't be right to desert a comrade."

Zhilin once more lifted Kostuilin on his shoulders and pushed forward. He managed to proceed thus for a verst. They were still in the forest and no outlet was in sight. By this time the fog had dissipated and clouds seemed to be forming from it, no stars were

visible. Zhilin was quite exhausted. He came to a spring by the path, walled in with stones. He stopped and let Kostuilin down.

"There!" said he, "let me rest and get a drink. We'll eat our cakes. It can't be far now."

He had just bent down to drink when he heard the tramp of horses' feet behind him. Once more they rushed into the bushes at the right under a steep place and lay down. They heard Tartar voices: the Tartars stopped at the very place where they had turned aside from the path. They parleyed a while, then started their dogs on the scent. A noise was heard of something dashing through the bushes: then a strange dog came straight up to them: it stopped and barked.

Then came the Tartars, also strangers, seized them, bound them, set them on the horses and carried them off.

They had proceeded three versts when they met Abdul, their master, and two other Tartars. He said something to the captors; they were transferred to the other horses and carried back to the *aul*.

This time Abdul did not laugh nor did he exchange a word with them. By daybreak they were back in the village and set down in the street. The children ran up to them squealing, and striking them with stones and whips. The Tartars gathered round them in a circle, among them the Hadji from the foot of the hill. They began to parley. Zhilin heard them discussing what should be done with them. Some said they should be carried farther away up among the mountains, but the Hadji insisted that they should be killed. Abdul argued against it, saying:—

"I have paid money for them, and I want to get their ransom."

But the Hadji said:—

"They will never pay, they'll only do harm, and it is a sin to feed Russians. Kill them and that'll be the end of it."

They dispersed, and Abdul came to Zhilin and said:

"If your ransom is not sent to me within a fortnight, I shall have you flogged. And if you try to run away a second time, you I will kill like a dog. Write your letters and write them well."

Paper was brought to them and they wrote their letters. Then the foot-clogs were again put on their feet, and they were taken to a place behind the mosque where there was a pit about fifteen feet deep, and into this they were let down.

Their life now became extremely hard. Their clogs were not taken off at all, and they were never brought out of the pit. Unbaked dough was flung down to them as if they had been dogs, and an occasional pitcher of water was let down to them. It was filthy, stifling and wet in the pit. Kostuilin was quite ill; he had swellings and was sore all over, and when he was not asleep he was groaning. Even Zhilin felt depressed, realizing that he was in a desperate strait and he saw no way of escape. He started to dig his way out, but there was nowhere to dispose of the earth; his master detected him and threatened to kill him.

One time he was squatting in his pit thinking of freedom and feeling depressed. Suddenly into his lap fell a flat cake, then another, then some cherries.

He looked up; there was Dina! She gazed down at him, laughed and ran away. And Zhilin said to himself:

"Why wouldn't Dina help us?"

So he cleared a little space in the pit, got out some clay and began to make some dolls; he made figures of men, horses, and dogs, and thought, "If Dina comes again, I will throw them up to her."

On the next day no Dina appeared, but Zhilin heard the tramping of horses' feet, then people riding by, and the Tartars gathering together at the mosque, disputing, shouting, and giving warnings about the Russians. He also heard the Hadji's voice. He could not very well make out what was said, but he conjectured that the Russians were approaching, and the Tartars were afraid that they would enter their village, and they were in a quandary what to do with the captives.

They talked awhile and then went off. Suddenly Zhilin heard a rustling noise at the edge of the pit. He looked up, and there was Dina squatting down with her knees higher than her head; as she bent over her necklace dangled down over the pit. And her eyes gleamed like stars. She pulled out of her sleeve two cheese-cakes and threw them down to him. Zhilin took them and said: "Why have you staid away so long? I have been making you some toys. Here, take them." And he threw them up to her one by one. But she shook her head and would not look at them. "I don't want them," she said. Then she sat for a time silent. At last she said: "Ivan! they are going to kill you!" She made a gesture across her neck.

"Who is going to kill me?"

"Father. The Hadji has ordered him to. And I'm sorry for you."

Zhilin said: —

"Well, if you are sorry for me then bring me a long pole."

She shook her head, signifying it was impossible. He folded his hands, imploring her.

"Dina, please! Dinushka! bring it to me!"

"I can't," she said. "They would see me; they are all at home." And she disappeared.

Afterwards in the evening, as Zhilin was sitting and thinking, "What is going to become of me?" he kept looking up; the stars were shining but the moon had not as yet risen. The *molla* had called to prayers; all was still. Zhilin was beginning to drowse, thinking to himself: "The little girl is afraid."

Suddenly some clay fell down on him from above. He looked up, and saw a long pole touching the other side of the pit. At first it stuck in, then it began slowly to descend into the pit. Zhilin was delighted; he seized the pole and helped ease it down. It was a strong pole; he had seen it before on the roof of his master's house. He looked up; the stars were glittering high in the sky, and directly over the pit Dina's eyes shone in the darkness like a cat's. She bent over and whispered: "Ivan! Ivan!" and with her hands and her face she warned him to be as quiet as possible.

"What is it?" asked Zhilin.

"They have all gone; only two are at home." And Zhilin said: —

"Come on, Kostuilin, let's try it for the last time. I'll boost you up."

But Kostuilin refused to listen to him.

"No," said he, "it is not meant for me to get away. How could I walk when I haven't even strength to move?"

"Well then, good-by. Don't lay it up against me."

He and Kostuilin kissed each other.

Zhilin clasped the pole, bidding Dina to hold on to it, and began to swarm up. Twice he slipped back, his foot-block impeded him. Kostuilin supported him, and at last he managed to reach the top. Dina twitched him by the shirt with all the might of her tiny hands and laughed with glee. Zhilin pulled up the pole and said: —

"Carry it to its place, Dina; otherwise they'll miss it and whip you."

She dragged away the pole, and Zhilin started down the mountain. When he got down the slope he took a sharp stone, and tried to knock off the lock of the clog, but the lock was strong and he could not break it; besides, he could not get at it. Just then he heard some one running down the hill with light bounds, and he said to himself, "That is Dina."

She came running up to him, seized a rock, and said, "Here, let me."

She knelt down and set to work; but her slender little hands, like twigs, had no strength in them. She threw away the rock and burst into tears. Zhilin tried once more to break the lock, and Dina squatted near him, holding him by the shoulder. Zhilin glanced around and saw at the left, back of the mountain, a rosy glow: it was the moon rising. "Well," he said to himself, "I must pass the glen and reach the forest before the moon

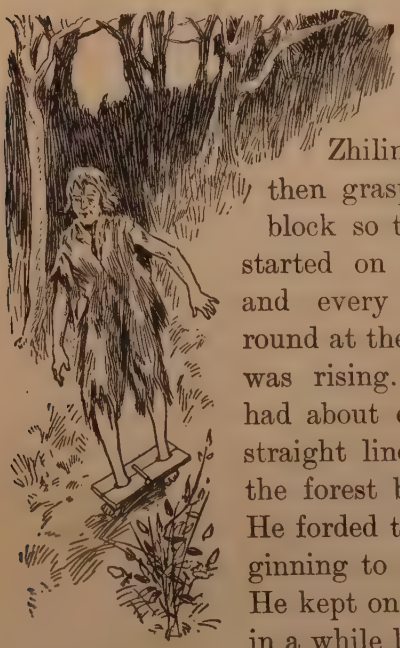
is up." He rose and threw away the stone. The only way to do was to go with the foot-block on.

"Good-by, Dinushka: I shall remember you as long as I live."

Dina clung fast to him, and tried to find some place in his clothes where she might bestow some flat cakes. He took them.

"Thank you," said he. "You're a clever girl! Who will make you dolls when I am gone?" And he caressed her hair.

How Dina wept! Then she covered her face with her hands, and fled up the mountain bounding like a little goat. Though he could not see her he could still hear her patines jingling against her back. Zhilin made the sign of the cross, then grasping the lock of the foot-block so that it would not rattle, he started on his way, dragging his leg, and every now and again glancing round at the light place where the moon was rising. He knew the road. He had about eight kilometers to go in a straight line. If only he could reach the forest before the moon was high! He forded the brook. The sky was beginning to grow bright behind the hill. He kept on across the glen, every once in a while looking back; still the moon was invisible; the ruddy glow was growing white, and one side of the glen kept growing brighter and brighter.



The shadow of the mountain kept creeping nearer and nearer to him.

Zhilin hurried on, hugging the shade, but the moon seemed to be rising faster than he could walk; the tree-tops on the right also began to be lighted. Just as he got in sight of the forest the moon emerged from behind the mountain and it suddenly grew as light as day. All the leaves on the trees became distinguishable. On the mountains it was absolutely silent and bright: a deathlike silence reigned: the only sound was the murmur of the brook below.

He reached the forest; not a soul had he met. He selected a rather darker place among the trees and sat down to rest. After he had rested a while and eaten a cake he found a stone, and tried once more to break off the lock of the clog. He bruised his hands, but could not get rid of it. He rose and continued on his way. He had gone about a verst and felt his strength giving way; his legs ached. He now had to stumble on for a dozen steps or so and then stop. He said to himself: "It's no use; I shall have to drag myself along while I have the strength, for if I sit down I sha'n't be able to get up again. I sha'n't be able to reach the fortress to-night; as soon as morning dawns I will lie down in the forest and spend the day, and when it's night I will go on again."

Thus he proceeded all night. He met only two Tartars mounted, but as he heard them at a distance he hid behind a tree.

By this time the moon was beginning to grow pale, the dew had fallen, and still Zhilin had not reached the edge of the forest.

"Well," said he to himself, "I will go thirty steps more, then turn into the woods and sit down."

He made his thirty steps, and perceived that the forest was growing thinner. By the time he reached the edge it was quite light, and yonder, as if on the palm of his hand, lay the steppe and the fortress, and at the left, quite near, at the foot of the hill, fires were burning; some were going out; the smoke was drifting along, and there were men standing near the fires.

He looked with all his eyes, and saw muskets gleaming — Cossacks, soldiers.

Zhilin was overjoyed. He collected his last remaining strength, and started down the hill, saying to himself, "God forbid any mounted Tartar seeing me in this open field; in that case, it's all up with me."

At that instant he caught sight of three Tartars standing on a hillock at the left not five hundred feet away. They saw him and started in pursuit. Then his heart sank, but he waved his arms and shouted at the top of his voice: —

"Help, friends! help!"

The Russians heard him, and mounted Cossacks started to his assistance, striving to intercept the Tartars. The Cossacks were farther away than the Tartars; but Zhilin gathered all his strength, seized the clog in one hand, and ran toward the Cossacks, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, kept crossing himself and shouting:

"Help! help! help!"

There were fifteen of the Cossacks: that scared the Tartars; they fell back and stopped one by one. And Zhilin ran up to the Cossacks, who surrounded him,

asking him who he was and where he came from. But Zhilin was too much excited; he wept and kept on crying, "Friends, friends!"

The soldiers hastened to his assistance; one brought him bread, another *kasha* gruel, another *vodka*, another threw his cloak around him; others knocked off his foot-block.

Some of the officers recognized him, and brought him back to the fortress. The men were delighted: all his comrades gathered round him. Zhilin related all that had happened to him and said: "That is the way I went home and got married. This seems to be my fate." He remained in the army of the Caucasus. A month later Kostuilin was set free for a ransom of five thousand rubles. He was brought back more dead than alive.

AN ADVENTURE WITH SIOUX INDIANS

(From A Tour of the World in Eighty Days.)

By JULES VERNE.

THAT same evening the train continued its course without obstructions, passed Fort Sanders, crossed the Cheyenne Pass and arrived at Evans Pass. At this point, the railroad reached the highest point on the route, i.e., eight thousand and ninety-one feet above the level of the ocean. The travellers now only had to descend to the Atlantic over those boundless plains, levelled by nature.

There was the branch from the "Grand Trunk" to Denver City, the principal town of Colorado. This territory is rich in gold and silver mines, and more than fifty thousand inhabitants have already settled there.

At this moment thirteen hundred and eighty-two miles had been made from San Francisco in three days and three nights. Four nights and four days, if nothing interfered, ought to be sufficient to reach New York. Phileas Fogg was then still within his time.

During the night they passed to the left of Camp

Wallebach. Lodge Pole Creek ran parallel to the road, following the straight boundary between the Territories of Wyoming and Colorado. At eleven o'clock they entered Nebraska, passing near Sedgwick, and they touched at Julesburg, on the South Fork of the Platte river.

It was at this point that the Union Pacific Road was inaugurated on the 23d of October, 1867, by its chief engineer, General G. M. Dodge. There stopped the two powerful locomotives, drawing the nine cars of invited guests, prominent among whom was the Vice-President of the road, Thomas C. Durant; three cheers were given; there the Sioux and Pawnees gave an imitation Indian battle; there the fireworks were set off; there, finally, was struck off by means of a portable printing press the first number of the *Railway Pioneer*. Thus was celebrated the inauguration of this great railroad, an instrument of progress and civilization, thrown across the desert, and destined to bind together towns and cities not yet in existence. The whistle of the locomotive, more powerful than the lyre of Amphion, was soon to make them rise from the American soil.

At eight o'clock in the morning Fort McPherson was left behind. Three hundred and fifty-seven miles separate this point from Omaha. The railroad followed on its left bank the capricious windings of the South Fork of Platte river. At nine o'clock they arrived at the important town of North Platte, built between the two arms of the main stream, which join each other around it, forming a single artery — a large tributary — whose waters mingle with those of the Missouri a little above Omaha.

The one hundred and first meridian was passed.

Mr. Fogg and his partner had resumed their play. Neither of them complained of the length of the route — not even the dummy. Mr. Fix had won a few guineas at first, which he was in a fair way to lose, but he was not less deeply interested than Mr. Fogg. During this morning chance singularly favored this gentleman. Trumps and honors were showered into his hands. At a certain moment, after having made a bold combination, he was about to play a spade, when behind the seat a voice was heard, saying:

"I should play a diamond."

Mr. Fogg, Mrs. Aouda, and Fix raised their heads. Colonel Proctor was near them.

Stamp Proctor and Phileas Fogg recognized each other at once.

"Ah, it is you, Englishman," cried the Colonel: "it's you who are going to play a spade."

"And who plays it," replied Phileas Fogg, coldly, laying down a ten of that color.

"Well, it suits me to have it diamonds," replied Colonel Proctor, in an irritated voice.

And he made a motion as if to pick up the card played, adding:

"You don't understand anything of this game."

"Perhaps I will be more skilful at another," said Phileas Fogg, rising.

"You have only to try it, son of John Bull!" replied the coarse fellow.

Mrs. Aouda became pale. All the blood went to her heart. She seized Phileas Fogg's arm, and he gently repulsed her. Passepartout was ready to throw himself

on Proctor, who was looking at his adversary with the most insulting air. But Fix had risen, and going to Colonel Proctor, said to him:

"You forget that you have me to deal with; me whom you have not only insulted, but struck!"

"Mr. Fix," said Mr. Fogg, "I beg your pardon, but it concerns me alone. In insisting that I was wrong in playing a spade, the Colonel has insulted me anew, and he shall give me satisfaction."

"When you will, and where you will," replied the American, "and with whatever weapon you please!"

Mrs. Aouda tried in vain to restrain Mr. Fogg. The detective uselessly endeavored to take up the quarrel on his own account. Passepartout wanted to throw the colonel out of the door, but a sign from his master stopped him. Phileas Fogg went out of the car, and the American followed him on the platform.

"Sir," said Mr. Fogg to his adversary, "I am very much in a hurry to return to Europe, and any delay whatever would be very prejudicial to my interests."

"Well! what does that concern me?" replied Colonel Proctor.

"Sir," replied Mr. Fogg, very politely, "after our meeting in San Francisco, I formed the plan to come back to America to find you, as soon as I had completed the business which calls me to the Old World."

"Truly!"

"Will you appoint a meeting with me in six months?"

"Why not in six years?"

"I say six months," replied Mr. Fogg, "and I will be prompt to meet you."

"All evasions!" cried Stamp Proctor. "Immediately, or not at all."

"All right," replied Mr. Fogg. "You are going to New York?"

"No."

"To Chicago?"

"No."

"To Omaha?"

"It concerns you very little! Do you know Plum Creek station?"

"No," replied Mr. Fogg.

"It is the next station. The train will be there in an hour. It will stop ten minutes. In ten minutes we can exchange a few shots with our revolvers."

"Let it be so," replied Mr. Fogg. "I will stop at Plum Creek."

"And I believe that you will remain there!" added the American, with unparalleled insolence.

"Who knows, sir?" replied Mr. Fogg, and he reentered the car as coolly as usual.

That gentleman commenced to reassure Mrs. Aouda, saying to her that blusterers were never to be feared. Then he begged Fix to act as his second in the encounter which was going to take place. Fix could not refuse, and Phileas Fogg resumed quietly his interrupted game, playing a spade with perfect serenity.

At eleven o'clock the whistle of the locomotive announced that they were near Plum Creek station. Mr. Fogg rose, and, followed by Fix, he went out on the platform. Passepartout accompanied him, carrying a pair of revolvers. Mrs. Aouda remained in the car, pale as death.

At this moment the door of the next car opened, and Colonel Proctor appeared likewise upon the platform, followed by his second, a Yankee of his own stamp. But at the moment that the two adversaries were going to step off the train, the conductor ran up to them and cried:

"You can't get off, gentlemen."

"Why not?" asked the Colonel.

"We are twenty minutes behind time, and the train does not stop."

"But I am going to fight a duel with this gentleman."

"I regret it," replied the conductor, "but we are going to start again immediately. Hear the bell ringing!"

The bell was ringing, and the train moved on.

"I am really very sorry, gentlemen," said the conductor. "Under any other circumstances, I could have obliged you. But, after all, since you had not the time to fight here, who hinders you from fighting while the train is in motion?"

"Perhaps that will not suit the gentleman!" said Colonel Proctor, with a jeering air

"That suits me perfectly," replied Phileas Fogg.

"Well, we are decidedly in America!" thought Passepartout, "and the conductor is a gentleman of the first order."

Having said this, he followed his master.

The two combatants and their seconds, preceded by the conductor, repaired to the rear of the train, passing through the cars. The last car was only occupied by about ten or a dozen passengers. The conductor asked them if they would be kind enough to vacate for a few

moments for two gentlemen who had an affair of honor to settle.

Why not? The passengers were only too happy to be able to accommodate the two gentlemen, and they retired on the platforms.

The car, fifty feet long, accommodated itself very conveniently to the purpose. The two adversaries might march on each other in the aisle, and fire at their ease. There never was a duel easier to arrange. Mr. Fogg and Colonel Proctor, each furnished with two six-barrelled revolvers, entered the car. Their seconds, remaining outside, shut them in. At the first whistle of the locomotive, they were to commence firing. Then after a lapse of two minutes what remained of the two gentlemen would be taken out of the car. Truly, there could be nothing simpler. It was even so simple that Fix and Passepartout felt their hearts beating almost as if they would break.

They were waiting for the whistle agreed upon, when suddenly savage cries resounded. Reports accompanied them, but they did not come from the car reserved for the duellists. These reports continued, on the contrary, as far as the front and along the whole line of the train. Cries of fright made themselves heard from the inside of the cars.

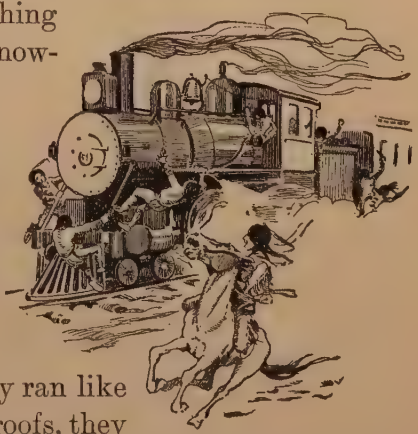
Colonel Proctor and Mr. Fogg, with their revolvers in hand, went out of the car immediately, and rushed forward where the reports and cries resounded more noisily.

They understood that the train had been attacked by a band of Sioux.

It was not the first attempt of these daring Indians.

More than once already they had stopped the trains. According to their habit, without waiting for the stopping of the train, rushing upon the steps to the number of a hundred, they had scaled the cars as a clown does a horse at full gallop.

These Sioux were provided with guns. Thence the reports, to which the passengers, nearly all armed, replied sharply by shots from their revolvers. At first the Indians rushed upon the engine. The engineer and fireman were half stunned with blows from their muskets. A Sioux chief, wishing to stop the train, but not knowing how to manœuvre the handle of the regulator, had opened wide the steam valve instead of closing it, and the locomotive, beyond control, ran on with frightful rapidity.

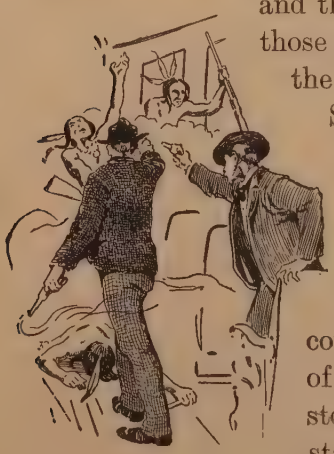


At the same time, the Sioux entered the cars, they ran like enraged monkeys over the roofs, they drove in the doors and fought hand to hand with the passengers. The trunks, broken open and robbed, were thrown out of the baggage car on the road. Cries and shots did not cease.

But the passengers defended themselves courageously. Some of the cars, barricaded, sustained a siege, like real moving forts, borne on at a speed of one hundred miles an hour.

From the commencement of the attack, Mrs. Aouda had behaved courageously. With revolver in hand, she

defended herself heroically, firing through the broken panes when some savage presented himself. About twenty Sioux, mortally wounded, fell upon the track, and the car wheels crushed like worms those that slipped on to the rails from the top of the platforms.



Several passengers, severely wounded by bullets or clubs, lay upon the seats.

But an end must be put to this. This combat had lasted already for ten minutes, and could only end to the advantage of the Sioux, if the train was not stopped. In fact, Fort Kearney station was not two miles distant. There was a military post, but that passed, between Fort Kearney and the next station the Sioux would be masters of the train.

The conductor was fighting at Mr. Fogg's side when a ball struck him and he fell. As he fell, he cried: "We are lost if the train is not stopped inside of five minutes!"

"It shall be stopped!" said Phileas Fogg, who was about to rush out of the car.

"Remain, Monsieur," Passepartout cried to him. "That is my business."

Phileas Fogg had not the time to stop the courageous young man, who, opening a door without being seen by the Indians, succeeded in slipping under the car. Whilst the struggle continued, and whilst the balls were crossing each other above his head, recovering his agility,

his suppleness as a clown, he made his way under the cars. Clinging to the chains, assisting himself by the lever of the brakes and the edges of the window sashes, climbing from one car to another with marvellous skill, he thus reached the front of the train. He had not been seen; he could not have been.

There, suspended by one hand between the baggage car and the tender, with the other he loosened the couplings, but in consequence of the traction, he would never have been able to pull out the yoking-bar if a sudden jolt of the engine had not made the bar jump out, and the train, detached, was left further and further behind, while the locomotive flew on with new speed.

Carried on by the force acquired, the train still rolled on for a few minutes, but the brakes were manœuvred from the inside of the cars, and the train finally stopped, less than one hundred paces from Kearney Station.

The soldiers of the fort, attracted by the firing, ran hastily to the train. The Sioux did not wait for them, and before the train stopped entirely the whole band had decamped.

But when the passengers counted each other on the platform of the station, they noticed that several were missing, and among others the courageous Frenchman, whose devotion had just saved them.

Three passengers, including Passepartout, had disappeared. Had they been killed in the fight? Were they taken prisoners by the Sioux? As yet it could not be told.

The wounded were quite numerous, but none mortally. The one most seriously hurt was Colonel Proctor, who had fought bravely, and who fell struck by a

ball in the groin. He was carried to the station with the other passengers, whose condition demanded immediate care.

Mrs. Aouda was safe. Phileas Fogg, who had not spared himself, had not a scratch. Fix was wounded in the arm — but it was an unimportant wound. But Passepartout was missing, and tears flowed from the young woman's eyes.

Meanwhile, all the passengers had left the train. The wheels of the cars were stained with blood. To the hubs and spokes hung ragged pieces of flesh. As far as the eye could reach, long red trails were seen on the white plain. The last Indians were then disappearing in the south, along the banks of Republican river.

Mr. Fogg, with folded arms, stood motionless. He had a serious decision to make. Mrs. Aouda, near him, looked at him without uttering a word. He understood her look. If his servant was a prisoner, ought he not to risk everything to rescue him from the Indians?

"I will find him dead or alive," he said simply to Mrs. Aouda.

"Ah! Mr. Fogg — Mr. Fogg!" cried the young woman, seizing her companion's hands and covering them with tears.

"Alive!" added Mr. Fogg, "if we do not lose a minute!"

With this resolution Phileas Fogg sacrificed himself entirely. He had just pronounced his ruin. A single day's delay would make him miss the steamer from New York. His bet would be irrevocably lost. But

in the face of the thought, "It is my duty!" he did not hesitate.

The captain commanding Fort Kearney was there. His soldiers — about a hundred men — had put themselves on the defensive in the event of the Sioux making a direct attack upon the station.

"Sir," said Mr. Fogg to the captain, "three passengers have disappeared."

"Killed?" asked the captain.

"Killed or prisoners," replied Mr. Fogg. "That is an uncertainty which we must bring to an end. It is your intention to pursue the Sioux?"

"It is a grave matter, sir," said the captain. "These Indians may fly beyond the Arkansas! I could not abandon the fort entrusted to me."

"Sir," replied Phileas Fogg, "it is a question of the life of three men."

"Doubtless — but can I risk the life of fifty to save three?"

"I do not know whether you can, but you ought."

"Sir," replied the captain, "no one here has the right to tell me what my duty is."

"Let it be so!" said Phileas Fogg, coldly, "I will go alone!"

"You, sir!" cried Fix, who approached, "go alone in pursuit of the Indians!"

"Do you wish me then to allow to perish the unfortunate man to whom every one of us that is living owes his life? I shall go."

"Well, no, you shall not go alone!" cried the captain, moved in spite of himself. "No! You are a brave heart! Thirty volunteers!" he added, turning to his soldiers.

The whole company advanced in a body. The captain had to select from these brave fellows. Thirty soldiers were picked out, and an old sergeant put at their head.

"Thanks, captain!" said Mr. Fogg.

"You will permit me to accompany you?" Fix asked the gentleman.

"You will do as you please," replied Phileas Fogg. "But if you wish to do me a service, you will remain by Mrs. Aouda. In case anything should happen to me—"

A sudden paleness overcast the detective's face. To separate himself from the man whom he had followed step by step and with so much persistence! To let him venture so much in the desert. Fix looked closely at the gentleman, and whatever he may have thought, in spite of his prejudices, in spite of his inward struggle, he dropped his eyes before that quiet, frank look.

"I will remain," he said.

A few moments after, Mr. Fogg pressed the young woman's hand; then, having placed in her care his precious travelling-bag, he set out with the sergeant and his little band.

But before starting, he said to the soldiers:

"My friends, there are five thousand dollars for you if you save the prisoners!"

It was then a few minutes past noon.

Mrs. Aouda retired into a sitting-room of the station, and there, alone, she waited, thinking of Phileas Fogg, his simple and grand generosity, his quiet courage. Mr. Fogg had sacrificed his fortune, and now he was staking his life—and all this without hesitation

from a sense of duty, without words. Phileas Fogg was a hero in her eyes.

The detective (Fix) was not thinking thus, and he could not restrain his agitation. He walked feverishly up and down the platform of the station, one moment vanquished: he became himself again. Fogg having gone, he comprehended his foolishness in letting him go. What! Had he consented to be separated from the man that he had just been following around the world? His natural disposition got the upper hand; he criminated and accused himself; he treated himself as if he had been the director of the Metropolitan police reproving an agent caught at a very green trick.

"I have been a silly fellow!" he thought. "The other fellow will have told him who I was! He has gone; he will not return! Where can I capture him now? But how have I (Fix) so allowed myself to be fascinated, when I have a warrant for his arrest in my pocket! I am decidedly only an ass!"

Thus reasoned the detective, while the hours slipped on too slowly for his liking. He did not know what to do. Sometimes he felt like telling Mrs. Aouda everything. But he understood how he would be received by the young woman. What course should he take? He was tempted to go in pursuit of this Fogg across the immense white plains. It did not seem impossible for him to find him. The footprints of the detachment were still imprinted upon the snow! But, under a fresh covering, every track would soon be effaced.

Fix was discouraged. He felt an almost insurmountable desire to abandon the party. This very occasion of leaving Kearny station and of prosecuting

the journey, so fruitful in mishaps, was opened to him. About two o'clock in the afternoon, while the snow was falling in large flakes, long whistles were heard coming from the east. An enormous shadow, preceded by a lurid light, slowly advanced, considerably increased by the mist, which gave it a fantastic appearance.

But no train was expected yet from the east. The help asked for by telegraph could not arrive so soon, and the train from Omaha to San Francisco would not pass until the next day. They were soon enlightened.

This locomotive, moving under a small head of steam, and whistling very loud, was the one which, after being detached from the train, had continued its course with such frightful speed, carrying the unconscious fireman and engineer. It had run on for several miles; then the fire had gone down for want of fuel; the steam had slackened, and an hour afterwards, relaxing its speed by degrees, the engine finally stopped twenty miles beyond Kearney station.

Neither the engineer nor the fireman was dead, and after a very long swoon they revived.

The engine had stopped. When he saw himself in the desert, and the locomotive without cars attached to it, the engineer understood what had happened. He could not guess how the locomotive had been detached from the train, but he did not doubt that the train, left behind, was in distress.

The engineer did not hesitate as to what he ought to do. To continue his course in the direction of Omaha was prudent; to return towards the train, which the Indians were perhaps yet robbing, was dangerous. No matter! Coal and wood were thrown into the furnace,

the fire started up again, the head of steam increased again, and about two o'clock in the afternoon the engine returned, running backwards to Kearney station. This was the whistling they heard in the mist.

It was a great satisfaction for the travellers, when they saw the locomotive put at the head of the train. They were going to be able to continue their journey so unfortunately interrupted.

On the arrival of the engine, Mrs. Aouda came out of the station, and addressing the conductor, she asked:

"You are going to start?"

"This very instant, madam."

"But the prisoners — our unfortunate companions —"

"I cannot interrupt the trip," replied the conductor. "We are already three hours behind time."

"And when will the next train coming from San Francisco pass?"

"To-morrow evening, madam."

"To-morrow evening! But it will be too late. We must wait —"

"Impossible," replied the conductor. "If you are going, get aboard the car."

"I will not go," replied the young woman.

Fix heard this conversation. A few moments before, when every means of locomotion failed him, he had decided to quit Kearney, and now that the train was there, ready to continue its course, and he only had to seat himself again in the car, an irresistible force fixed him to the ground. The platform of the station burned his feet, and he could not tear himself away from it. The conflict within himself recommenced. His anger at his

want of success choked him. He was going to struggle on to the end.

Meanwhile the passengers and some of the wounded — among others Colonel Proctor, whose condition was very serious — had taken seats in the cars. The buzzing of the overheated boiler was heard; the steam escaped through the valves; the engineer whistled, the train started, and soon disappeared, mingling its white smoke with the whirling of the snow.

The detective Fix had remained.

Some hours passed. The weather was very bad, the cold very keen. Fix, seated on a bench in the station, was motionless. It might have been supposed that he was sleeping. Notwithstanding the storm, Mrs. Aouda left every moment the room which had been placed at her disposal. She went to the end of the platform, trying to look through the tempest of snow, wishing to pierce the mist which narrowed the horizon around her, listening if she could hear any sound. But there was nothing. She went in then, chilled through, to return a few moments later, and always in vain.

Evening came. The little detachment had not returned. Where was it at this moment? Had it been able to overtake the Indians? Had there been a fight, or were these soldiers, lost in the mist, wandering at a venture? The captain of Fort Kearney was very uneasy, although he did not wish to let his uneasiness appear.

Night came; the snow fell less heavily, but the intensity of the cold increased. The most intrepid glance would not have looked at this vast, obscure space with-

out terror. An absolute silence prevailed over the plain. Neither the flight of a bird nor the passage of a wild beast disturbed the unbroken quiet.

During the whole night, Mrs. Aouda, her mind full of dark presentiments, her heart filled with anguish, wandered on the border of the prairie. Her imagination carried her afar off and showed her a thousand dangers. What she suffered during those long hours could not be expressed.

Fix, still immovable in the same spot, did not sleep. At a certain moment, a man approached and spoke to him, but the detective sent him away, after replying to him by a negative sign.

Thus the night passed. At dawn, the half-concealed disk of the sun rose from a misty horizon. Still the eye might reach as far as two miles. Phileas Fogg and the detachment had gone to the south. The south was entirely deserted. It was then seven o'clock in the morning.

The captain, extremely anxious, did not know what course to take. Ought he to send a second detachment to help the first? Ought he to sacrifice fresh men with so few chances of saving those who were sacrificed at first? But his hesitation did not last, and with a gesture calling one of his lieutenants, he gave him the order to throw out a reconnoissance to the south, when shots were heard. Was it a signal? The soldiers rushed out of the fort, and half a mile distant they perceived a small band returning in good order.

Phileas Fogg marched at the head, and near him Passepartout and the two passengers, rescued from the hands of the Sioux.

There was a fight ten miles south of Fort Kearney. Passepartout and his two companions were already struggling against their captors, and the Frenchman had knocked down three of them with his fist, when his master and the soldiers rushed to their rescue.

All — the deliverers and the delivered — were received with cries of joy, and Phileas Fogg divided among the soldiers the reward he had promised them, whilst Passepartout repeated to himself, not without reason:

"I must confess that I am certainly costing my master very dearly."

Fix, without uttering a word, looked at Mr. Fogg, and it would not have been difficult to analyze the impressions struggling within him. As for Mrs. Aouda, she took the gentleman's hand, and pressed it in hers, without being able to utter a word!

In the meantime Passepartout, upon his arrival, was looking for the train at the station. He thought he would find it there, ready to start for Omaha, and he hoped they could still make up the lost time.

"The train, the train!" he cried.

"Gone," replied Fix.

"And when will the next train pass?" asked Phileas Fogg.

"Not until this evening."

"Ah!" simply replied the impassible gentleman.

NOTES

BAKER, SIR S. W. African traveller, born in London, England, 1821; died, 1893. Set out in 1862 to explore the sources of the Nile, discovered the inland sea Albert Nyanza. He explored also the island of Cyprus in 1845 and succeeding years. Has written "The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon," "Eight Years Wanderings in Ceylon," "The Albert Nyanza," "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," "Ismaïlia," "Cyprus as I saw It," "Cast up by the Sea," etc.

BLACK, WILLIAM, an English novelist, born in Glasgow, Scotland, 1841; died, 1898. Studied, and subsequently became journalist and war correspondent. Wrote "In Silk Attire," "A Daughter of Heth," "A Princess of Thule," "Madcap Violet," "Macleod of Dare," "White Wings," "Shandon Bells," "Judith Shakespeare." His stories are noted for their descriptions of the scenery of the Hebrides and North Britain, and for their yachting adventures.

BLACKMORE, R. D., English novelist, born in Longworth, England, 1825; died, 1890. He was always fond of gardening, and his peculiar knowledge of plant life is shown in all his books. He wrote, besides "Lorna Doone," "The Maid of Sker," "Alice Lorraine," "Cripps the Carrier," "Christowell," and some volumes of verse.

CERVANTES, DON MIGUEL DE, born in Spain, in 1547; died, 1616. "Don Quixote," his most famous book, was published in 1605, and at once became popular, provoking much criticism and begetting many imitators. He also wrote some novels and some poems, of which the best known are "Galatea" and his "Viage del Parnaso."

COOPER, J. F., born in New Jersey, 1789; died, 1851. He followed the sea for five years, after three years at Yale. His first novel, "Precaution," was published when he was thirty. His chief books are "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "Red Rover," "The Bravo," "The Pathfinder," "The Deerslayer," "The Two Admirals," "Wing and Wing," and "Satanstoe," all of them either sea-tales or tales of frontier life.

DRAKE, S. A., American journalist and author, born in Boston, 1833, served with distinction in the Civil War. Has written "Old Landmarks of Boston," "Old Landmarks of Middlesex," "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," "Around the Hub," "New England Legends," "The Heart of the White Mountains," "The Making of New England," etc., etc.

HAGGARD, H. R., born in England, 1856. Was in Natal and the Transvaal, 1875–79. He wrote "Dawn," "The Witch's Head," "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," "Allan Quartermain," "Cleopatra," "Mr. Meeson's Will," "Allan's Wife," etc. Descriptions of African scenery and natives of Africa characterize most of them.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, born in New York, 1783; died, 1859. "The father of American Literature." He wrote "Knickerbocker History of New York." "The Sketch Book," from which our extract is taken, contains many delightful stories; so also do "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveller." He wrote, likewise, many more serious works, such as "The Life of Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada," "The Alhambra," etc., and Lives of George Washington and Oliver Goldsmith.

KENNEDY, JOHN P., born in Maryland, 1795; Secretary of the Navy in 1852; died, 1870. After the war he spent some time in England. He wrote "Swallow Barn," "Horseshoe Robinson," "Rob of the Bowl," and "At Home and Abroad," a volume of essays.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES, an English clergyman and author, born in Devonshire, 1819; died, 1875. From 1844, until his death, he was rector of Eversley, in Hampshire. In 1873 he was appointed Canon of Westminster and Chaplain to Queen Victoria. He wrote "Alton Locke" and "Yeast," "Two Years Ago," "Hereward the Wake," "Hypatia," and "Westward Ho!" And under the pen-name of "Parson Lot," wrote much on Christian Socialism. A charming book of travel, "At Last," and "The Heroes," "Glaucus," "The Water Babies," "Prose Idylls," "Health and Education," are some of his other books. His "Life," by his widow, is a most interesting biography.

MARRYAT, CAPT. FREDERICK, born in England, 1792; died, 1848. He followed the sea from 1806 to 1830, and many of the incidents of his seafaring life are incorporated in his novels. His first novel, "Frank Mildmay," appeared in 1829. Then followed "The King's Own," "Newton Forster," "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Snarleyyow," and "The Pasha of Many Tales." He visited America in 1837, and stayed two years, and published his "Diary in America" in 1839. He afterwards wrote "Poor Jack," "Masterman Ready," "Percival Keene," "Settlers in Canada," "The Mission," "The Privateersman," "The Children of the New Forest," and "Rattlin the Reefer." As a writer of sea-stories Captain Marryat has probably no superior.

MELVILLE, HERMANN, born, New York City, 1819; died, 1891. A sailor who deserted his ship, owing to the captain's treatment of him, at the Marquesas Island, where he was kept a prisoner by the natives for four months. "Typee" is based on his experiences while in captivity. "Omoo" is a continuation of his adventures in Oceanica. He also wrote some poems, and "Moby Dick," "Redburn," and "White Jacket," are among his other better known tales.

PRESCOTT, W. H., historian, born Salem, Mass., 1796; died, 1859. In spite of his partial blindness, caused by an accident while at Harvard College, he travelled much in England, France, and Italy, and devoted nearly all his life to the study of Spanish history. He wrote "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "History of the Conquest of Mexico," "The Conquest of Peru," "History of Philip II.," etc.

SAGAS, THE. The Sagas are the historical and fabulous tales of Iceland. They give faithful pictures of the life and manners of the time, chiefly in biographical form. They were first written down between 1067-1148. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the writers of Iceland were wonderfully active; and there are large collections of these ancient MSS., which, though not very accurate historically and chronologically, present marvellously vivid pictures of the past in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, famous novelist and poet, born in Scotland, 1771; died, 1832. Among his novels are "Waverley," "Ivanhoe," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Monastery," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Woodstock," "Red-Gauntlet," and "Guy Mannering." His best-known poems are "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

STEVENSON, R. L., born in Edinburgh, 1850; died, 1894; was trained as a lawyer, but soon turned his attention to literature. From his childhood he had written constantly. Among essays and stories, he wrote "An Inland Voyage," "Travels with a Donkey," "Virginibus Puerisque," "New Arabian Nights," "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "Prince Otto," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," etc., and "A Child's Garden of Verse."

BOOK OF ADVENTURE

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Rifle and Hound in Ceylon
Sir S. W. Baker

Norseland Tales
H. H. Boyesen

In the King's Service
Capt. F. S. Brereton

The Last of the Mohicans
The Pathfinder
The Deerslayer
J. Fenimore Cooper

Wild Men and Wild Beasts
R. Gordon-Cumming

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Telemachus
Fénelon

She
Allan Quartermain
H. Rider Haggard

The Prisoner of Zenda
Anthony Hope (Hawkins)

Plain Tales from the Hills
Soldiers Three
Rudyard Kipling

Harry Lorrequer
Charles O'Mally
Charles Lever

Children of the New Forest
Mr. Midshipman Easy
Masterman Ready
Captain Marryat

Golden Days of '49
Kirk Munroe

The Seats of the Mighty
Sir Gilbert Parker

Desert Home
Boy Hunters
Mayne Reid

Boys on the Mountains and on the Plains
W. H. Rideing

Hunting Trips of a Ranchman
Theodore Roosevelt

Nimrod in the North
The Children of the Cold
Frederick Schwatka

Quentin Durward
The Talisman
Guy Mannering
Sir Walter Scott

Fox Hunting
Young Moose Hunters
C. A. Stephens

On the Frontier
Little Smoke
W. O. Stoddard

The Prince and the Pauper
Mark Twain

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea
Jules Verne

Lances of Linwood
Charlotte M. Yonge

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